WEEK ENDING APRIL 14, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

CHAMBERS, MITCHELL, ROHMER, GREEN, FULLERTON, HALL

Why Does a Pickaninny Love Watermelon?

"I'se comin', you big boy, I heah you calling me. Ma mouth am watering t' taste yo' sweetness" . . . Luscious, red-ripe watermelon—what an over-powering appeal to his craving appetite!

~ ~ ~

The tempting taste of Blatz Grape Gum "gets you" in the same way. Simply irresistible. The greatest gum sensation in years. Ask for Blatz, insist on the original grape gum.

Also get acquainted with its peppy companion — Blatz Mint Gum, full of real, old-fashioned peppermint. Sold everywhere. Look for the name, Blatz. There's a world of difference in the taste.

Blatz
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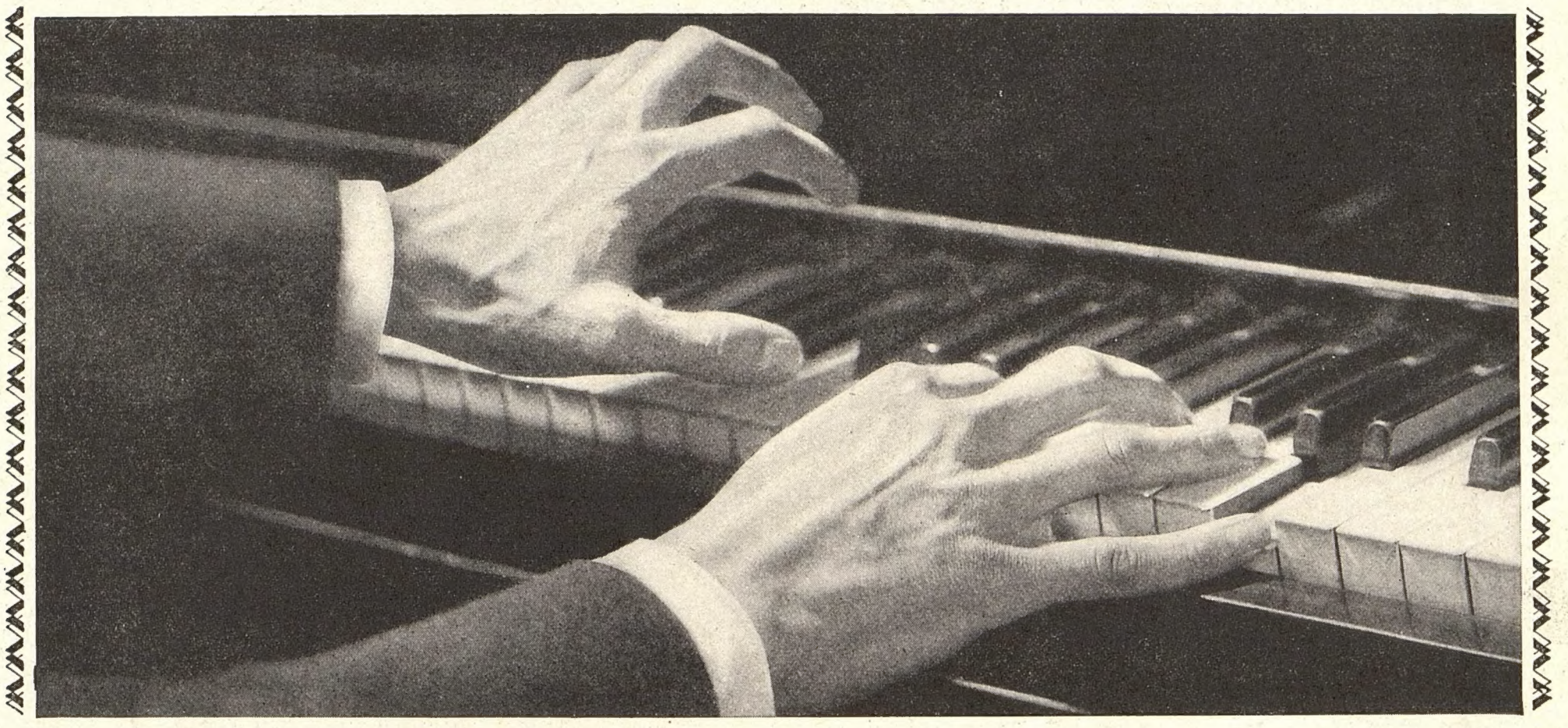
CHEWING GUM

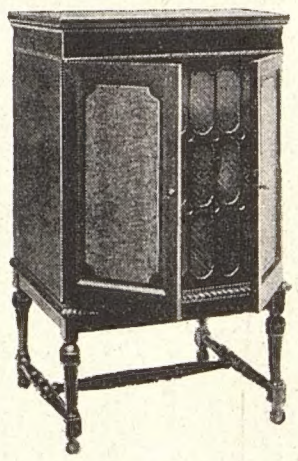
"Everybody Loves It!"

The Pianist is "Close-up"—at your side!

Hear piano selections on the new *Edisonic!* ⁂ It is as though a superb grand piano . . . a famous artist . . . were before you. ⁂ You almost see his hands go pearling down the keys. ⁂ "Close-up" music is so vivid!



The Edisonic gives throbbing realism—like a movie close-up—depth and form, color and life—to your favorite selections, whether the classics or jazz. Hear E. Robert Schmitz's piano recordings for the Edisonic. Listen to his playing of the "Arabesque in G Major"! It is so splendid that your heart sings.



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Thomas A Edison

So true, so perfect, is the Re-Creation that you hear the artist himself, when you hear Edisonic "Close-up" music. ⁂ ⁂ Think what it would mean to have such beauty in your home—to be able to hear just the music you like, whenever you like! ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

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John Golden

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APRIL 14, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 15

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"THE THIEF OF TIME"

Punctuality is a business asset.

If you have an appointment with a man and are ten minutes late, you lose. You have made a big mistake.

If the appointment is with your wife or sweetheart, to meet her in the lobby of the Whoosis Theater at 2:30, and you get there at 2:35—well, it makes the matinée considerably less pleasant.

If the lady in the case is your best girl you probably won't be late anyway. But she may keep you waiting; that is just discipline.

But when the eminent Mr. James J. Walker, Mayor of the City of New York, was late in calling at the White House to interest the President in taking an architectural monstrosity out of a downtown New York park, he probably didn't make Mr. Coolidge any more anxious to grant the city's request, and it may be that he made the rest of the country just a little more irritated with what we are pleased to call the metropolis.

According to accounts, he took thirty-five minutes of the President's official time—time belonging to all of us—and wasted it. Mr. Walker says he had no precise appointment, and that he had to be nice to newspaper photographers. But the fact seems to remain that, however or whatever, the President waited for Mr. Walker.

Good may come of the episode, of course. It suggests solemn editorials like this one, warning you that procrastination is the thief of time. Much has been said on the subject, and no doubt more will be said as time goes on and the amiable Mr. Walker fails to keep up with it.

But, on the whole, if you and Mr. Walker and everybody would go through life five minutes ahead of time, the course of things would be much more pleasant. Desires would be fulfilled more swiftly and success would be more willing to perch on the proper banners.

We have a definite capital of time—just so much in a day or a week or a year.

It is just as bad to waste it as to waste money or health. The rewards of conserving it are just as sure, and the penalties of not doing so just as inevitable.

Mr. Walker has pointed a moral and adorned a tale.

He has given us a chance to feel virtuous and maybe a little smug. A pleasant feeling when one has been a bit low.

BEG YOUR PARDON

A recent article in LIBERTY—Getting Ahead of the Silkworm, by Ruth Ridenour—said about stockings that "practically all on the market today, with the exception of very expensive ones, are made wholly or partly of rayon."

This is an inaccurate statement, and we regret that it was made. Many brands of genuine but inexpensive silk stockings, of course, are to be had everywhere.

IN THIS ISSUE

The du Ponts of Delaware.....By EDWARD DOHERTY 9
The story of a famous family

Drums and Black Colours.....By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 13
A tale of a battle at sea and a pirate's fate

Dolores—Loved and Lost.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 20
Faded romance and an Indian film in the Del Rio career

Readin', Ritin', and Recompense.....By GRACE ROBINSON 27
A teacher's job as a teacher sees it

Leaves from My War Diary....By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL 33
The story of America's air fighters in France (Part Three)

She Who Sleeps.....By SAX ROHMER 41
The romance of a princess out of the past (Part Seven)

At-a-Boy!.....By HUGH FULLERTON 49
Hughey Jennings' rise from the mine pits to baseball glory

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 55
Twentieth spasm: A stopover at Reno

How Many Times Have You Bought Your Hat Back?
By HELENA FOX 59
A survey of the great American checkroom and what it costs

Do You Want a Doctor?.....By TONI, JR. 66
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

The Law and the Lady.....By HOLWORTHY HALL 73
A story of courts and courtship

News of the World (p. 25); Twenty Questions (48); Poem (54); For the Love o' Lil (58); Bright Sayings of Children (58); Vox Pop (64); Cross-Word Puzzle (69); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (70); Fashions (83-84); Word Golf (85); Food (86).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

INDEX OF ADVERTISEMENTS ON PAGE EIGHTY-FIVE

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

The South's stand on the Negro vote and liquor by
Sidney Sutherland

How boxing matches thrive on ballyhoo by
Westbrook Pegler

Jimmy meets trouble in the Show Girl romance by
J. P. McEvoy

Soissons: a stirring chapter in the diary of
General Mitchell

A lively love story in a baseball setting by
Ford C. Frick

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(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

"Are Women People?"

$25 *has been sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page, in accordance with* Liberty's *advertised offer.*

Made to Order

Philadelphia, Pa.—To consider the women of to-day as people would be a step towards the acceptance of manufactured manikins as human beings.

I hesitate to call modern women people for the simple reason that people are born, not manufactured. The woman of to-day has her figure shaped upon the operating table. Her face is altered to suit her taste and her complexion is bought by the box in any drug store. Her curly locks are the product of electrical machinery.—*Samuel J. Knox.*

He Got the Gate—She the Receipts!

New York City—If women are people, what is this girl? She accepted my attentions, financial particularly, for seven months. We opened a joint bank account in her name, with the intention of growing a nest-egg. I supplied the funds—she made the deposits.

I indulged weekly in a harmless little gambling party. My refusal to discontinue my gambling caused a serious fracture in our contemplated union. The girl gave me the gate. When I asked for my egg, all I received was the shrug of an "arctic

shoulder-blade." I paid the bill, she took the profits.

If a woman like this can be called "people," then I'm from Brazil.—*Don Roth.*

There Is No Sex to Success

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Several years ago, an implement dealer of my acquaintance died, leaving a widow with four small children. This woman, although well provided for, decided to take her husband's place in the business world—he had been president of the concern—but the directors thought otherwise. So this woman took a position as saleswoman and demonstrated tractors and other farm implements much the same as their men representatives. And was she efficient?

She raised and educated those children, and, in three years' time, gained the presidency of that implement company through persistence, hard work, business acumen and foresight learned through experience, while the husband had had the presidency handed to him through wealth and influence.—*R. G. Williams.*

The Seventh Daughter Speaketh

Green Spring, W. Va.—"Are Women People?" If the present so-called feminine independence is supposed to indicate the answer—NO! They are cheats, always bragging of their cleverness in putting over something on someone. The percentage of fair and square women, who are above board in their dealings, is so small as to be negligible. The cigarette-smoking, gin-drinking, would-be sport is merely a show-off, trying to attract some man. Women are certainly not people, and have a long road to travel to even honest self-respect.

This is my opinion after fifteen years of association with women in the business world and being one of a family of seven women.—*Charlotte M. Angier.*

A Child Looks at Her Elders

Longmont, Colo.—I think that women were people in the olden times when they were housekeepers and raised children instead of puppy dogs, and did not smoke or drink moonshine trying to imitate the men.

—*Esther L. Ratchford.* Age 11 years.

A Tribute and a Memorial

Atlantic City, N. J.—"Are Women People?" I could give no other than an affirmative answer. My wife has been the inspiration of my hopes and ambitions. She has been my all in all.

When despondent, it was she who dispersed the gloom by her cheerfulness; when happy, she was always glad, and rejoiced in my joy. She seemed to think that her one function in life was to keep me happy. When funds were low, she always had a way to make it a sufficiency.

She had great interest in my work, and when ill, she would gladly take my place, to the great joy and relief of many of the congregation.

Now that she is gone, life for me has lost, for the present at least, all its charms.—*Rev. W. L. Griffin.*

The Lady Cynic Writes

Columbia, Tenn.—Decidedly, all women are not people. Some are Wives, some are Mothers, and some are mistresses. If she must be a wife, then let her marry six times; if she must be a mother, let her have nine children; if she must be a courtesan, let her lovers be legion; let any or all of these experiences enrich her life and prepare her for wider horizons and higher realms of accomplishment.

When woman discovers that man can be a happy accident, a diverting incident, but a poor career, she is well on the way to being a person of consequence.

—*Frances Moore.*

Pawns

East Chicago, Ill.—So much has been said about sex that many persons believe it is something Adam and Eve swiped in the Garden of Eden when the Creator had his back turned—something that they must not speak of, nor admit having.

Take it that the Creator *did* create them with it. Wrap it up in an outer cover of love or any of the other wrappers the "Handle-Easies" choose to call it, sex itself is the force which has carried life up through the ages.

Until recently, it had little competition. But now, with autos, radios, sports and what-not, sex is handicapped by many distracting influences, not to speak of the high cost of living. And in order to carry out the task intrusted to it, it will have to pursue a more aggressive policy, throw off impediments, and aid itself with all beautifiers that are available.

So why razz the girls? They are but pawns in the hands of Nature.—*Joe Keefe.*

March of the China Dolls

Columbia University, N. Y. City.—Profiting by the experience of the West, Chinese women have accomplished in a decade what it has taken our American sisters a century or so to realize.

Of all the civilized countries that have, from remote antiquity down to recent times, subjugated one half of the human race to the capricious and autocratic rule of the other half, China has probably sinned most in this respect.

The literary, philosophical and moral traditions of China have totally disregarded woman's rights as human beings. The so-called "Three Obediences" best illustrated the old Chinese conception of female inferiority. According to these precepts, a Chinese woman was to obey her father before she was married, to obey her husband after she was married, and to obey her son if she became a widow. From this basic principle of inequality arose many restraints that reduced a woman to a very insignificant position in Chinese society.

It is against such an autocratic tradition that modern women in China have struggled and won. Now they go to school, teach, work in industries, vote and hold office the same as women do in America. In the present Nationalistic movement, women have been particularly active.

To be sure, an overwhelming majority of Chinese women still act and think in traditional ways. But the unjust restrictions have largely been removed; and, with more facilities for education, women will come more and more to the foreground of the social and national affairs of China. To the question, "Are Women People?" Chinese women will give their answers in the affirmative.—*Helen Gwoh Li.*

Also a "Wolf"

Mt. Home, Ark.—Women are insects, butterflies, ants, stinging wasps, poisonous spiders, animals, cats, dogs, cows and snakes-in-the-grass. Women are doormats, Amazons, "Dumb Doras," flappers; spineless and soul-less. There is not one woman in a million that wouldn't break her neck trying to kiss her elbow, if she knew that that would change her sex.

Her only purpose in life is to propagate the race, a painful, thankless job. Can she be blamed for trying to get some fun out of life, even at the expense of the Lord and Master, Man?—*Margaret Wolf.*

New 1928

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Qualities That Men Admire Made Beautiful for Women

Men have pre-empted as altogether masculine the great qualities by which the Super-Sixes always led the values of the day; irrespective of the fact that dealers have always reported most Hudson and Essex purchases were made or influenced by women.

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Back of these cars stands one of the oldest and strongest automobile manufacturers, whose 19 years of constant growth reflects its alert leadership; and a dealer organization whose pride it is to make Hudson-Essex service as outstanding as the values of the cars themselves.

HUDSON-ESSEX

Both Are Super-Sixes

The du Ponts of Delaware

The Story of a Famous Family

An Article by

Edward Doherty

(Reading time: 22 minutes 52 seconds.)

IF you go through the lists of illustrious American families, you will come sooner or later to the du Ponts of Delaware.

If you should rank these families according to the dollars they possess, you will discuss the du Ponts first of all, for they are the most illustrious family of multimillionaires on the North American continent.

They are the powder princes. They are the motor generals of General Motors. They are the makers and dispensers of over a thousand articles of merchandise. They are business men and statesmen. One was an admiral. One was a major general. And the other day one of the younger members of the family, Alexis Felix du Pont, Jr., son of the vice president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., joined the army as a flying cadet at San Antonio. He had already learned to fly. He told his questioners that he wanted to fly as long as he could, and to die like a gentleman.

The history of the du Ponts in America goes back a little more than 125 years. The family comes from Nemours, a little town in France which was once a Roman lumber camp, named for the woods around it—*nemora*. Its first great man was Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, statesman, editor, economist, adviser to five kings; a pupil of Turgot, Minister of France during the reign of Louis XVI. He held the office of Councilor of State at one time, and was president and secretary of the Constituent Assembly that preceded the Reign of Terror.

He and Eleuthère Irénée, his younger son, fought for the King the day the Swiss Guards were massacred by the mob. Pierre was captured by the Jacobins and thrown into jail. Robespierre intended him for the guillotine; but Robespierre's own trunk and head parted company before he could execute du Pont. The latter was released from prison only to be jailed again because a paper he published attacked the policy of the government.

This Pierre was a friend of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, Talleyrand and Lafayette. He was intensely interested in the thirteen colonies over the sea and their struggle for independence. He had, with James Hutton, made the preliminary draft of the treaty of 1783 in which England recognized the independence of the new republic. And so, when he decided to leave France, it is not strange he decided to come to America.

He came with his family. The voyage took ninety-five days, and there was a scarcity of everything on board the vessel. The sailors were close

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by G. Patrick Nelson

STATESMAN, editor, economist, adviser of five kings, who was jailed by the Jacobins and slated for the guillotine by Robespierre—such was Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, first great man in this illustrious family.

[THE DU PONTS OF DELAWARE
Continued from Page Nine]

to mutiny. The passengers were in constant fear, and Pierre spent most of his nights on guard, his sword under his arm.

Pierre intended to buy large tracts of land, but Thomas Jefferson advised him against this, as prices were unreasonable at the time. So the Frenchman busied himself with other things. According to the history of Mrs. Bessie Gardner du Pont:

> . . . he arranged for the exchange of cargoes with a friend in Guadeloupe; he offered the governments of France and the United States a plan for a regular passenger-boat service; he worked out methods of communication between Spain and Mexico that should escape the vigilance of the English navy—England then being at war with Spain—and last, presumably least important, he allowed his younger son to plan for the establishment of a manufacture of gunpowder.

Does it seem odd to you that a young man named Eleuthère Irénée—meaning "lover of peace"—should start a powdermill on the Brandywine?

Then reflect that peace hath her powdermills no less than war.

The du Ponts sold millions and millions of pounds of powder during the World War. And yet, in the five years following the war, their output for peaceful purposes was less than 30 per cent smaller.

What comes out of a great powdermill? Destruction and death and wounds? Yes, but also railroad rights of way, foundations of great buildings, mines, tunnels through the mountains, farms cleared of stumps, new cities, new comforts—progress.

Yes, the young Frenchman, "lover of peace," established his powdermill on the Brandywine, and served his adopted country well both in war and in peace.

Irénée—so his family called him—had studied chemistry under Lavoisier, who was in charge of making gunpowder for the French government. When he tried the powder of America he found it faulty. Colonel Toussard—a friend of his brother Victor—Jefferson, and many other prominent men of the colonies suggested that he make his own powder. They wanted it for hunting purposes especially.

Irénée started the works with a capital of a little less than $25,000. James Bidermann (a Paris banker), General Duquesnoy, and Necker, brother of a former Minister of France, subscribed most of the money. A powdermill in the United States? That would compete with the English powder. Not only that, but it would also give the French a new market in which to purchase ammunition to use against the English. What patriotic Frenchman wouldn't give money for such a project?

A SITE was purchased near Wilmington, Delaware. Alexander Hamilton secured the deed for the property in the name of William Hamon, a naturalized citizen, for under the law an alien could not then own land in Delaware.

Irénée, his wife, and their children arrived in Delaware on July 19, 1802. Their dogs, sheep, boxes, barrels, and other belongings had gone on before them in charge of Irénée's brother-in-law, Charles Dalmas. They moved into a two-story log house and got down to work.

Work—that's the story of the du Pont fortune.

Today E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. has assets listed at more than $346,000,000. Its surplus, as of June 30, 1927, was $95,407,964. And you couldn't buy the concern for a billion.

There are no log houses for the present generation. One of them, Alfred I., has a princely estate a few miles out of Wilmington, with 500 acres inclosed within high walls. He calls it Nemours.

Pierre S. du Pont has 700 acres with the most beautiful gardens in Pennsylvania—perhaps in the nation. People come from all over the East to visit his greenhouses, and they are all welcome. The place is at Longwood, close to the scene of the Battle of the Brandywine, and Mr. du Pont has connected it with the city of Wilmington by a concrete road that cost him $1,000,000.

Irénée du Pont's home, Granogue, is another beautiful dwelling, set in the middle of hundreds of acres of rolling green-blue hills.

About the time the powder works was getting its start, President Jefferson sent Pierre du Pont to help the American Minister in negotiating with Bonaparte and Talleyrand for the purchase of Louisiana. While he was abroad Napoleon abdicated, the Bourbons returned, and du Pont was made Secretary of the provisional government, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He returned to Delaware after the collapse of the Bourbon government, and died two years later, in 1817.

During the War of 1812 the powder company had supplied Commodore Perry; it had munitioned the frigate Constitution; it had had its share in winning the war. It had made some money out of its sales of $148,597.62 worth of powder in 1812, and $107,291.20 in 1813: but its Paris branch had failed; more than $140,000 was lost in explosions and the bankruptcies of debtor firms; and more than $50,000 was lost in the depreciation of real estate. However, before Irénée died—October 31, 1834—the company was firmly intrenched and flourishing.

The plant began to expand rapidly shortly after his death. Iron and coal mines were calling for powder. Canals and railways were being built everywhere, and must have powder for blasting. Civilization was going West, sitting on a powder keg.

When the United States declared war on Mexico, the company ground out 10,000 pounds of powder every day. The mills ran twenty-four hours daily, using lamplight fourteen hours. A firm in Havana ordered 200,000 pounds of du Pont powder at the beginning of this war, but Alfred, the son of Irénée, refused to sell. He suspected this powder was to be used by Mexico, and he wrote the Havana firm:

> However unjust our proceedings may be, and however shameful our invasion of Mexican territory, we cannot make powder to be used against our own country.

The Crimean War a few years later strengthened the finances of the firm, so that it was able without any financial fears to go through the panic of 1857 and the Civil War—though it lost heavily through its Southern agents, and government payments were long delayed.

Henry du Pont, the General, became head of the firm in 1850—and thereby head of the house. He had gone through West Point, served in the army, and resigned to work in the mills with his brothers.

When the Civil War came, he was appointed major general in charge of the forces in Delaware. He organized two companies from his employees. Lammot du Pont was captain of one company, and Hugh Stirling of the other. They guarded the powdermills and proved to be good soldiers. There were seven explosions from "unknown causes" at the plant during the four years of the war, and thirty-nine of the soldier employees were killed. Incidentally, much powder and machinery were destroyed.

Keystone photo

THE $30,000,000 Equitable Building at 120 Broadway, New York, one of many realty projects undertaken by Coleman du Pont when he sold out his powder interests in 1915.

THERE was but a small quantity of saltpeter in America, and the government feared that England's sympathy with the Confederacy might close the East India market to the Union. Therefore, Lammot was ordered to go to England and buy saltpeter. In one day he bought for the Union, and his firm, all the saltpeter that was for sale in England—some 2,000 tons—and much more that was on the way from India. He made all arrangements for ships to carry it home, and even began loading it.

But just at this time Confederate Commissioners Mason and Slidell were taken off a British vessel and imprisoned in Boston, and the British lion growled. England demanded the surrender of the two Southern gentlemen and put an embargo on the exportation of Lammot's saltpeter. Which remained until Messrs. Mason and Slidell were released.

There were several other du Ponts who took an active part in that war. There was Rear Admiral Samuel Francis du Pont (the grandson of Marquis de Pelleport), who captured Port Royal, South Carolina. He had been appointed a midshipman on waiting orders when he was twelve years old. President Madison appointed him at the request of Jefferson.

There was also Major General Henry du Pont's son, Henry Algernon, who had just been graduated from West Point. He was assigned as first lieutenant to the Fifth Regiment, United States Artillery, in McClellan's army; but later he fitted up his own company, a battery of six twelve-pounders and 156 blooded bays. He served under Sigel and Sheridan, was brevetted four times for distinguished services, and won the Congressional Medal of Honor. After the war he was given the rank of lieutenant colonel. He had refused high rank during the war in order that he might keep his battery, though he was once in command of the troops in New York harbor, as adjutant general; and was once in command of an artillery brigade

in General Crook's corps. He went through twenty minor and major engagements—and lived until December 31, 1926. He was a little over eighty-eight years old when he died, and he had been a United States Senator for ten years.

The company didn't make much money out of this war; but then, it didn't expect to make much. Henry had written one of his agents, in '61, that "the extra demand for powder for war purposes will not equal the regular demand which would have existed had peace continued." And in 1864, writing to General Ramsay, he remarked that never in the history of the world had a nation at war received its powder at such little cost. The du Ponts furnished it cheaper than it could be bought in England—"where saltpetre and brimstone are both free, and labor and all other elements are much lower than in this country."

Underwood photo

Irénée du Pont, now vice chairman, Board of Directors, of du Pont & Co.

It made little money, and the government was slow in paying; and when the war ended the government was not only released from its contract with the du Ponts, but became in fact a competitor of the firm.

It had immense stores of powder on hand, it confiscated the powder in Confederate magazines, and it continued to receive new supplies constantly from firms that would not cancel their wartime contracts. So it dumped large quantities on the market—sold it at public and private auctions. It was bought as cheaply as seven and a half cents a pound, delivered. The du Ponts bought some of it, and sold it for blasting powder after treating it.

PANIC followed the war. Competition was of the cutthroat kind. Many mills were idle. Many men were discharged. Banks crashed. But the du Ponts came through the period with flying colors. They were making twenty-four kinds of gunpowder and seventeen kinds of blasting powder, and selling as by-products refined saltpeter, sulphur, charcoal, and safety fuses. They went on working, experimenting, but sticking mostly to the old routine. The General would have nothing to do with nitroglycerin, believing "its use would be more dangerous than gunpowder." Concerning destruction of a ship blown up by this explosive, he wrote: "We think that will be the end of nitroglycerin in this continent."

That was in 1865; yet in 1876 the old man weakened and the company went into the manufacture of high explosives. Probably Lammot du Pont, the chemist, converted him to the new way of thinking, for Lammot had been experimenting with dynamite for years, and eventually put it on a commercial basis. He was killed in a dynamite explosion at the Repauno Chemical Co. works at Gibbstown, New Jersey, on March 29, 1884.

The General seems to have been a wonderful old man. Mrs. du Pont, the historian, says of him:

> In the first years of his authority he made many important innovations in the business; he was an eager and skillful financier always; but as he grew older, changes annoyed him. His father had built a little office between his house and the gate to the mills and there, with a staff of four clerks and a boy, General du Pont built up an enormous business of which he, and he only, knew every detail.
>
> He fought off the approach of railways so long as it was possible, and perhaps he was not alone in a little feeling of regret when in 1889 the teams of six mules with the big covered wagons were displaced by a branch of the Wilmington & Northern Railroad.

International photo

Underwood photo

Senator Coleman du Pont as he appeared a year ago following a conference at the White House with President Coolidge. The Capitol may be glimpsed in the background.

Underwood photo

Lammot du Pont, president of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.—still another member of this illustrious family which has won such prominence.

The powdermills, that often ran day and night, and the roads between them, were lighted, if that word may be used, by very inefficient lanterns, and it was only in response to a somewhat peremptory suggestion from the Chief of Ordnance that in 1889 an electric-light plant was installed. In 1884 an application was made that would have relieved General du Pont of at least a part of his work, but his answer was decisive—"We have no use for a stenographer, and do not wish to employ any one in that capacity."

Keystone photo

Pierre du Pont, senior member of the family and dominant factor in General Motors.

Henry du Pont died on August 8, 1889, and his son, Colonel Henry A., who became a member of the firm in 1878, spent years in settling the estate. The Colonel had been put in charge of transportation, and eventually became president of the Wilmington & Northern. He continued the work that he had been doing under his father's management, and Eugene du Pont became head of the house and the works. Mrs. du Pont writes:

> The business was entirely managed by the senior partner. It was customary for him to consult the other men in matters that concerned their departments of the industry, but he was in no way bound to accept their advice, and tradition made them hesitate to offer it or to ask questions. The head of the firm was *ex officio* head of the family. The homes of the different partners belonged to the company, and it made any additions or improvements that were necessary, and took no rental.
>
> For the first sixty years of the firm's existence, the individual partners did not even own horses. When a carriage was wanted, a messenger was sent to the office and a vehicle of some sort usually arrived in due time—there were never any too many of them.
>
> Checks were cashed at the office and all mail went through the office and was usually sorted by the head of the firm himself. The houses were near together and the partners were men of very simple and domestic tastes, to whom it would never have occurred to want more money than was necessary for the needs of their quiet lives. No one of them ever thought of drawing his full income; they gave their allegiance to the company and its chief, and with it all their ability and confidence.
>
> It is not surprising that the accumulating profits grew very rapidly, nor that most of them were invested in the smaller powdermills that were constantly coming under the company's control.

WHEN the United States went to war with Spain in '98, the navy didn't have enough powder to last it two hours in a good fight. But powder presses invented by Alfred I. du Pont were quickly installed. They could turn out powder much more rapidly than the old presses, and they ran night and day, giving the nation the 20,000 pounds a day it demanded. But—"hardly was the work well under way when Cervera's fleet was destroyed, and the government's order for powder was countermanded."

After the Spanish War, Colonel du Pont advised that the partnership be made a corporation. The amount of work it had taken to settle the old General's estate had brought to him the realization that the partnership was doing too great a volume of business to remain a partnership. It was incorporated under the laws of Delaware on October 23, 1899, with Eugene du Pont as president. There wasn't any change in the administration. The directors discussed things as they always had—listening to the head of the house. Eugene wrote all the letters and kept in touch with all its workings, and when he died—in January, 1902—it

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DU PONTS OF DELAWARE]
Continued from Page Eleven

looked as if the end of the company had come at last. Colonel du Pont refused to take the presidency. He had too many personal affairs to busy him. Alexis and Francis were too ill. The younger men were not eligible. Francis advised that the business be sold to the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; but to young Alfred I. this was intolerable.

He offered to buy the business. Francis and Alexis didn't think Alfred I. was a business man. But Alfred I. wasn't to be stopped.

He got in touch with his cousins, Thomas Coleman and Pierre Samuel du Pont. And that, let me say, was the golden touch. He asked them to arrange for the purchase of the company. The price was set at $12,000,000. The cousins agreed to it.

Coleman was made president; Alfred I., vice president; Pierre, treasurer; and Charles I. du Pont, secretary.

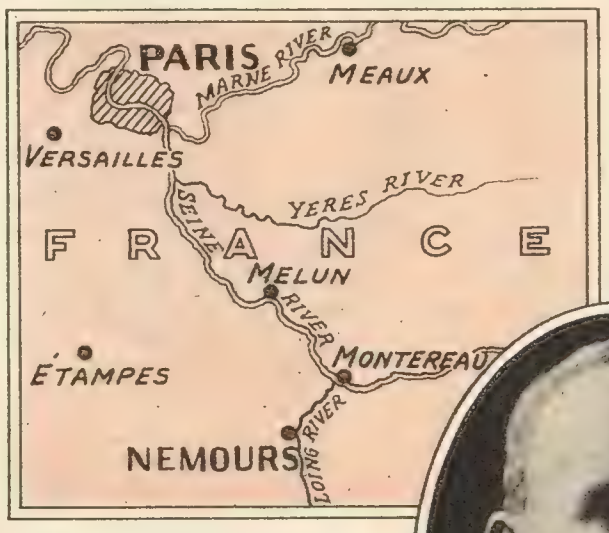
Now, after the first hundred years, the firm and family of du Pont started climbing to dizzy heights.

Coleman du Pont, born in Louisville in December, 1863, was the son of Antoine Bidermann du Pont. When he was nineteen he was six feet four inches tall and weighed 210 pounds. He was captain of his school football and baseball teams; he was a sprinter, a swimmer, an expert rifleman, a champion boxer and wrestler, and no mean bronchobuster. He went through the best engineering schools in the country, including the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

However, he started with a pick in his hand, far underground in a coal mine. And he worked his way up. When he was thirty he was general manager of the Central Coal & Iron Company. He bought a street-car line in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and made it pay. He bought another and another. He made them all successful. When he was thirty-eight he was a wealthy man. When he was thirty-nine he was president of the powder works.

When Coleman sold out his interests in 1915, the company had become one of the richest in the world; it employed nearly 30,000 persons, and its products were more than 250 in number. At the present time its products have increased to about 1,200.

Coleman joined the National Guard in Delaware, and was made brigadier general on the Governor's staff, serving as such through five different administrations. Governor Denny appointed him United States Senator in 1921, to fill a vacancy, and he was elected for the full term in 1925. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee, and a member of the National Committee.



Map showing Nemours, ancestral seat of the du Ponts, and Paris, where the first of the du Ponts survived the Reign of Terror.

HE built the du Pont hotel and office building in Wilmington. He gave the State 100 miles of concrete road. He gave the Massachusetts Institute of Technology $1,000,000. When he sold out his interests, he bought control of the stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Company of New York. He built the $30,000,000 Equitable Building at 120 Broadway. He mutualized the insurance association, and went into realty, investing millions of dollars in New York properties.

He owned a string of hotels, including the McAlpin and the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. New York made him a deputy police commissioner. He was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1916, and was mentioned by many prominent Republicans as the logical candidate in 1920.

J. J. Raskob rose from clerk to General Motors' finance chairman.

Pierre du Pont had worked in the mills for nine years, after which time he had gone to Ohio. He was born in January, 1870, the son of the Lammot who was killed in the dynamite explosion.

He is one of the wealthiest men in the world today. You may say he was born under a golden sun—but he inherited less than $50,000. And many a man has inherited more than that and gone broke in a year or two.

He has spent millions of dollars in building and bettering the public schools of Delaware—asking no returns—putting a little red school building here, and a little white one there, and a big brick one over in the other place. How many little white and colored Americans will owe their start in life to him? He gave $1,000,000 to erect a hospital—as a memorial to his chauffeur.

He accepted the job as income-tax commissioner for the State only that he might get money for the schools. He was a busy man. He had not only the powder company to worry about, but General Motors also, and his own private affairs. Yet he worked hard as commissioner, and he really got the money. Many of the citizens of Delaware had dodged other tax commissioners—but they didn't dodge du Pont.

Pierre became president of the firm when Coleman left. In 1919 he was elected president of the board, and his brother Irénée succeeded him as president. Irénée was made vice chairman in 1926, and Lammot, younger brother of Irénée and Pierre, was elected president.

Pierre was head of the company when the country threw its hat into the ring of war. He built the munitions plants for the government—not on the cost-plus-10-per-cent plan, but on a plan that cost your Uncle Sam much less.

The company had been making munitions for the Allies at one dollar a pound—but the United States got its supplies at about forty-four cents a pound. And, of all the millions of dollars of government money the firm handled during the war, only 1 per cent of them stayed with the du Ponts as profits.

It was Pierre who discovered John J. Raskob.

In 1900 Raskob was a stenographer in an up-State New York town. He got seven dollars and fifty cents every Saturday. Du Pont, then in Lorain, Ohio, concerned with street railways and real estate, wanted a secretary. Raskob heard of this from a friend in Ohio, and wrote asking for the place. He wanted $1,000 a year! When, two years later, Pierre went back into his ancestral firm, Raskob went with him as assistant treasurer, and his salary was $3,000 a year.

Raskob became treasurer when Pierre was made president. Later he was promoted to vice president in charge of finance. His salary kept pace with him, and he invested all he could in the common stock of General Motors. He persuaded his chief to do the same. One day in October, 1915, Raskob learned that he and Pierre, though they had less than 3,000 of the 160,000 common shares of General Motors, had, nevertheless, a controlling interest in the company.

One group of stockholders, headed by William C. Durant, believed it was in control. Another group disputed this. It was found that the power of each group was about equal. The shares owned by du Pont and Raskob could swing victory to either side.

THE company had fallen on evil days, and the stock had gone down to very little. Raskob made the suggestion that each of the two factions name seven directors, and that du Pont name three. The financiers finally agreed to this. The election was held. And Pierre and Raskob found themselves among the directors. General Motors began to pick up.

After the war, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. had so much money it could not possibly use it all in its own business. Raskob suggested that some of this money might as well be invested in General Motors. He explained to the directors that few other stocks were such a good buy, and finally they saw it as he did, and invested $50,000,000. A little while later they invested $25,000,000 more. This gave them about 35 or 40 per cent of the stock and practical control. In 1926 General Motors made one-fourth of the automobiles made in the United States. Their earnings were over $180,000,000. Last year they made one-third of the nation's cars. And this year they expect to make more cars than ever before. They have voted $37,000,000 to be spent for plant improvements and equipment, for sales campaigns, and for new cars.

The present du Pont investment in General Motors is valued at $119,774,640. Raskob, made chairman of the finance committee, organized the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, which has a stupendous capital. He is one of our leading financiers today, able to put $1,000,000 in the bank for each of his twelve children, not only to give them a start in life but also to teach them thrift.

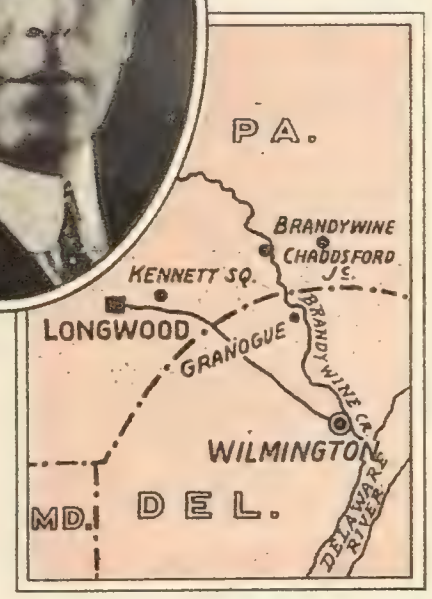
Which goes to show that even a stenographer may grow up to be a du Pont.

The money in the du Pont coffers goes on piling up. Not only do the powder industry and the motor industry add millions to millions; but the chemical laboratories go on discovering new products to make yet other millions.

The du Ponts spend millions of dollars every year on these laboratories, and they work miracles. They take the constituents of explosives and make them into substitutes for leather, rubber, ivory, and silk, into lacquers and cements, paints for autos, babies' teething rings, upholsteries, and a thousand other things.

Last July the du Pont Company created a sensation by purchasing $14,000,000 worth of United States Steel common. Newspapers screamed about it. Speculators speculated. Gamblers gambled. Investors laughed to see such sport, and the stocks jumped over the moon.

Yet, when all the excitement simmered down, it was learned that the du Ponts were simply making an investment of part of their surplus funds.



Map of Pennsylvania and Delaware area, showing Longwood, Pennsylvania, Pierre du Pont's beautiful 700-acre estate. The $1,000,000 road he built linking Longwood with Wilmington, Delaware, as well as Irénée's home, Granogue, are also shown.

A company valued at $12,000,000 in 1902 invests $2,000,000 more than that sum twenty-five years later—and the $14,000,000 is only a little part of its surplus.

Yes—an illustrious family, a family of multimillionaires who work. And the present generation is neither dying out nor going stale.

THE END

DRUMS *and* Black Colours

A Tale of Battle at Sea and a Pirate's Fate

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

All that night I fed my fire and waited and prayed.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 20 seconds.)

NOW, Tom Cocklyn, although landlord of The Lost Ship Tavern, no longer paid any attention to his proper duties, and ended by leaving it to me to serve guests, make purchases, and settle accounts and all reckonings.

For so profoundly, so fiercely smouldered his unquenched rage since the pirate Captain Death had cut off both his ears that he could think of nothing except his hatred of all pirates, and his ferocious purpose to revenge himself on any of these sea-rogues who gave him opportunity.

All day long he sat on the old green settle under the taproom window, a-spying out with his brass spyglass what distant sails passed on the horizon, and ready to send word to Sir George Sayles in his station ship The Sea Hawk, or to Mr. Ross in his guard sloop The Moth, tender, to chase and take any ship which seemed suspicious.

He was brutal to me; often threw an empty jack, or a bottle, or even his clay pipe at me, and kicked or struck me very frequently, so that often I had cuts and greenish bruises on my face and body, and once a painful burn between my shoulders, where his lighted pipe hit me and spilled burning tobacco down my back.

I do not know whether he would have treated me so heartlessly had he known I was a girl and not the thin, freckled, starveling lad I seemed: for he never kicked Moll Fair, our slatternly maid, but only cursed her and abused her with his venomous tongue when angry.

At times I thought he really meant to kill me, such devil's malignity distorted his features when enraged.

One night, in particular, when he thought to have taken Francis Farrington Sprigg, the dandy of all sea-rogues, who anchored at sunset off of Topsail Inlet, and came with a wolfish crew to carouse at our tavern. For no sooner did Tom Cocklyn's seaward gaze discover the ensign flying aboard Sprigg—which was a black flag with a skeleton on it, and called by Sprigg the Jolly Roger—than he bade me saddle and ride like a damned soul to Cape Lookout, where, he said, Mr. Ross should be cruising with The Moth.

God witness that I rode willingly, having promised my blessed Saviour to help destroy all pirates who so wickedly had used my mother and father and left me orphaned in the world.

So, when I flogged my gasping horse up over the sea dunes at Cape Lookout, and saw no riding lights inside, nor any trace of Mr. Ross, I made a beacon of drift, and laid pine boughs on it to make it burn redly.

And all that night I fed my fire and waited and prayed. Then, with dawn, I looked out over an empty sea; and so abandoned hope; and got on my nag and jogged back to slavery at Topsail Inlet.

Francis Farrington Sprigg and his sea-rogues had gone; and Tom

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DRUMS AND BLACK COLOURS
Cont'd from Page Thirteen]

Cocklyn was in such a rage with me that he fired a pistol at me when I came into the stable yard, and ran after me with his butcher's cleaver, which streamed with blood from a calf he had been vealing.

And I dared not venture near the tavern until, after candlelight, Tom Cocklyn was abed. Then black Herith heard me at the kitchen door and let me in, a-grinning; where I had a crust and a rind o' cheese — the first mouthful in forty hours.

Still, there have been worse masters to indentured servants sold into service for redemption. And I, a castaway child, had so sold myself, pretending to be a boy. And Tom Cocklyn bought me where I wandered, starving, on a Charles-Town dock, after The Anguilla, Indiaman, had picked me up a-riding of a charred spar near to our burning ship on which my mother and father perished.

THE morning after Tom Cocklyn fired his pistol at me, he came from the shore into the taproom, wearing wet sea boots, where, with a pail o' water and a mop, I was washing the floor.

I flinched and shrank aside, expecting a blow; but he only growled at me and drew himself a morning draught. Then he went into the till and got upon the high stool; and there, grunting, cursing, and with labouring breath, he wrote a letter, and sanded and sealed it.

"Ross is off the inlet," said he to me, "in The Moth, and is bound for Edenton. Here is a letter I have writ to our Governor Eden; and you shall go aboard Ross and so to Edenton, and there deliver to the Governor this letter. D'ye understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when Ross sails again for Topsail Inlet, you return with him."

"Yes, sir."

"And what the Governor gives you to fetch to me, you answer for with your life."

He glared at me as he handed me the letter.

"You're but a dead whelp if you lose a farthing!" he said.

"Am I to fetch money to you from Governor Eden?" I asked in a fright.

"Aye." He stared at me under scowling brows out of his two strange eyes which were of different colours—the one yellow, t'other pale and greenish.

"You've been honest—I'll say that much," said he, "though you're too puny to pay for your keep—more like a scrawny girl than a stout, strong lad. . . . Well, then, get you aboard Mr. Ross. There's a shallop awaits you."

I had no preparations to make, save only to draw a patched jacket over my ragged shirt and put on a pair o' shoes with pewter buckles—too big for me, and one o' them gaped and showed my scarred toes.

His whole visage writhed at me, and he opened his awful mouth

I HAD a gentleman's old beaver hat from which somebody had long ago stripped lace and feathers. This I pulled over my curly yellow head, and ran down to the inlet, where was a shallop and two men-o'-war's men to row me to The Moth, which lay out a little way where was anchorage. We were soon alongside her.

When I had climbed like a cat to her deck, I heard the mate order her under way. Then he shouted to me to go to Mr. Ross in his cabin.

So I ran below, where an armed sailor showed me the master's cabin, and I went in.

"Well, Freckles," said he, rising from the table and handing me to a chair, "I am contented to have you as supercargo. Are you also pleased?"

I felt my face heating, and looked away from him, murmuring that I was happy to sail aboard him.

"Freckles," said he, in that gently jesting, charming voice I never had forgot, "you are a very ragged—well—let us call you a boy."

"Have a care, in Heaven's name, my lord—"

"Nobody is listening. And, moreover, I am not anybody's 'lord.' Why do you call me that, Freckles?"

"I once told you why: you look like one of our great folk."

He laughed. Then he got up, and from a

like a huge snake, showing two fangs in dreadful silence.

locker took a new suit of grey wool—breeches, jerkin—and a new shirt; a cravatte of fine stuff with tiny laced edging; and thread stockings of grey; and two pretty buckled shoon.

"Nancy Topsfield," said he in a smiling whisper, "if you must be a boy, then you shall be a proper one."

At that my face flamed and I lost my tongue and manners.

But he seemed to understand, for he merely smiled and laid the clothing upon the table, and bade me strip and dress again.

When he had gone away, I locked the door, flung from me my rags, and clothed me swiftly in these new ones. Then I ran to the door and looked out, and, seeing him in conversation, waited until he noticed me.

He came into the cabin, pretending astonishment at my handsome appearance; and I laughed in my excitement, and begged of him a comb.

So, before the little looking-glass nailed to the cabin door, I combed and arranged my short yellow hair, and tied my cravatte to my liking.

"Now," says he, "you are a pretty ambassador and they must treat you with consideration in Governor Eden's kitchen, and not send you to sleep with the swineherds."

He invited me to sit, and took a chair beside me, and took one of my rough, scarred hands.

"Poor little hands!" says he in that sweet voice of his—"too young to toil so heavily. . . . Yet slim and prettily fashioned, for all their roughness. . . . Where got you that bruise?"

"Which one, my lord?" said I innocently.

"Good God, have you others on your body?"

I laid my hand over the one on my cheek bone and remained silent, ashamed to tell him I had been ill used.

After a silence, he said carelessly that he would have a word or two with Tom Cocklyn concerning me.

"My lord," said I, smiling, "you yourself once kicked me."

"What!" says he, reddening to his hair.

"What of it?" said I gayly. "You took me for a tap boy—"

"Nancy," said he, holding my hands very tight, "you shall instantly stand up and kick me on the shins!"

At that I laughed so that he also began to laugh; and we were very merry there in the cabin, until, being close together, he kissed me—and the shock of it was so deep and sudden that I sobered instantly, and tore free of him, and lay back on my chair staring at him in silence.

Mirth died as sunshine dies out in a room when a cloud passes. After a little he got up and went to the port and looked out.

"Are you hungry, Freckles?" said he, without turning around.

"Yes, sir."

"You mess with the men forward," said he. "I dare not ask you here, lest suspicion stir and it be discovered that you are not the boy you seem."

"I had not thought to break bread with you, my lord."

"Well, then, I had thought it."

He began to pace the floor, casting a moody look at me from time to time; then curtly bade me to go forward and satisfy my hunger.

And so I left him.

I NEVER suffer any illness from the sea. There was a fresh southwest wind, and we scudded before it. Green water came aboard us at times, drenching the gun deck and the cannon; and the scuppers foamed.

Mr. Ross was on deck now, and he beckoned me aft where he stood near the tiller. And there I bided until sunset made of sky and water a gold-and-crimson fairyland. The red orb went down behind the bank of haze which was Pamlico as we passed in Hatteras Inlet.

North of us the stormy cape jutted, veiled in the white smoke of breakers whose eternal cannonade came dulled to our ears.

Over Albemarle was a moon on the water—ah, God, how lovely, and how sinister!—for there, close under our larboard bow, lay a misty world of ghosts and spectres where lately the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DRUMS AND BLACK COLOURS
Continued from Page Fifteen]

reddened hatchets of the Tuscaroras had dashed half a thousand souls into heaven or hell.

There, too, among those foggy inlets and dim dunes, so deathly white and still in the moon's ghastly lustre, lurked sea wolves; and denned there. And to myself I whispered a prayer of thanks and gratitude that the foul lair of Captain Death knew him and his blood-smeared pack no longer; and that they were now with their fellow devils of the pit.

. . . . .

We sailed through the spectral moonlight over Albemarle. While Mr. Ross had the tiller he neither noticed nor spoke to me where I sat huddling my knees under the after swivel.

But when our quarter-master, Mr. Drere, took the tiller, he came and leaned on the stern-chaser, gazing in silence at our wake flowing from us like a torrent of tarnished snow. And, after a while, I ventured to rise and lean there beside him on the long gun.

"Freckles," said he, under his breath, "what countenance to his saving angel should a man make who once was all but damned?"

I did not know how to answer this young man who had been the first man ever to speak to me with kindness since my father, Captain Annan Topsfield, died and his crew perished under dagger, shot, and sword.

"If," said he, "I had money, I would buy you of Tom Cocklyn."

"To what purpose, sir?"

"To no ill one. Did you think that, Freckles?"

"No, sir. But to buy my indenture of Tom Cocklyn—why?"

But he only shook his head, saying: "The money I've wasted! God pardon me."

After a moment—for he looked very sad—I ventured to touch his arm.

"You are kinder to me than ever any living man has been. I scarce know why. . . . And ask nothing of you—"

"You are ill found at The Lost Ship, Freckles."

"I am well enough—"

But he shook his beautiful young head:

"Had I a household—and a house to house it"—he laughed drearily—"and if I had money too, why, I would place you in it and pay Cocklyn for his pound of flesh—"

"There are one hundred and six pounds, sir, including my bones."

WE laughed together. Then he, swiftly savage and impatient:

"Damnation," says he, "I should have money enough to buy you if only I might lay a rich sea-rogue aboard! . . . I should have four shares, Freckles, if the Court of Admiralty adjudged the ship to me."

What he said stirred me deeply, but to no happiness; because, for the first time, a fear concerning this man began to creep into my mind and slowly possess me. And yet, to risk death was his trade, and I had known it, and the thought had not consciously disturbed me until now.

"Well," said he, "take heart, Freckles, for I shall comb this coast till I discover means to free you of The Lost Ship."

With what he had said troubling my mind, I replied very innocently:

"I had rather do with Tom Cocklyn all my life than that you should come to a harm through any care concerning me."

"Why?" says he, laughing; and I felt his firm hand closing over mine.

"Because, sir, the world would be very dreary to live in—lacking you." Suddenly tears filled my eyes—I don't know why.

"Lord," said he, "what tender souls dwell sometimes in young and humble bodies!" Then he placed his lips to my ear and whispered: "Until I redeem you, Nancy Topsfield, how can I redeem the rogue I was?"

"My God, sir!" said I, looking around at him in the foggy moonlight, and the tears hot on my cheeks, "I tell you again and again I ask no pay for kindness done, and you are ever seeking to reckon with me. Sir, you anger me; and if ever I swore at all I would swear now and say damnation!"

I was so hotly aroused that I was astonished when he laughed.

"Very well," said he, "the little daughter of Captain Topsfield shall continue to hold the son of Lord Cardross in her debt. . . . And here's one item on account—"

His lips rested lightly as a moonbeam on my tear-stained cheek—an instant.

"Good friends," said he; "say it, Freckles!"

"Yes—good friends, sir."

"Go below," said he; "there is a bunk for you in the flag locker."

So I bade him good night, still confused and a-quiver with emotions vague and unfamiliar; and nearly crooked my thin legs in a curtsey, but bethought myself in time; and so turned and ran below to the flag locker, and there lay in privacy and happy content.

I AWOKE in a fright, and sat up naked in my bunk, and pulled the blanket up to my throat; for Mr. Ross stood by me, saying:

"We must have our flags, and instantly. Dress swiftly, Freckles, for I think we have a sea-rogue under our larboard bow!"

He took some folded flags from the locker and passed them to somebody outside. Then, with a gay and mischievous glance at me, he went away in a hurry.

My clothes I seized and flew into. As I ran out I noticed buckets of water near the magazine, and, not heeding the armed sailor on guard, doused my face and hands in one, and so, still wet, hastened on deck, where the sun nearly blinded me.

We were carrying full sail in a spanking wind; spume flew over us; gun crews were casting loose their guns, pulling out tomkins, moving hither and thither with swab and rammer and burning matches.

Mr. Drere had the tiller. Mr. Ross stood with levelled glass abaft the mast. High on the shrouds above, a sailor clung, looking out to the westward; and a lookout was gazing, too.

Powder lads ran to and fro between gun deck and magazine; men appeared who served out cutlasses, pikes, and muskets.

I looked at Mr. Ross; but he did not notice me, so I made my way forward to the long gun in the bows. And from there saw a brig, under full sail, and so near that I was startled.

She was a dirty-looking craft with patched canvas, battered, rusty, and sailed with a foul keel and seemed deep laden.

She had been painted green and white; but I saw no ports, no guns aboard her, nobody stirring, no flag.

Now from the after deck I heard Mr. Ross shouting orders in his clear, powerful voice, which seemed calm yet charged with gayety.

I saw the gun crew of the bow-chaser looking aloft; and I looked up and saw the Cross of St. George break out overhead.

Bang! went a swivel aboard us to confirm our ensign.

Then all eyes turned to the labouring brig. But she drove heavily on, showing no colours, taking no notice.

Then we dropped our ports and ran out our guns; and, under my feet, the deck jumped with the explosion of a heavy gun from our larboard battery. I could see the spray tower and spout up where the round shot went a-skimming across the strange ship's bows.

Now I saw Mr. Ross climb into the shrouds to hail the brig.

"Ahoy!" he shouted. "Will you show your colours?" And, as nothing stirred aboard her: "Will you answer?" he cried, "or will you take a shot amidships? For, by the living God," cries he, "you look like a pirate and behave like a fool. So, for the last time, ahoy! and what damned ship are you and from whence do you hail?"

THEN a shocking thing occurred; for suddenly the dumb stranger dropped her ports and her dirty sides yawned with guns.

At the same moment, upon her quarter-deck, men swarmed; a mighty roll of drums broke out aboard her and came loudly to us across the sparkling water.

Now, slowly before my frightened eyes, a sombre flag crawled aloft, its dark, heavy folds unrolling slowly from her masthead, and there stirred and flapped. It was a black flag and it bore a human skull.

"Drums and black colours!" bawled our first mate. "Let her have it, my bullies, and be damned to her!"

"Down with your helm!" shouted Mr. Ross. "All guns for a broadside! Fire!"

The terrific outcrash staggered me. I clung to the rail in the stifle of swirling smoke. Through it a red flame lashed out at us from the pirate's broadside, and an iron storm swept through our sails and rigging.

Buried in smoke, we then tacked, the pirate dropping astern; and we bore away before the wind, clapping on every rag o' sail we could bend. The pirate did the same, floundering to leeward; for she was as deep laden as she could swim, and it was plain we had caught her with her shark's belly full.

When again we came within gunshot we had shifted our after guns; and now we raked her poop and cabin; then came alongside and gave her the guts of our smoking guns, and took her broadside to lay her aboard; but could not come to it, so mangled and torn and splintered were we; and already afire in two places; and our sails very badly riddled.

A shot struck our mast, shivered the hounds, which fell and broke the bitts off. Another shot smashed the hatchway, starting planks under the gunwales and dismounting a port swivel.

So distracted was I, in the swimming smoke and the shocking detonation of the broadsides, that I staggered and groped about like one blinded, slipping up and down on the heaving and bloody deck, where dead men rolled and wounded crawled away from the crashing guns.

Near to a dead young man who lay in the scuppers, I saw a pistol and a cutlass, and, taking the pistol, cocked and aimed it and fired upon the pirate ship as we hedged upon her once more to take her by the board.

Mr. Ross, hatless and coatless, his shirt sleeves rolled and a heavy hanger in his hand, stood coolly directing the helmsman while the brig's forward guns were being shifted aft where we had been a-raking her.

Now, alongside of the rover, we let go our great mainsail so that the long spar swung athwart the pirate's mainmast, carrying away stay and ratlin, and became locked with spar and rigging.

So deeply swam the pirate that from our larboard rail our bullies leaped downward on to the brig's deck, which was a welter of blood, top-hamper, and splinters.

Now, when I saw Mr. Ross run out over our locked boom and spring upon the brig's quarter-deck, I ran after him as nimbly as a cat on a tree limb; and, seeing a great naked, hairy fel-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

A LEADERSHIP MADE AND MAINTAINED BY QUALITY

A new perfection in Campbell's famous beans! Another step forward in Campbell's service to the critical tastes of America! Always the nation's favorite—by far the leader in popularity—Campbell's Beans are even better now than ever. The flavor, slow-cooking and other qualities that have given Campbell's Beans this leadership are all retained. But they are lifted to a new and higher excellence that is irresistible. A real treat awaits you!

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Live Your Romances!

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BEAUTY, Charm, Youth may not be the fundamentals of Romance, but they *help*. Few readers of a "best seller" picture the heroine more than partially unpossessed, at least, of those attributes.

To *live* one's romances today, one stays young as long as she can, makes herself as *naturally attractive* as she can and trusts the rest to her womanly intelligence. Under modern rules in skin care, thousands of women have gone an amazingly long way in that direction.

Those rules, say experts, start with cleansing the skin *regularly* of beauty-imperiling accumulations; which means the use of soap and water. The only secret is in *What Kind of Soap* one uses. Only a true complexion soap should be used on the face.

Do this night and morning

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

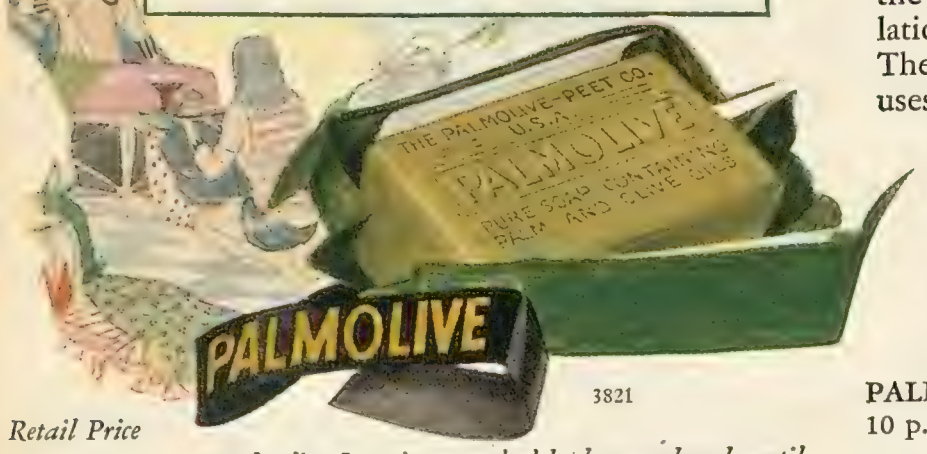
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

In Paris, too, It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.



3821

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 28 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

low striking at Mr. Ross from behind with a pike, I gave him so hearty a cut with my hanger that he screamed out "Jesus!" and his pike fell from his fist; and a man-o'-war's man near me shot his head to fragments with a musket.

Our men had gone over with a cheer. They were still cheering as they boarded the brig; but never have I heard so horrid an uproar as the sea-rogues made, cursing, damning, and screaming like crazed women as our rush crowded them forward.

Suddenly, in the smoke and flame and hellish tumult, I saw their captain with his brawny, naked back against the mainmast and his little eyes glittering at me.

Instantly I knew him; and so great a horror overwhelmed me that I near lost my senses with the shock of it. For he was Benjamin Hornygold's brother Israel, who had been quartermaster aboard Low; and he had murdered my father and mother and burned them, dead or yet alive—I know not—in my father's great ship The Fancy Nancy.

He had but just slain one of our bullies with an axe when my eyes caught and engaged his. I do not think he knew and remembered me, but saw only my feeble youth and the stark horror blanching my features.

INSTANTLY his whole visage writhed at me, and he opened his awful mouth like a huge snake, showing two fangs in dreadful silence.

So stunned, so nerveless was I that he could have made but a step and sheared my head from my body with his broadaxe, which was still red and dripping.

As he gripped the weapon with both hands to swing it, Mr. Drere came running on the other side, and caught the broadaxe, and struck Hornygold with a pike, tearing open the flesh of his neck.

With that the huge sea-wolf let out a howl and slashed at Mr. Drere, but missed him and drove his axe deep into the mast.

Then blind fury seized me, and I ran to him, and took my heavy cutlass with both hands, and gave him a stroke which cut through his left arm so that it broke the bone and swung and dangled in its gore.

O God, what a yell!—which seemed to tear through his lungs and throat and scatter a foam before it.

And, still yelling like a damned man, with his huge right hand he tore the broadaxe blade from where it stuck in the mast, and swung it to cut my body from my legs. And at that instant Mr. Ross ran up and shot him in the belly with a great horse pistol.

So terrible the blow of the swinging axe that, missing me by a hair breadth, it severed the halliards and nearly sheared away the mast again.

Then I drove my sword into him; and Israel Hornygold, the blood spouting out from his belly, dragged a silver pistol from his sash to slay me. But, as he cocked it, the great black flag, with its death's-head, fell from the severed halliards and enveloped him; and, as the agonizing and dying wretch floundered in its sombre folds, which blinded and stifled him, his pistol exploded and set the dark ensign afire.

And our men ran in with pike, axe, and musket butt, and beat him to a pulp under the black folds of the flag. And I did not dream that any other, save only a devil out of hell, could be so mutilated and still stir and shudder and quiver, as does a snake though crushed to fragments.

Now, through the noises of exploding muskets and grenades, I heard the pirates bawling to one another that Israel Hornygold had struck; and to us they yelled from cabin and forecastle, shouting up at us from below decks and calling upon us to give them good quarters.

Suddenly their drums sounded; and three half-naked rogues in gaudy finery marched out upon the quarter-deck and beat a parley with all the impudence in the world.

ONE night Francis Farrington Sprigg, the dandy of all sea-rogues, came with a wolfish crew to carouse at our tavern.

But I had turned sick with it all, and was too weak and ill to notice what was being done and what I was about; only that I lay for a time against the gunwales and close to swooning.

Then Mr. Ross' voice was in my ears, and I opened my sickened eyes; and he bent over and took me up in his arms.

I heard him tell Mr. Drere to take command of The Happy Parrot, prize, and choose six foremast men, and carry her into Bath-Town anchorage, following him in The Moth.

Then, I lying in his arms, he stepped from the prize to his own sloop, and carried me below and laid me on the bunk in his own cabin.

There, looking down upon me: "Are you hurt?" said he.

"No, sir. Sick and frightened."

HE began to laugh: "Frightened! Why, you fought like a wildcat, Nancy Topsfield! Do you not know that it was Israel Hornygold you fell upon with your little cutlass and frail arm?"

Feeling faint again, I closed my eyes.

"It was he," I whispered, "who took The Fancy Nancy by the board, and murdered my mother and my father, and burned them, dying, in my father's ship."

After a long silence, lying with eyes closed, I heard Mr. Ross' grave voice:

"Hornygold is in hell: and you shall think no more of far-off sorrows and the grief of days that God alone shall mend."

"I am very weary, sir," I said, "and would be well dead."

"Would you hasten God's purpose, Nancy Topsfield?"

"No, sir. But—I am very lonely. . . . I think I am the loneliest among all on earth!"

There was another silence.

It was broken by the sound of hurried feet on the companion, and Mr. Drere's voice, loud in excitement:

"Lieutenant Ross! Best news for you of The Happy Parrot, prize!"

"What is it, Mr. Drere?"

"Sir, her hold is crammed with African and Spanish plunder—silks in bales, madras, East India silver and spices, gums out of Africa, and ivory; and bar silver piled like Holland bricks—"

"Very well, Mr. Drere. Go aboard, sir. I follow to set your course."

Then, seeing me staring at him with wide eyes, he began to laugh; and, laughing, leaned over and kissed my tangled yellow hair.

And so left me to lie and wonder and remember. And sometimes close my eyes to think on him.

Second by second, minute by minute, death neared Mary Read, the girl pirate. Her lover, Paul West, could do nothing. Then Nancy put her wits to work. An exploit of hers, unparalleled in audacity, supplies the theme of The Garden of Eden, in next week's Liberty.

Dolores—

Loved and Lost

Faded Romance and an Indian Film Contribute to the Del Rio Career

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 4 seconds.)

Dolores Del Rio and Warner Baxter putting a little "moan" in Ramona.

RAMONA, Helen Hunt Jackson's fictional plea for the Indian, has been filmed once again. This time it gets a certain glamorous emphasis by being made into celluloid by Edwin Carewe, who is a quarter-blood Chickasaw Indian.

Ramona always has been a lure to movie makers. D. W. Griffith made it once as a one-reeler, and Adda Gleason had the chief rôle of a ten-part version.

Ramona is little more than a picturesque story of early California, of the days when Spanish pioneers lived on vast ranchos, when missions flourished, and the Indians were making one of their last big-league appearances. Today the tale of *Ramona,* who gives up everything to become the wife of an Indian sheepshearer, *Alessandro,* is faintly colorful. *Ramona* is part Indian, and she obeys the call of her blood. In the end, after *Alessandro* has been hunted down as a redskin, she comes back to the rancho.

Director Carewe casts Dolores Del Rio, the young Mexican who flashed into prominence so vividly last year, as *Ramona,* and she plays the girl with feeling. True, there are moments of bad overacting. Miss Del Rio is at her best in the more repressed scenes depicting the recovery of her memory under the loving care of her adopted brother, *Felipe.*

Mr. Carewe has jumped the years of *Ramona's* life with *Alessandro.* You see them prosperous and happy, with a trim flock of Leghorns (in the haphazard chicken-raising days of the late '40s, too!), and then you switch to the death of their baby girl, and subsequently to the shooting of *Alessandro* as a horse thief.

Tum-ta-ti-a, it's a little blah, might be what Felipe (Roland Drew) is playing to Dolores in this scene from Edwin Carewe's latest.

I saw Ramona in a little New York projection room. The husband of Dolores Del Rio, Jaime Martinez Del Rio, sat beside me. At the conclusion of the picture I detected a mist of tears in Del Rio's eyes. You see, the Del Rios have separated since I last wrote of their happy invasion of Hollywood.

The Del Rios had lived in Mexico City until the chance visit of a movie company, headed by Edwin Carewe, suggested celluloid possibilities to the Mexican matron. Now Del Rio has grown tired of his position of being just the husband of a prosperous and busy movie star. Thus there was a dramatic interest in the way Del Rio, now trying to write film stories on his own, viewed the Dolores he had loved and lost.

Although Edwin Carewe has been directing pictures for sixteen years, it was not until he filmed Tolstoy's Resurrection, with Miss Del Rio starred, that he lifted himself out of the ruck of movie makers.

Carewe's real name is Jay Fox. His grandmother was a Chickasaw, his father a lawyer in Texas. Carewe was born in 1884 in Gainesville, Texas. At seventeen he ran away to join a small repertoire company making one-night stands in Missouri. He was mostly in road shows until he invaded pictures in 1912.

TODAY Miss Del Rio is looked upon as one of the screen's best bets. At the same time Edwin Carewe has signed to make her pictures. He is her discoverer and has her under contract. The next production will be Konrad Bercovici's The Bear Tamer's Daughter.

Thus success has come to both Miss Del Rio and to Carewe. But, as it did to the Mexican girl, success has spelled domestic unhappiness to the director. His wife has left him, taking their two children.

To return to Ramona. It is beautifully photographed, but it does seem slow moving and lengthy. And a little pretty-pretty. Indian problems are rather passé these days. We have so many brand-new worries, what with prohibition, the radio, aviation, and other things.

Do you know that—

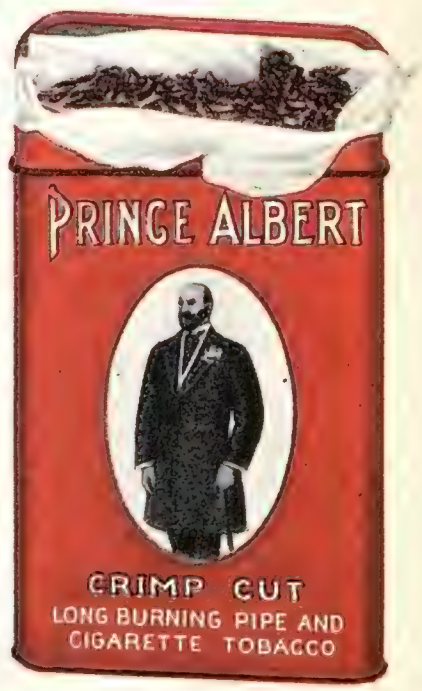
Wallie Beery is giving up comedies to return to dramatic rôles? . . . You will see him acting again in Beggars of Life? . . . Samuel Goldwyn is looking for a blonde leading woman for Ronald Colman, now that Vilma Banky is becoming a star in her own right?

"Good"?.. I call it *perfect!*

PRINCE ALBERT is a mild tobacco, but "good" is too mild a word to describe it. "Good!"— why you *know* it's better than that the minute you open the tidy red tin and set loose that P. A. fragrance. Your mouth waters for a taste of such tobacco.

You waste no time in loading up and lighting up. Then you get the answer to why P. A. leads them all in sales and satisfaction. Cool as a speed-cop taking your number. Sweet as getting off with "Don't let it happen again." Mellow and mild and long-burning. What do you *mean*— "Good"?

Some fellows stumble into the detours for awhile, and others take the main road to pipe-joy. The more you demand in a smoke, the quicker you come to P. A.—to stay. You can't fumble the fact that more men smoke P. A. than any other brand. "Good"? I call it *perfect!* So will you.



This tin contains TWO full ounces of pipe-satisfaction.

PRINCE ALBERT

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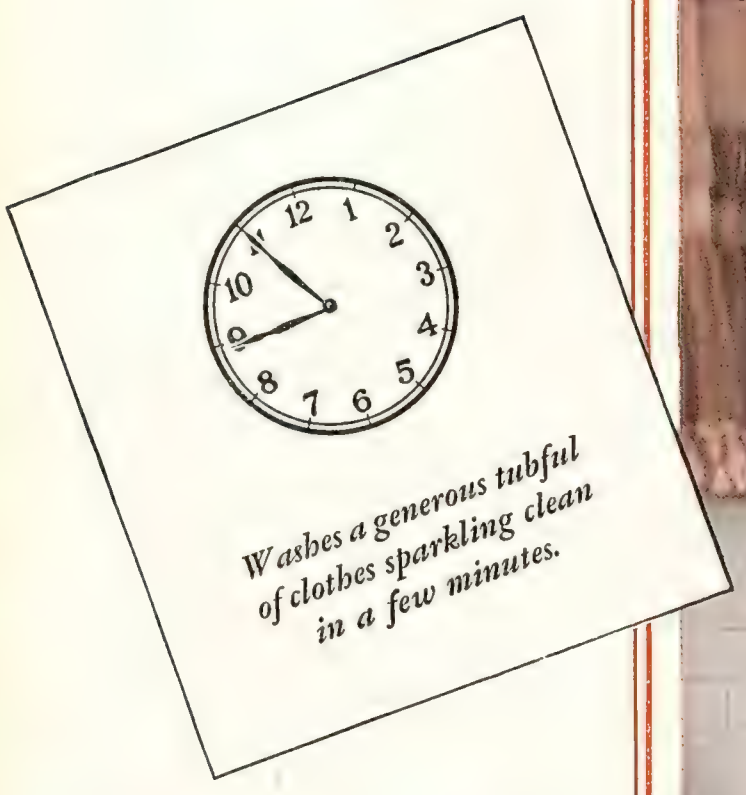
Announcing the



10 Important Health and Labor-Saving Features in the New Thor Agitator

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1 Highest quality in 21 years of building.

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7 Enamelined tub that cannot rust, rot, chip or corrode. Harder than steel. As easy to clean as a china dish.

8 Direct gear drive—no belts to slip and break.

9 Unique rubber soft cushion roll wringer that won't break buttons. Eliminates all old wringer troubles.

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The great experience and resources of the oldest manufacturer in the business now bring you the newest, most up-to-date washer, of a quality and at a price that command your interest—and your action! A washer whose colorful beauty, convenient size, speed and ease of operation will capture your admiration—*instantly.*

Over a million users know Thor quality

This sensational new washer bears a name that is known to millions. For 21 years it has held the respect of women in the home. Thor washers are in constant use by over a million women—many of the original machines still giving dependable service. No other washer has such a record.

And now, we present as a fitting climax to our 21 years of building, the New Thor Agitator.

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Like the famous Thor washers that have won world's records for longest life and lowest upkeep, this washer, too, is built to last a lifetime. It embodies all the lessons we've learned in almost a quarter century of building. It has fewer parts than any washing machine on the market—*of any type.* Thus, there is nothing to get out of order—nothing that requires service. There is no safer machine built—none faster—none easier to operate. The tub is round—more sanitary—easier to clean. No corners where dirt can accumulate.

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Women—you have asked for a washer of matchless beauty—whose very appearance is a real incentive to use it. One that invites your daintiest garments—and thrills you in its possession. This is such a washer. We went to a famous interior decorator for its East India Buff and Ebony color scheme—asked her to make it beautiful. The result will delight you.

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Women will welcome this new time and health-saver with open arms. It shortens wash-day—turns it into an hour or two of pleasure. Regardless of how fast your washing has been done before—regardless of any claims or promises made you—in justice to yourself, your health, your vitality, your family, your pocket-book—we urge you to make the following fair test:

One week's free trial

Phone your Thor dealer and ask him to bring you a New Thor Agitator. Use it as your own for a full week. Place it in your laundry or your kitchen. Note its appealing beauty—its lifetime construction. Prove, for yourself, the speed and efficiency with which it washes clothes—sparkling clean without soaking. Then if you like it, and really want it, he will arrange the easiest terms of payment to suit your income. If you don't—simply let him know. He will pick it up and you pay not one penny. See or phone your Thor dealer today or write us for descriptive booklet.

More hours of leisure for the woman who lets the Thor Agitator do the work of wash-day

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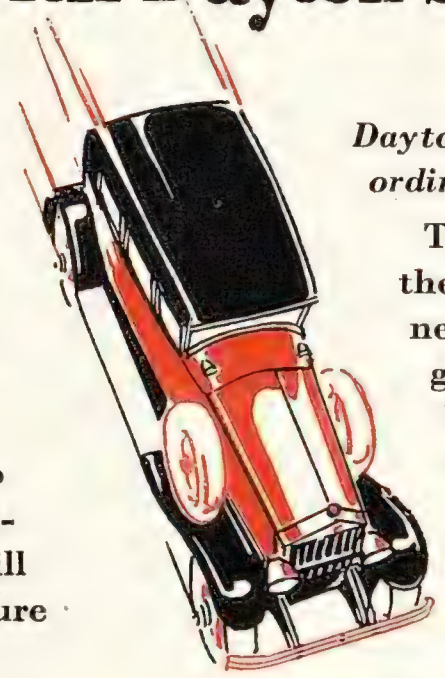
THOR VACUUM CLEANERS AND HURLEY COMMERCIAL LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

STABILIZED—to stand the terrific strains and speeds of modern motoring

Look 10,000 miles ahead when you buy that *new* car-

—and *equip now* with Dayton Stabilized Balloons



THE tires on that new car may look fine now. But how will they look when your car is just beginning to give you its best performance? Are they tires to which you would willingly trust your life after they have pounded away on the road for ten thousand miles or more?

Will they have sufficient life and stamina to stand the strain of quick starting, fast traveling, sudden turning, instant stopping—or will you be in constant fear of an untimely puncture or blowout?

Dayton Stabilized Balloons are still in their prime when ordinary tires are entering the danger zone.

There is a margin of safety of thousands of miles in these amazing tires. Extra thousands of miles you may never use. Because Dayton Stabilized Balloons are still going strong when the average man trades in his car. Yet, though you run them only 5,000 miles or many times 5,000 miles, this extra safety and trouble-free service make them the most economical tires you can buy. *The extra mileage is added value.*

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Dayton, Ohio

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THOROBRED

Makers of Dayton Thorobred Extra-ply Cords for large diameter wheels, the pioneer low air pressure tires of America. Also makers of famous Dayton Maximaire Fan Belts, chosen by 85% of America's automobile and truck manufacturers as original equipment.

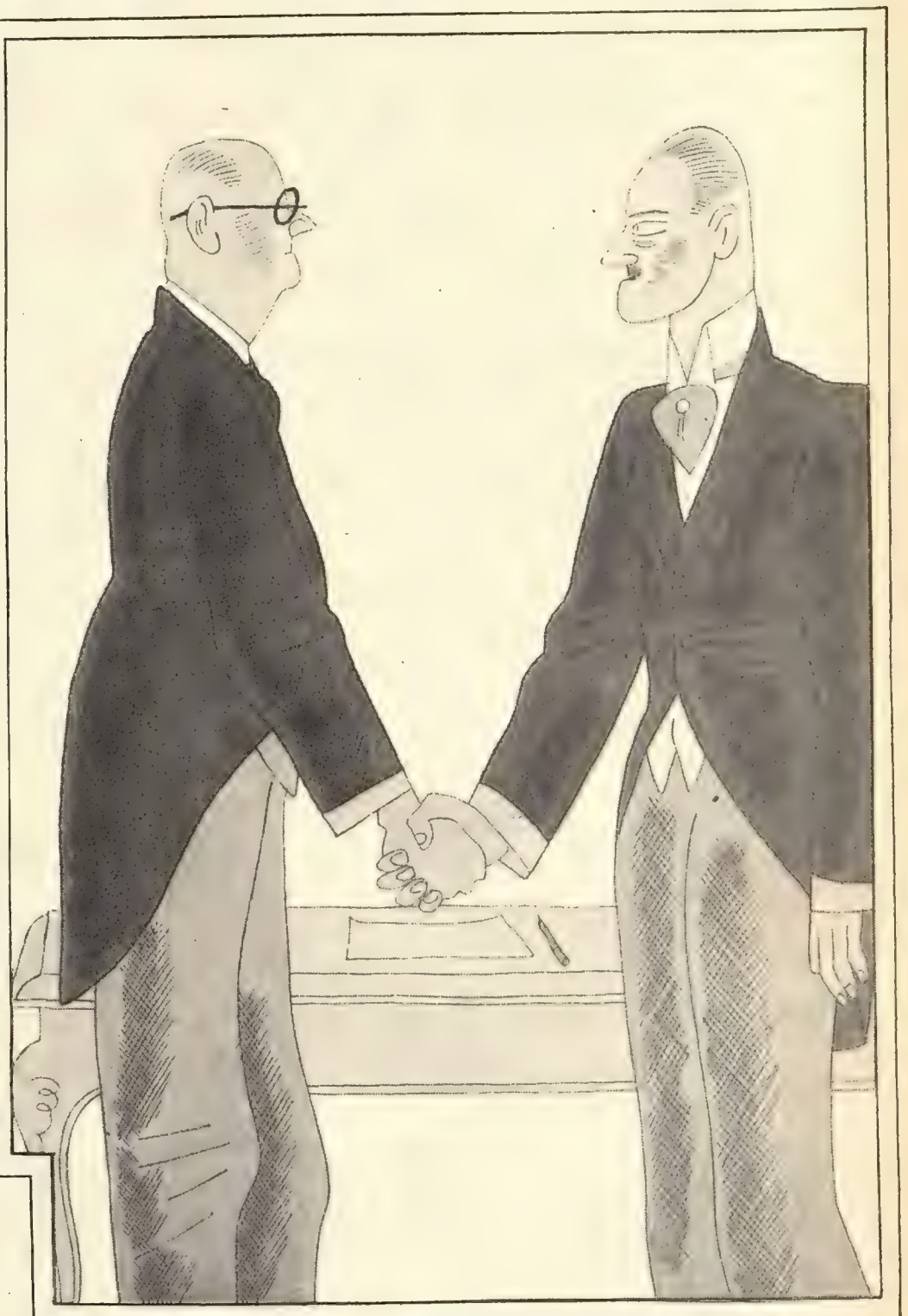
Dayton Thorobred Tubes—famous companions to Dayton Tires.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

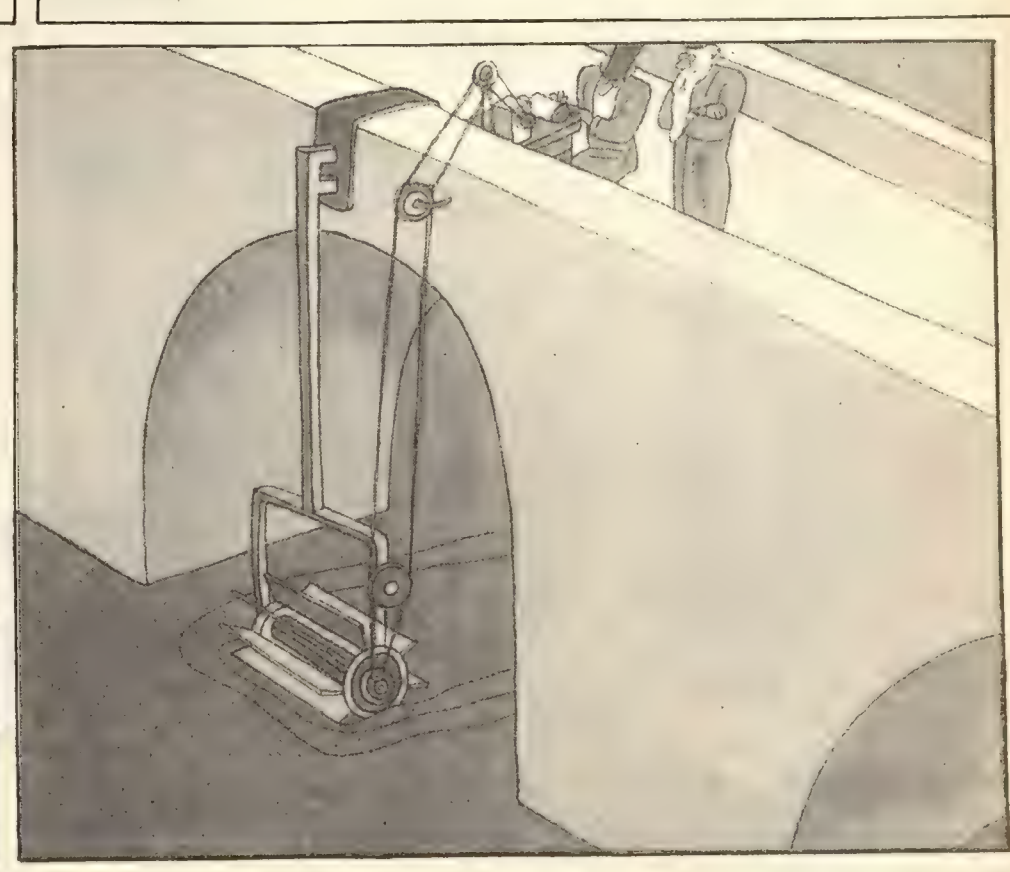
By RALPH BARTON

WE'D FORGIVE HIM ANYTHING: Colonel Lindbergh leaving the Court of Universal Justice after the unanimous decision of the judges that he is in no way to be blamed for the statues, poems, and other inspired works of art which have been perpetrated in his honor.



A LONG-AWAITED PEACE TREATY SIGNED AT LAST: Plenipotentiaries from the States of California and Florida meet on the neutral territory of Missouri to terminate the war declared when Florida usurped the Golden State's rights in the matter of real-estate booms.

INSOLUBLE PROBLEM IN THE COST OF LIVING: If a simple afternoon frock and hat cost $35 in 1830, and a simple hat and frock cost $92 in 1928, how will the feminine costume of 1935 affect our morals if the same rate of increase persists?



NOT SATISFIED WITH THE VAGUE "a lot of" and "a great deal of," German scientists, with characteristic thoroughness, measure the *exact* amount of water that flows under a bridge in a given length of time.

LOWER PRICES
for a Finer Mode of Motoring

ON February 1st Nash startled the motor car industry by announcing—"Nash Reduces Prices."

Prices reduced for style and luxury that made Nash the center of interest at every Motor Show of 1928! *Prices reduced* for the very finest type of 7-bearing performance!

At every opportunity, C. W. Nash always chooses to give the people who buy Nash cars more for the money.

Nash prices now start at $845 for a 7-bearing, six-cylinder, 5-passenger sedan. Six of the 24 models are now priced under a thousand dollars, f. o. b. the Nash factory.

Thirty-nine alluring color combinations, in the new Nash deep-lustre finish, are available from which to select the color of your new car.

Buy a Nash. It's a finer mode of motoring—*at a lower price.*

NEW REDUCED PRICES

STANDARD SIX $845 to $995 — SPECIAL SIX $1135 to $1445 — ADVANCED SIX $1340 to $1990
F. O. B. THE FACTORIES

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LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

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Readin', Ritin', and Recompense

What Price, What Pay, the Woman Teacher?

An Article by

GRACE ROBINSON

An extraordinary product of an extraordinary racial union—Alice Ifwerstrom, teacher.

P. & A. photos

(Reading time: 14 minutes 58 seconds.)

IN a sunny Washington Heights apartment in New York City, a young woman sits sewing buttons on a new dress. When she turns her head, her sparkling brown eyes glimpse smooth tennis courts where she often goes to play, and a stretch of glorious green which has not yet been converted into a mountain of apartment dwellings.

The air here is fresh and brisk—not country air, of course—but breathable and exhilarating compared with the fetid, fume-soaked atmosphere of the great city spreading southward.

As she plies a dexterous needle, the girl smiles occasionally to herself. But mostly there is a strained, worried look in her eyes. For the girl is thinking of a child whose confidence she has failed to win.

She is a teacher.

Her name is Alice Ifwerstrom, and she instructs in English in one of the big high schools in the metropolis.

Let us now glimpse a different part of New York. The lower East Side. A region of littered pavements and skinny cats that run fearfully into dark cellars when you approach. A territory where garbage cans exhale noxious odors.

In the street, children dodging grumbling trucks, trying to play their childish games—now shouting with animal exuberance, now emitting curses and filthy phrases. On the sidewalks are open-air markets. Buckets of long, glistening eels; stands full of lettuce and radishes and tender scallions, which the dealer waters frequently to wash off constantly blowing dust from the thoroughfare.

And everywhere people—gesticulating, talking—a shrill, excited babble in a dozen foreign tongues. People, people, people. Young women cheaply, gaudily clad, flirting with slick-haired swains. Women calling children in peevish, excited tones.

You develop a repugnance. Rabbits on green lawns, cattle grazing peacefully by running brooks—all the world of the creatures we call beasts seems serene and beautiful and God-planned, contrasted with this turgid torrent of humanity.

You loathe these fellow humans at first, especially if you have lately come from the glorious country, or from wholesome grass-bordered residential streets of Western cities.

As you look about these asphalt lanes, you realize that there is more childhood here than anything else. Childhood—that should be an existence of singing birds, and humming bees, and gay flowers! Childhood—that should be a living fairy tale of laughter, and music, and rollicking games played in safety!

Her amazing vivacity makes Miss Ifwerstrom rather a bizarre young personage.

What does this childhood see but sordidness, cruelty, ugliness? What does it hear but the despairing cry of poverty, the whine of the down-and-outer, the raucousness of curses and lewd laughter? What?

Well, come into this strong looking, ugly building which sits grimly on the corner of Fourth Street and Avenue D.

It acquired that grim look defying greedy prospectors eager to tear it down and erect highly profitable business structures on its site. A man or a building grows grim holding a place in this congestion.

INSIDE, in a small office hung with copies of famous paintings, we see a white-haired woman. Her dress is black, with smart white collar and cuffs. Her skin is pink and white and healthy, although she is not young.

Her lips are smiling, but there is a radiance, an exaltation about her, that does not proceed from the mouth only.

"Think of it," she is saying in pleasant, cultured accents. "Rosie is to be valedictorian. She has an average of ninety-five per cent! She is only twelve years old, and heads a class of a hundred and four. And only three years in this country! A good girl, too. What a fine woman she will make!"

This, too, is a teacher—a teacher who has become a principal, in charge of other instructors. Margaret Knox will always be a teacher at heart, although she has been an administrator presiding over Public School 15, in Manhattan, for twenty-seven years.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Reading Time 45 seconds

Watching the clock

"laziness" often the first sign of cachexia (run-down condition)

When work becomes a bore and you face each hour with despair, it's often due not so much to the work as to your own impaired physical condition.

Sufferers from cachexia, conscious of their vanishing strength and vigor, should eat yeast . . . for this simple food has restored millions of ailing men and women to robust health.

The best yeast for eating is Yeast Foam Tablets. This yeast is pure, it comes in convenient pellets; it keeps; it is palatable and it doesn't ferment nor cause gas. Only 5c for the handy packet or 50c for the large 10-day bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

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1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[READIN', RITIN', AND RECOMPENSE]
Continued from Page Twenty-seven

You can't blame her for exulting over her Rosies and her Bennies who have distinguished themselves. She is merely tasting a premature bit of the glorious reward that will be hers in seeing them grow into useful, upstanding citizens; and in knowing that the miracle—for miracle it is—was accomplished partly through her toil.

Twenty-seven years! For more than a quarter of a century, then, this woman has battled the insidious powers of that turbulent neighborhood, which perpetually push, and shove, and fight to crowd in on her and her school. She has tried to re-create children who pass six hours a day in the beneficent influence of her domain, and then are dismissed to pass eighteen hours in that other, outer world.

AND there are some who say that a teacher has a soft job!

In New York there is no longer any wage discrimination in favor of men, both sexes receiving a salary based on class of work and length of service.

If an equally capable man and woman teacher are under consideration for, let us say, the principalship of a high school, the plum will go to the man. His need of the larger salary to support a family will be urged as the reason. The economic responsibilities carried by many women—burdens which they themselves did not incur but which fell to them from other hands—are never considered.

Salary increases are automatic. Teaching is no profession for the woman who is ruled by the competitive instinct. For the most part, no matter how the teacher may struggle to enrich her own mind through travel and other cultural influences, she cannot advance in salary any more rapidly than the Board of Education's schedule says she may.

Recently, in New York, a slight incentive was provided by adoption of a supermaximum salary, which some teachers may achieve by self-improvement, after progressing a dozen years or more through the automatic increases.

But this extra pay is so small, and so many years are consumed in reaching it, that it hardly acts as a great incentive to the woman who is financially ambitious.

Teachers are strange persons. Eccentrics, really, in this go-getting age. In New York's fevered business world men and women are greedy for gold. They fawn on those higher up. They trample on loyalty, honesty, and beauty for the sake of pecuniary gain.

But the teacher! Hear Miss Knox utter her astounding philosophy:

"Money is not the reward of labor."

She honestly believes that—

P. & A. photos

Six hours a day in this beneficent influence on New York's East Side, and then—

"God is the only employer."

And that—

"Work is divine expression and infinite love recompense."

That is the motto that hangs in her little office in Public School 15—a divine strain of song down there near the murky East River, where the pushcart peddlers on the stained asphalt haggle and curse over penny gains.

Dismissed to pass eighteen hours in this other, outer world of dark cellars and garbage cans, sidewalk markets and curses.

MISS KNOX has been a teacher for forty-one years.

What of the young teacher, Miss Ifwerstrom, whose vocation is only five years old?

"For the teacher, the esteem of the students and respect for oneself are the only rewards."

Although teachers never become rich, the profession offers certain advantages, as Miss Knox points out.

For one thing, once you are appointed, your position is sure.

Your food and drink, your clothing, your standing before your fellow men—your very destiny—do not depend on the whim of a city editor, as in the newspaper field, or on the fickle fancy of the public, as on the stage.

Jealousy, personal prejudice, lack of prepossessing face or figure, dowdiness in dress can never crowd you out. In New York, even old age is no deterrent to an income, due to the pension system. New York instructors may not be dismissed except for a criminal act or conduct unbecoming a teacher. Cases of these sorts are so rare that they generally attract newspaper notice as exceptional occurrences.

THERE are long holidays, too, and many opportunities for recreation and leisure which the office worker, the newspaper woman, the trained nurse, the actress, and the department-store employee crave in vain.

Speaking for elementary schools, Miss Knox says:

"A girl hesitating about becoming a teacher should remember that her actual class day lasts only from nine to three.

"Although she has other work when the children are dismissed, she can adapt that to please herself. She has both Saturdays and Sundays off, every holiday, a week or ten days at Christmas, one week plus Good Friday at Eastertime, extra holidays at Thanksgiving, and ten long weeks in the summer.

"During the hot weather she can go abroad—there are specially arranged, inexpensive tours for teachers. In New York, many of the better department stores give them merchandise discounts of six and ten per cent."

The high-school teacher sings a slightly different song, however—particularly if she be a teacher of English, like Miss Ifwerstrom, where correction of enormous

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

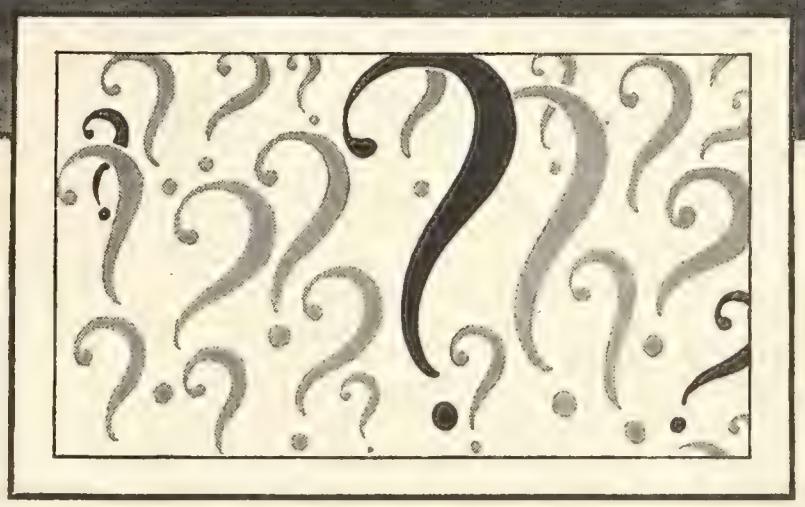
What do the neighbors think of *her* children?

To every mother her own are the ideal children. But what do the neighbors think? Do *they* smile at happy, grimy faces acquired in wholesome play?

For people have a way of associating unclean clothes and faces with other questionable characteristics.

Fortunately, however, there's soap and water.

"Bright, shining faces" and freshly laundered clothes seem to make children welcome anywhere . . . and, in addition, to speak volumes concerning their *parents'* personal habits as well.



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Pocket Ben

The busier you are, the more you need a reliable watch.

This new model Pocket Ben is that kind—and it's not only good-looking but sturdy — dependable.

Sold everywhere for $1.50. With night-and-day dial, $2.25.

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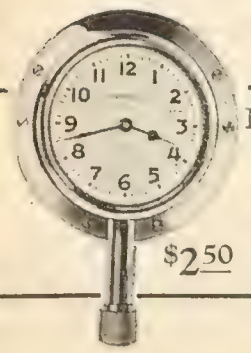

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New Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above windshield.

$2.50

[READIN', RITIN', AND RECOMPENSE]
Continued from Page Twenty-eight

quantities of papers constitute an ever-present bugaboo. Hear Miss Ifwerstrom:

"Yes, there are Saturdays and Sundays. But I have often passed week-ends, whole Saturday afternoons and Sunday evenings, correcting papers. If an instructor is satisfied merely with pointing out lack of commas and correcting misspelled words, she can get through more rapidly. But I can't do that.

"I must regard each student as an individual. I carefully criticize his style and his thought. Frequently my red-penciled comments on a theme are as long as the theme itself.

"The long summer holiday is an absolute necessity. Every minute of the school day I am combating, mentally and nervously, an average class of thirty-five students. At the end of the year I am completely worn out. Two summer months are really needed for recuperation. If you're going to give anything worth while to children, you've got to be thoroughly alive and make cultural contacts."

Miss Ifwerstrom keeps herself "thoroughly alive" physically by frequent tennis matches near her home. She lives with her father and two brothers in the upper West Side of New York.

She is the extraordinary product of an extraordinary racial union—Swedish with Hungarian. She is brown-skinned, lithe, and slender, with small regular features, and black curly hair cut short over her ears like a boy's.

Her large brown eyes and the amazing vivacity that permeates every muscle of her body make of her rather a bizarre young personage. She is distinctive—you would notice her—her earnestness and mental agility remind you of a tumbling mountain stream tossing clear, fresh spray on your face.

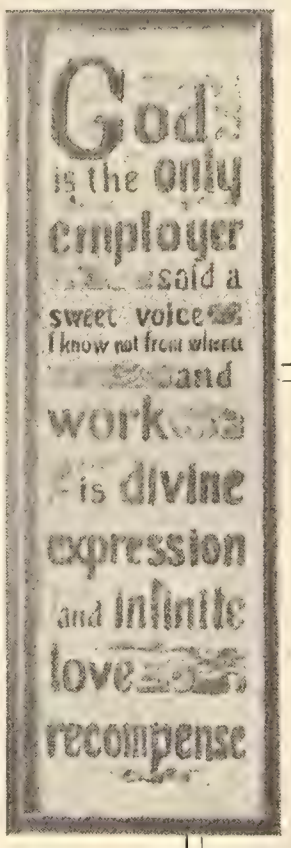
"I AM individualistic to a certain extent," she said, as we discussed her profession in the cool living room of her family's flat. "Perhaps that makes me not the perfect type of teacher. In teaching English, the temptation is to exploit your own personality. For instance, you may read poetry exceptionally well, but even though you have an admiring audience in your classroom you mustn't do all the reading. For his own good, you must occasionally have some halting student read."

Miss Ifwerstrom was born in Stockholm. After the usual years in grade and high school she attended Hunter College, a New York city institution that specializes in the preparation of teachers.

She became a teacher "because there were people I respected in the profession—particularly an English teacher in high school, a German woman, slightly lame, a person of great character and a delightful sense of humor." Under this guide, the embryo teacher had her introduction to Shakespeare in As You Like It.

During your first year out of college, Miss Ifwerstrom explained, you may be a "teacher in training." Under this arrangement you work with the head of the department, teaching two classes a day and observing in another. In addition you help your superior with the clerical work. Such a candidate for ultimate appointment receives 90 cents an hour or $4.50 for each day of teaching.

If exceptionally lucky, the prospective instructor may get a substitute assignment of a lengthy character, receiving $7.50 every day she works. It is an uncertain existence, but better than the third alternative which faces the beginner—that of acting as an emergency substitute, at which she may be called only one or two days a week.



"It took me three years to get my appointment," Miss Ifwerstrom related. "I was a substitute of the first-mentioned class for six months. Then I taught in Litchfield (Connecticut) High School six months, after which I worked another six months in New York as an emergency or 'temporary' substitute. Finally I obtained an appointment in George Washington High School, a coeducational school in New York.

"At appointment, the salary for a high-school teacher is $2,148, with increases of about $160 yearly until a maximum of $4,404 is reached in the fourteenth year. Beyond that there is a supermaximum, which adds $252, and then the teacher's salary has reached its height. When I began salaries were lower. I received at first $2,050, having credit for one year of teaching.

"A high-school principal receives from $7,500 to $10,000 a year, depending on the size of the school and length of service. In New York, at least, these good positions are almost invariably awarded to men. Only one woman has ever been made principal of a New York high school. She presides over the Girls' Commercial High School in Brooklyn.

"YOUR license must be renewed annually for the first three years after appointment. After that you have permanent and undisputed employment unless you become a Bolshevik or commit a crime. If you wish to earn more, you may study, and, if unusually lucky, become head of a department, which pays at the start more than the ordinary teacher receives after a dozen years of teaching.

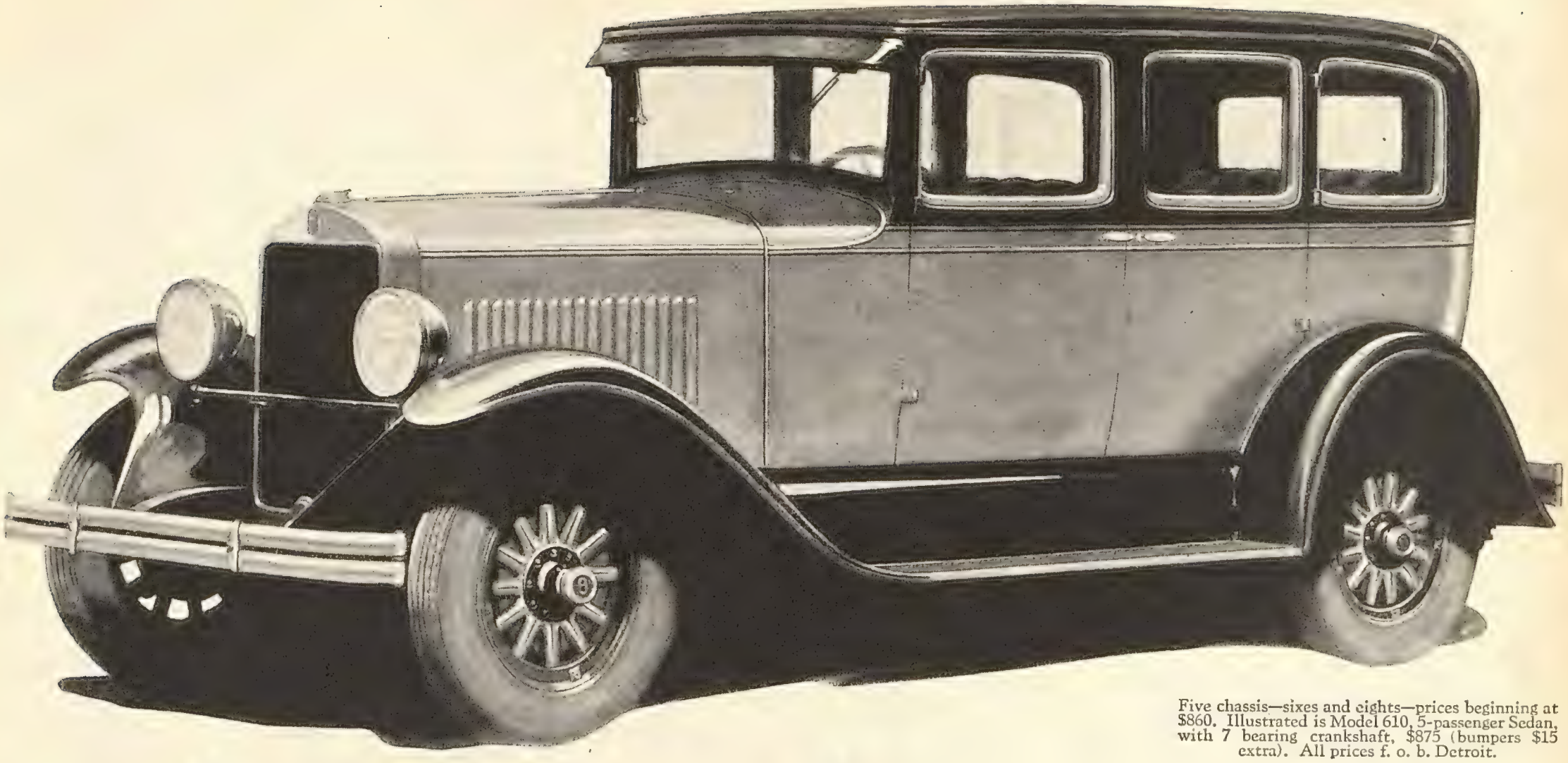
P. & A. photo

New York's Public School 15, where Margaret Knox is principal. After twenty-seven years, she still exults when her Rosies and Bennies distinguish themselves. Above—the motto in Margaret Knox's office, a divine strain by the murky East River.

"There are 6,000 students at George Washington High. Classes vary in size, sometimes containing as many as forty-seven children. Ordinarily, one teaches five classes a day. We have eight periods of forty minutes each. Five of these are teaching periods. In addition there is the lunch period, a period after school, and there may be a study-hall period. I report for duty at 8:35 A. M. and am out at 3 P. M.

"At home I make out my assignments for the next day and correct papers. When I do my work in accordance with my ideal of how it should be done, I put in two hours a day on assignments, and in composing thoughtful questions that will bring out what there is in the subject in the brief time allowed for each student's recitation.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]



Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices beginning at $860. Illustrated is Model 610, 5-passenger Sedan, with 7 bearing crankshaft, $875 (bumpers $15 extra). All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Integrity of Manufacture

We shall keep in mind that Graham-Paige owners are best served by distributors and dealers who possess the fundamental three "C's"—Character, Capability and Capital. Illustrated is the Willey Building, headquarters of the Guy A. Willey Company, distributor in the Philadelphia territory.

IT IS OUR purpose that every car shall represent the integrity of manufacture we have endeavored to associate with our name throughout twenty-five years of industrial experience.

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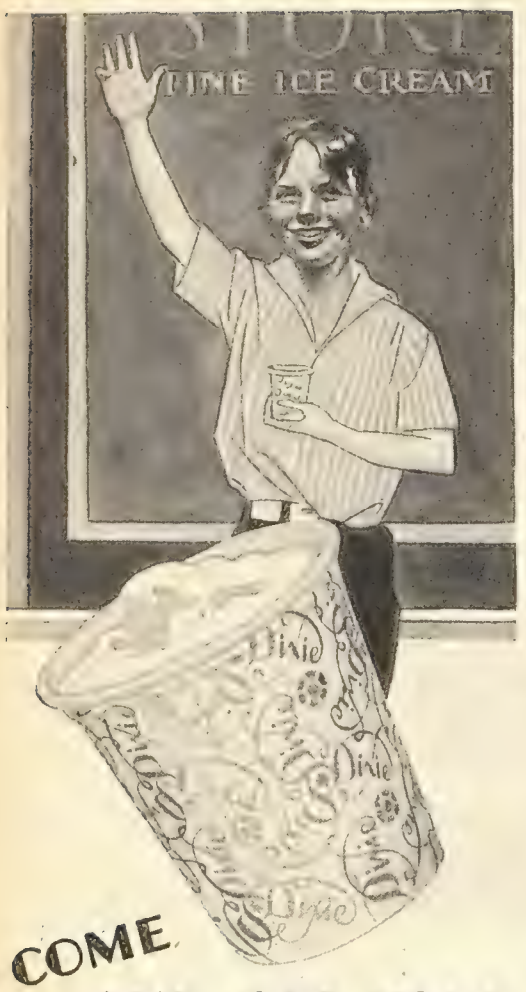

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Only *good* ice cream is sold in Dixies. And good ice cream is better in Dixies because it is kept absolutely pure and wholesome. Filled, frozen and sealed at the ice cream plant, the ice cream in Dixies is NEVER exposed to the dangers of contamination.

Continue to buy your favorite brand of ice cream at your favorite store—but ask for it in Dixies. Dixies combine safety, convenience, daintiness—and ice cream frozen right in the sealed Dixie is wonderfully delicious!

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP COMPANY, Inc.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup
Easton, Pa.

[READIN', RITIN', AND RECOMPENSE]
Continued from Page Thirty

"Thus, you see, I easily put in an eight-hour day at my work—the same as any office secretary. And in good teaching there is nothing mechanical, permitting one to ease off now and then. After school one helps backward students, or is busy with student clubs. Last year I was sometimes at school until 5 P. M. coaching plays.

"Parents nowadays take their duties easily. Although the students who come to us are generally thirteen years old or more, we have to teach them elementary manners. You ask them a question and they say, 'Huh?' We are expected to correct such faults.

"A teacher may marry and still remain capable in her profession. A two-year maternity leave is compulsory for a teacher who has a child. I see no reason why a teacher should not marry and have one or two children. One of the finest teachers of my acquaintance is married and has a lovely child. She shows no diminished interest in her teaching because of her marriage.

"A teacher meets few men—that is one of the drawbacks of the profession. She needs the benefit of their society and their point of view.

"Her personal life must be above reproach. Even today, teachers in the New York public schools may not smoke, although smoking by women prevails in almost all other sophisticated circles.

"Sentimental 'student crushes' on the teacher are not as prevalent as formerly. You can generally avoid that sort of thing by wholesome friendship with a pupil."

Miss Knox, the charming grade-school principal, holds distinctly opposite views about marriage. She sees it as a definite deterrent in the teaching career:

"ALTHOUGH since the war New York teachers have been permitted to marry, I find that when a teacher marries she loses the urge to make a name for herself. At home she's petted. Her husband doesn't like her to go out on wet mornings. Domesticity has an enervating effect on her career. An unmarried girl is willing to stay after school and work. The married woman wants to rush home. Of her two jobs she finds her domestic one more alluring.

"I have no personal regrets about my single state. My sisters are all married, and all my brothers except one. I often say to him: 'We are the old maids of the family and I believe we are the happiest of them all.'"

Miss Knox was born in Ulster, Ireland, and came to America at the age of six. She attended the public schools and Hunter College.

When she began to teach she received $33.33 a month. Today, after forty years, her salary is $6,500 a year.

YOU cannot take the examination for a principalship until you have had eight years of experience at teaching.

A teacher may retire on half pay after thirty-five years of service, and she is compelled to retire when she reaches the age of seventy. Every month a small percentage of her salary goes into the pension fund, which the city matches dollar for dollar.

Salaries for grade-school teachers are lower than those paid in high schools, with different wage scales for different grades.

George Washington High School, New York, where Alice Ifwerstrom teaches English classes daily.

Teachers from kindergarten to the 6B class receive from $1,608 a year to $3,144, depending on length of service. The maximum is reached in twelve years. Those teaching the higher grades receive $2,040 to $3,600, the latter figure being reached in the eleventh year. For both classes of teachers there are supermaximum salaries attainable by self-improvement after the ordinary maximum has finally been reached.

In New York, a young woman wishing to become an elementary teacher finishes high school and then takes three years' training at a normal training school. Many go to Hunter College, where they may receive their A.B. degree, and so become eligible for either elementary- or high-school work.

At present the supply of teachers in New York is so great that an applicant may wait a year before appointment. This condition, school officials say, will not continue indefinitely.

Teaching is a profession of smiles, tears, and effort. There is no locking up a desk at night and forgetting about one's work until tomorrow. As practiced in this day, it more closely resembles the vocation of motherhood than any other.

THE sensitive teacher is as enamored of the strange soul material that comes to her for molding and shaping as the sculptor is of his bronze or marble. And if she be a true artist, she weeps when the elusive child heart resists her efforts, and is jubilant when her labor turns out a lovely product.

Salaries are not high, but they compare favorably with the earnings of women in many other professions.

Although, in New York at least, men get the few choice high-salaried positions the field has to offer, the average teacher is not obliged to pit her strength and ability against corresponding male assets, as in newspaper work, for instance, because there are so few men teachers.

Leapfrog! West Side children playing in the street on Riverside Drive, New York.

Interesting high lights concerning The Private Secretary will be disclosed in an article by Miss Robinson in next week's Liberty.

WHEN the German, who had nineteen victories to his credit, learned that he had been shot down by a novice, he flew into a rage.

Leaves *from my* WAR DIARY

Pictures by CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Carrying the Air Fight to the Germans—The First and Second Move Up to Soissons

(Reading time: 20 minutes 41 seconds.)

IN the two previous installments of his intimate record of the World War, the author described the aftermath of the great German offensive of March, 1918, the long-range shelling of Paris, and the deaths of Lufbery and General Mitchell's brother. Last week's article concluded with a vivid picture of the German advance along the Chemin des Dames in June and the increasingly heavier share of the fighting carried by the A. E. F.

PART THREE

June, 1918 (continued).

EACH day I took my airplane and flew it along the front. I now had the fastest airplanes on the Western Front assigned to me. I went alone and without protection, because if I took several planes with me we would be slowed up, easily noticed, and certainly brought to combat. This would have interfered with what I was doing as commander of the air forces; that is, watching everything and preparing ahead of time for what we should do.

My only fear was a surprise attack from the direction of the sun, principally. I had become very expert at seeing enemy planes—and our own, for that matter.

As soon as I could, I demanded from Paris that our observation units be furnished complete with Salmson airplanes, the same ones I had asked for a year before. Our poor fellows had been flying the old ARs, Sopwith 1½-strutters, two-seater Spads, and things of that kind which the French discarded long ago and which are completely outclassed by the German machines. They are more or less death traps.

Our pursuit group still has the Nieuport No. 28 airplanes, but these are wearing out and we can get no replacements for them. The German Aviation has been completely equipped with the Fokker D7 airplane, probably the best pursuit ship on the front. This is slightly better than our Nieuport No. 28.

I insisted that we get 220-horsepower Spads for this group at once. I was answered by the usual talk of the nonfliers that our mechanics were not used to fixed motors and only understood the rotary motor in the Nieuports. I answered that our mechanics could handle anything and I was the judge of what airplanes we wanted.

They had a lot of British Sopwith Camel planes with Clerget engines on hand in the interior. They wanted us to take them. This ship I was not familiar with, so I jumped in my plane and flew to our air reserve depot at Orly to try one. A very heavy wind was blowing and the ceiling was low.

I told the commanding officer, Colonel Baldwin, to get me out some Camels as quickly as possible. I was informed that these were very tricky machines—that the day before one of the best pilots had been killed in one. I told them that had nothing to do with what I was there for and that I wanted the airplanes to try at once.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Originally made for him
They both use it now!

Mennen Skin Balm was first widely used by men, as an after-shaving lotion —and is now.

Soon, however, women heard enthusiastic men singing its praises and telling of its cooling, soothing, healing action. They tried Skin Balm and found it refreshing and wonderfully soothing to their sensitive skins.

Now Skin Balm is a family product—and rightly so. Applied before exposure, it protects face and hands from chapping, cracked lips, roughness, sunburn and windburn. It cools, refreshes, soothes and invigorates the skin. Being antiseptic, it stops small skin infections before they start, and its mild astringency keeps pores small and inconspicuous. Non-greasy and disappears quickly, yet its protective, invisible film lasts all day and heals all day. Its odor is delightful and as refreshing as a cool mountain breeze. A generous tube costs 50 cents at any drug store. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

MENNEN

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

I got into one, taxied down the field, turned it into the wind, and took off. I had risen only a few feet from the ground when the engine absolutely stopped; but I felt it ahead of time, poked the ship's nose down quickly, and landed between two hangars without breaking a wire.

I had choked the Clerget engine by giving it too much gas suddenly. This is the way the pilot had been killed the day before, I think.

I got into another one and took it up about 3,000 feet to maneuver it about. It is very quick on the ailerons; it climbs well, but it has a very slow speed, probably not over 110 to 115 miles an hour, and dives very slowly.

I think the German Fokkers are getting about 125 or 130 miles an hour and dive with great rapidity. The Sopwith Camel would be no match for them in the kind of fighting we are having at Château-Thierry. I therefore told the commanding officer of the depot that they had better send the Camels to the schools; that we would not use them on the front at that time. Dunwoody put forward his utmost efforts to get us Spads and we immediately began to obtain them from the French.

MY reconnaissance across the front has convinced me that the Germans have a great supply point at Fère-en-Tardenois. Every time I have flown over it there has been a tremendous movement of German teams, temporary railroads, motor trucks, and all kinds of transport in that vicinity. The town has several large woods near it. These, I estimated, are filled with supplies and ammunition.

We are also pushing aërial night reconnaissance into that area, as are the French. Major Armengaud of the French Aviation is with General Foch at the Château Bombon, immediately behind us. He and I keep constantly in touch with each other.

Armengaud notes all the reconnaissance that we make over the front—that is, by both the French and the American Aviation—and keeps a record of it each day. In addition, he posts up a map for each day which shows where we consider the center of the German movement to be. This, Armengaud calls his cinema. It is perfectly accurate.

Armengaud estimates the Germans will attack somewhere around the middle of the month, and that when the attack comes it will be the greatest ever seen. Marshal Foch knows all about our air reconnaissance and is shown Armengaud's "cinema" every day.

As our patrols were being so badly chewed up and we were losing so many men, both in the pursuit and observation aviation, I went to Major Gérard, commanding the French Aviation, and told him that I believed our present tactics led to nothing and were destroying all our aviation, because we were spreading it out in a thin layer across the front, while the Germans acted in large groups and could puncture our thin line of patrols anywhere.

I asked him to request bombardment aviation, and proposed that with this we attack the German supply points at Fère-en-Tardenois. In this way we could mass all our bombardment and pursuit aviation together and deliver a united attack against a key point in the area which the Germans would have to defend. Otherwise their main ammunition dumps would be blown up and their supplies burned.

WE are having a great deal of trouble making the ground units answer our signals from the air.

He agreed to this, and asked the French Army General Headquarters for bombardment aviation. They replied

they had none which could be spared at that time, but forwarded the request to General Foch's headquarters.

Foch immediately asked the British if they had any bombardment aviation which they could spare. The British replied by sending a brigade of their air force to our support at once: three squadrons of bombardment airplanes and four squadrons of pursuit. It was a formidable and efficient force, and came through the air with an aviation general as commander of it.

The following day we made a combined air attack on Fère-en-Tardenois. The British bombardment attacked with tremendous valor. They came down in broad daylight to within a few hundred feet of the ground, blowing up several ammunition dumps which could be plainly seen by our ground troops.

The Germans were taken completely by surprise, and now had to stand on the defensive in the air, as this was their key point. If we blew up all their ammunition there and wrecked their supplies, their movement into the Château-Thierry area would be brought to a standstill. We had no such key point behind our front, and could therefore afford to push everything into the attack.

Unfortunately, the British lost twelve bombardment airplanes in this attack, as the Germans were

concentrated over all sides. Our observation airplanes were not interfered with after this happened, as the German pursuit had to keep in the air constantly to defend the Fère-en-Tardenois area. We had found the Achilles' heel of the German position north of the Marne and had seized the initiative in the air.

One of our pilots, who had just come up, became separated from his squadron, and engaged in a free-lance patrol when he met a German directly over our infantry lines. Our man attacked with such ardor that he soon forced his opponent down, out of control. The German landed, and was seized by our infantry troops. Our pilot landed in an adjoining field.

The German saw the ship come down, and expressed a desire to meet the American. Our pilot hurried over to get a glimpse of his prisoner, as it was his first day on the front.

When the German heard that he had been shot down by a novice, on the line for the first time, he flew into a rage. He himself had nineteen official victories to his credit.

Hardly a plane of our observation aviation has returned without having entered into combat.

July, 1918.

WE are having a great deal of trouble making the ground units answer our signals from the air. They are afraid if they show any panels or smoke signals they will be seen by the enemy and result in immediate attack.

I have established my headquarters at a little place south of Coulommiers, at a country estate called Haute Feuille, owned by a family named Becker. It is a shooting box and the estate is filled with pheasants and hares. The house itself is entirely modern, very comfortably arranged and with all conveniences. I established our offices in some of the outbuildings, and it is an excellent place for us to work in.

We also have plenty of room to take care of visitors who come in either to inspect the units or on rubbernecking expeditions. The rubbernecks are a terrible nuisance and are difficult to keep off.

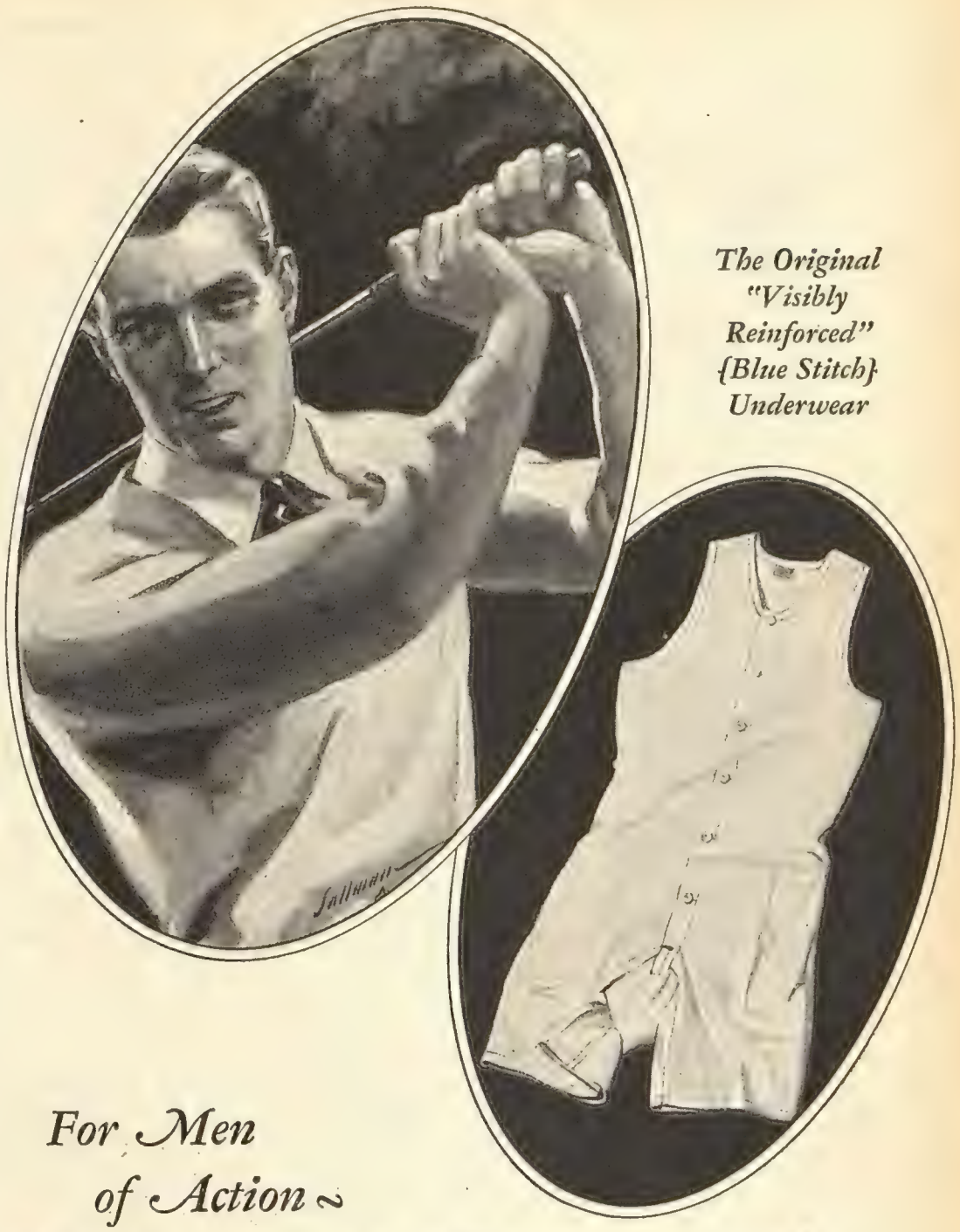
Our infantry troops are now having considerable influence on the combat, and some of our artillery is beginning to make itself felt. I am now getting increased co-operation from nearly everybody, and on July 5 I sent General Foulois the following letter relating to our condition at Château-Thierry:

HEADQUARTERS, AIR SERVICE,
FIRST BRIGADE
July 5, 1918.

MY DEAR FOULOIS:

I am very sorry not to be able to come in to Paris today. General Liggett has specially requested me to stay here, as we expect an attack

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY
Cont'd from Page 35]

to take place during the night. I may be able to come in tomorrow evening, but I doubt it. I am sending Lieutenant Miller with these papers, which explain themselves.

On the whole, the movement of the groups to this locality was well done, for the first time. The pursuit group was particularly well handled by its commander. I am having the airdrome shifted today so as to simplify the observation work and conform to the general scheme. I am having maps made for you of the localities. We will begin to get operations reports out tomorrow.

The supply system has functioned pretty well, but too many approvals have to be obtained for various things. For instance, to have anti-aircraft machine guns issued to a group required somebody's approval in Tours; to obtain transportation for my headquarters required somebody's approval whom I have never heard of before and who cannot be found. The result is, we have no trucks, motor cycles, or light cars. This must be simplified.

As to tactical organization, I am convinced that the brigade system is sound; that the pursuit groups should have six squadrons of twenty-four machines each; and that the combat wings should be as I outlined to you before.

Under existing conditions, the repair and supply system should be as follows:

1. Keep the machine shop trucks with the squadrons. They can be brought together by the group commanders if desired.

2. Move up your mobile parks, in accordance with the "dope" that was gotten up in Toul for pursuit and observation units, to a convenient point in their vicinity.

3. Establish an air depot behind these. Memoranda for Colonel Milling attached hereto indicate the change in tactics and instruction needed. Be careful that pilots are not sent to observation units as a punishment. We are reaping the benefits of this now in smashed Salmson airplanes.

I have sent instructions today for the Eighty-eighth Squadron to come. We need the Second Pursuit Group here very badly, and we have a place ready for it.

Several communications have come through relating to changes of personnel, etc., in this brigade without coming through these headquarters. I think care should be taken in this respect hereafter, now that we are established.

Our losses will be quite great during the summer. They appear to be running about 80 per cent at least per month in pursuit aviation from all causes. We formerly estimated 100. The losses in airplanes will run about half as much for pursuit; for observation about one-third of this. Ample replacement should be sent to Orly, ready to come out here.

I hope you will stop by here on your way out, and let me know before you come, so that I may be here.

WILLIAM MITCHELL,
Colonel, Air Service,
Commanding First Brigade.

The same day I sent a letter to Colonel Milling, who is handling the battle training of our units in the Toul area, as to what should take place there. It is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, AIR SERVICE
FIRST BRIGADE

July 5, 1918.

MEMORANDUM for: Colonel Milling.

1. The following measures will be taken in the battle training of units in accordance with recent developments: Ordinarily all pursuit groups will receive their information from the anti-aircraft artillery as to hostile aircraft by means of radio-telegraphy. Each group will, therefore, be equipped with radio. The information will be transmitted in cipher.

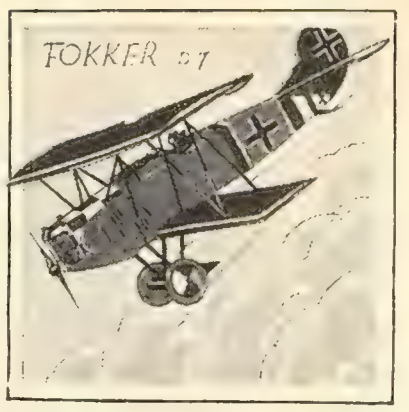
2. When we arrived here the Germans were acting in large patrols of from ten to fifteen airplanes each. We attacked them in echelons of five; *i. e.*, two patrols of five each acting together. The Germans quickly changed and adopted our methods, and as they have very fast ships and are excellently trained both as individuals and in formation, they are much more formidable than we have been used to. This, of course, was foreseen.

The proper formation for attacking their large bodies is two squadrons acting together, each arranged in three flights of five or six airplanes in echelon. The flights in squadron to vary about 600 meters in distance and the squadrons to vary about 1,000 meters in distance. The position of the flights with respect to order in squadron may be varied from time to time; *i. e.*, either in V shape or in line. The squadron commander should fly with the center formation, whatever it may be.

The training of the individual pilots is not bad, and their ability to fight in patrols of five is fair. Whenever you have the opportunity, have the squadrons practice as indicated above. Lay special stress on prompt answers to orders for getting into the air.

3. Have them practice signals with the anti-aircraft artillery as to changing direction in accordance with the instructions already existing. Our fights have lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes within the last two days. The anti-aircraft posts can, therefore, give alerts for these fights and re-enforcements can be sent in ample time if handled promptly.

Our loss in pursuit pilots is averaging at least 80 per cent a month here. We are inflicting a little more losses on the Germans than we receive at the present. Therefore, have your squadron commanders instructed in how to make use of the replacement pilots to the best advantage. Have your squadron commanders set an example and get plenty of "pep" into their pilots, and be sure that the operations officers know the sectors well and know the Germans' tactics well and think clearly and act quickly.



4. As to observation aviation, have every measure taken with a view to a war of movement in which liaisons necessarily are of the most rudimentary character. This means the closest connections with the troops on the ground and brigade, division, and army-corps posts of command. Lay great stress on fugitive target work for the artillery and the adjustment of trench mortars.

The depth to which corps observation must operate extends to over fifteen kilometers on account of the range of the corps artillery. This requires a great deal of work at high altitude. We always find Germans here around 5,000 meters. Pick your pilots carefully for this sort of work, because many of them who are good down low are no good up there. All the ships for use at that altitude should be equipped with oxygen respirators. Observation ships should have machine guns capable of firing downward. On account of the altitude at which they have to operate, corps observation squadrons should be equipped with 120-centimeter cameras.

Night reconnaissance must be greatly developed. All routes of approach of the enemy to certain localities must be carefully studied with a view to their inspection at night. The zone of reconnaissance will cover the same areas at night as it does in the daytime; *i. e.*, the corps squadrons will cover their areas and the army squadrons their areas.

It is probable that a night squadron or a night flight, or something of that sort will have to be attached to each corps observation group, with its corresponding increment to army observation groups. Special fields will have to be reserved for this purpose, so as to prevent bombardment of the ordinary observation fields.

Train your pilots in night flying. The Sopwiths with flares under the wings are suitable for this. Balloon observers must be specialized in night observation. These are the principal points developed in the few days that we have been here.

WILLIAM MITCHELL,
Colonel, Air Service,
Commanding First Brigade.

LOOKING in that direction, we could see tremendous flashes in the sky.

ON July 9 we had a meeting of the corps commanders of the Sixth French Army, commanded by General Degoutte, at his headquarters. The corps commanders, their chiefs of staff, Major Gérard, and I attended.

General Degoutte explained the dispositions he wished made to defend the area against the Germans in the attack which we knew was coming soon. He then asked each corps commander to explain what his dispositions were to carry out these orders.

Each one, in turn, arose and explained what he had done to meet the orders. When it came to General Liggett's turn, he arose and, in a straightforward manner, clearly and concisely stated the manner in which he had carried out his part of the program. I never felt more proud of one of our commanders, as it was the first time a great body of American troops under its own command had entered into this combat.

We are living in daily expectation of an at-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

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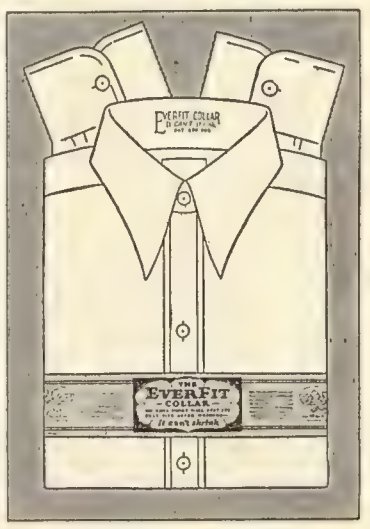

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Thirty-six

tack, and I am doing everything in my power to get up the new airplanes with which to equip our

pilots. Every day sees me more convinced that our flying men, with the excellent training they are receiving in the schools in the interior, and under the leaders that we have developed on the front, will be superior to any other airmen in the world, and it is only a question of time before we shall have the ascendancy over the Germans.

But, as things stand on this part of the front during the first half of July, I think that we are outnumbered in the air almost five to one. We have to make up this deficiency by superior strategy and tactics.

On July 14 I hurried into Paris in the afternoon to get more action about our new airplanes, as we live in hourly expectation of an attack. Masses of German troops have been moved down to their attacking positions. We do not know exactly where they will attack, but we feel sure it will be against Reims.

NEXT day I was getting a late dinner preparatory to starting back to my headquarters, when Donald Brown of the Red Cross came in and sat down with me. At precisely 12:10 A. M. [July 15, 1918] we heard the reverberation of guns to the north, and, looking in that direction, we could see tremendous flashes in the sky. I was certain that the main attack of the Germans was being launched.

I told Brown if he wanted to see the greatest battle in history he could come with me. We started in my fastest automobile for my headquarters at Haute Feuille, which we reached a little before 3 o'clock.

The appearance of the front from this place is impossible to describe. The whole sky was lighted up by the flash of artillery on both sides. Rockets and signals were appearing everywhere; searchlight beams were sweeping the sky; the buzz of airplanes going and coming, and the noise of their bombs dropping, covered the whole of the line. We yet were uncertain where the main attack was being made.

I called up our pursuit group and observation groups on the telephone and ordered them to have everything ready to operate by daylight. Just as I finished this, Major Gérard, with Lieutenant Lafant, who had first taken me over the line in April, 1917, reached my headquarters.

Gérard was greatly perturbed. He informed me that the main German attack was on; that they were pressing the front of the Third French Army, of which we were a part; and that a great attack was being made against the Fourth French Army under General Gouraud in the Champagne. He did not know what success the Germans had had so far, but he did know that our troops were making terrific resistance at every point so as to prevent the Germans from crossing the Marne.

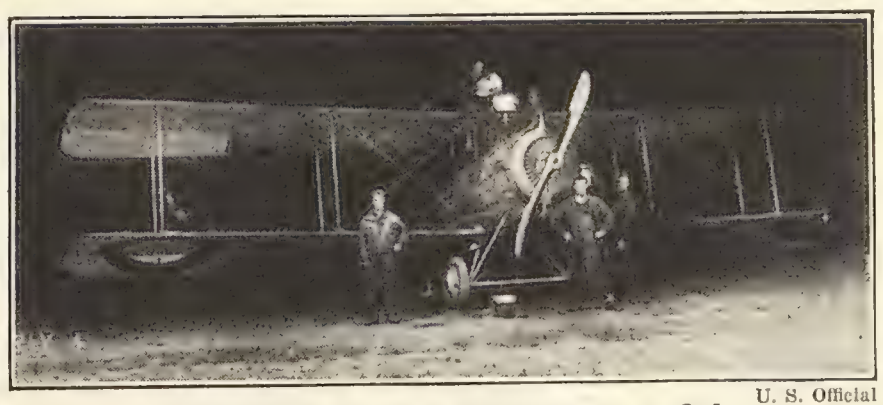
He told me that the orders for the aviation for the following morning had miscarried, and that the word had not reached the French Air Division in sufficient time for them to prepare for an early-morning attack. The only air troops left for this part of the front, he said, were our pursuit group, our observation squadrons, and the British brigade.

WE discussed the advisability of putting up a barrage or curtain patrol along the front at daylight. This, I informed him, I would not approve of, as it would merely lead to unnecessary losses and would give us no advantage. I proposed that we hold all our air forces in readiness to act a little before daylight; that we send up our night reconnaissance at once to cover the whole front of the Army, find out what the enemy is doing, and act accordingly. This he agreed to and went back to his headquarters.

I snatched a few minutes' sleep, then went to the airdrome of the First Pursuit Group at Saintes. There I took an airplane and flew straight north until I reached La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, and then north of this to where our lines began.

The ceiling was low in places, but I saw no German airplanes whatever or any movement of troops on the ground except a general artillery fire all along the front. I turned to the right and flew up the Marne. Not a German airplane made its appearance.

As I approached Jaulgonne, I met a few Fokker airplanes, who either did not see me or, if they did, they paid no attention to me.



U. S. Official

A Salmson plane in a hangar at Orly.

Suddenly, as I rounded a turn of the river east of Dormans, I saw a great mass of artillery fire hitting the south bank of the Marne, and five bridges filled with troops marching over. I looked everywhere for German airplanes, but there were none in the sky at that time. I received no anti-aircraft fire, and apparently no attention was paid to me. I flew within 500 feet of the bridges.

I flew a little farther up the river and then turned up toward Reims. A terrific battle was going

on in that vicinity and the air was full of German airplanes. I turned around and came back to the bridges. By that time a terrible combat was going on on top of the hill just south of the bridges. The opposing troops were almost together.

This is the nearest to a hand-to-hand combat of anything I have seen so far. I thought they were Americans, and later found that it was our Third Division. They are the ones that stopped the advance of the Germans at that point. I do not think they had any artillery, as I could not see any. There were now a good many German airplanes in the air and I had to be careful. I reached the airdrome of our First Pursuit Group safely, and immediately ordered the whole group to Dormans to attack the bridges, the German troops on the ground, and to clear the air over the combat between the Germans and our troops.

I THEN proceeded to General Liggett's headquarters at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, and reported to him and Craig, his chief of staff, what I had seen and my estimate of the situation. I sent in a report to the headquarters of the Third French Army and Major Gérard, and communicated with Armengaud at General Foch's headquarters. This was the first definite information that was obtained that morning about the location of the bridges and the movement of the Germans.

It was now apparent in my mind that the Germans were aiming for Reims, that the movement across the Marne at Dormans was for protecting the right flank of this attack, and that their attack against the Fourth French Army in the Champagne was to protect the left flank. We heard that General Gouraud had retired from all his front lines, had allowed the Germans to occupy them without resistance, and was now counterattacking them with his whole army and making headway.

I went down to see Armengaud at General Foch's headquarters, and we went over the situation. It is quite evident that, as the Germans were attacking at the head of the salient of which the base

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

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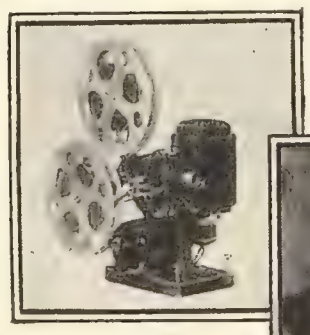

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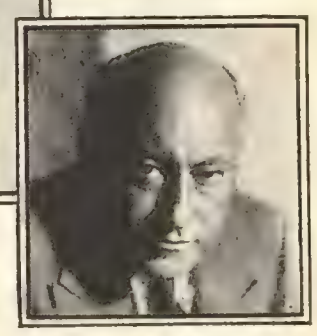

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY] Continued from Page Thirty-eight

was formed by Soissons on one side and Reims on the other, if we could get in from either side of the base we could turn the whole German position and, if successful, attack them in the rear and maybe destroy their whole army.

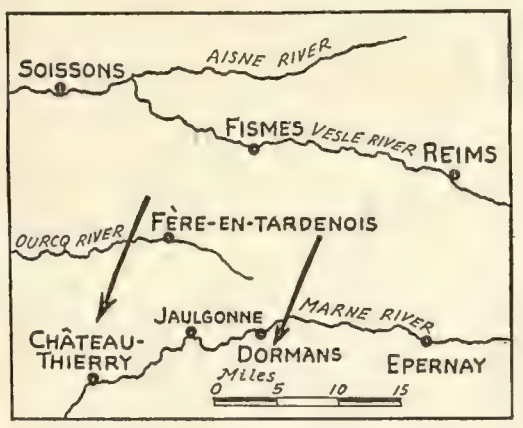
It was the best chance that presented itself during the war, and Marshal Foch was not slow to avail himself of it.

Obviously the place to attack was near Soissons. Our reconnaissance showed that it was not heavily held by the Germans.

THE following day we were instructed to prevent German reconnaissance over our area at all costs, so we pushed our attacks again in the direction of Fère-en-Tardenois.

We were informed that our First and Second divisions, accompanied by the Moroccan Division, were to move north at night to the vicinity of Soissons and attack as soon as the movement was completed.

During the daytime, troops from various parts of the line were to move south along the roads from the vicinity of Soissons, so as to



Map shows where the Third Division stopped the German advance at the bridges over the Marne near Dormans.

make the Germans think that reenforcements were being sent to the right of the French Third Army and to the left of the Fourth in the vicinity of Reims.

During this same day the First and Second American divisions and the Moroccan Division were moved north at night, with no lights showing and with as great secrecy as possible, to the vicinity of Soissons.

It was an operation fraught with the greatest importance for the Allies. If it succeeded, the Germans would have to retire from the Château-Thierry salient, and before they could recover sufficiently to break through again, the American military forces, their aviation, and their ground troops would have brought such an accession of strength to the Allied cause that it would be impossible for the Germans to gain the mastery.

The doughboys break the Ludendorff Line at Soissons, stemming the advance which was to have brought German victory. This and the mobilization of an enormous fleet of 1,500 airplanes are described in General Mitchell's article in Liberty next week.

Howdy come on Out West this summer

the Santa Fe is selling Xcursion tickets at bargain rates to California, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and the whole Pacific coast.

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She Who Sleeps

A Girl from the Court of the Pharaohs Steps into Barry's Life

A Serial by

SAX ROHMER

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

ZALITHEA had just come into the lounge, cynosure of many eyes. She was a radiant vision in a zephyrlike Paris model.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 45 seconds.)

BARRY CUMBERLAND recovered consciousness to find himself lying in a hospital. And this was his memory of his accident:

Driving, alone, toward New York, he had tried to outrun a storm. Suddenly a flash of lightning illuminated a house before him—gleamed upon a high balcony and a lovely girl standing above him in the cloudy robes of an Egyptian princess. Thrilled, Barry lost control of the wheel. There was a crash—and darkness.

Barry's father, John Cumberland, a New York millionaire, made Egyptology a fad, so, as a child, Barry had absorbed the story of ancient Egypt. Jim Sakers, his chum, thought his princess of the balcony merely a hallucination. He was convinced of it when Barry, recovered, had found once again the fatal house, but no girl—and doubly convinced when, later, Barry caught fleeting futile glimpses of his princess.

Then a still stranger thing happened. John Cumberland bought from Danbazzar, a dealer, an illustrated papyrus which, to Barry's amazement, bore a likeness of the mysterious girl. Translated, the papyrus gave an account of the entombment of a princess—Zalithea—alive!

The girl had been subjected to a process intended to preserve both her body and life. To revive her, a specified drink must be administered.

As a result of this purchase, John Cumberland, his friend Professor Blackwell, and Barry organized an expedition to Egypt, led by Danbazzar, who knew the tomb's location.

Arrived, they encamped and set to work. They opened the sarcophagus, administered the drink—and found that Zalithea lived! Miraculously, she was the balcony girl's double.

A tent was arranged for her and a native woman, Safîyeh, engaged to watch over her.

Danbazzar and his assistant, Hassan es-Sugra, saw to the guarding of the tomb's treasures. Also there was a certain Mr. Tawwab to be dealt with. He had been spying and wanted hush money.

PART SEVEN

DANBAZZAR set out to learn if the two guards posted in the valley were on the alert, and Barry and his father were left alone. Hassan es-Sugra, that unfathomable man, was sleeping in the entrance to the tomb to insure against pilfering.

As the sound of Danbazzar's receding footsteps died away in the *wadi:*

"You haven't said much, Barry," John Cumberland remarked, after an interval during which he had been closely watching his son; "but I think you have quite a lot to say, all the same."

Barry started, looking up. Then he began to knock out his pipe on the heel of his shoe.

"You mean about—Zalithea?"

John Cumberland nodded.

"Well—I have!" Barry admitted. "She is the girl I saw twice in New Jersey and twice in New York!"

"I knew it!" said John Cumberland. "I didn't speak—when I saw it first. I was waiting. Now that we have actually found her, alive, it's a different matter, Barry. I think I can explain the whole thing."

"Then go ahead, Dad!" Barry invited.

"We have proof—living proof—that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Secret of her Popularity

a glorious flashing smile

Since Childhood Days
Miss Gittere has used this one dental cream
and look at her lovely teeth today

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Just jot your name and address on the coupon at the left and we will gladly mail you a trial tube of Colgate's to test in your home.

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Forty-one]

ancient Egyptians knew more than *we* know. If they were wiser in one respect, it's only reasonable to suppose they were wiser in others. Now, here's what I believe: You didn't see Zalithea in America. You had *prevision* of her! Danbazzar spoke of what we know upsetting physiology and psychology. It's going to upset religion as well. I believe you had an incarnation in Egypt at the time of Seti the First, and I believe Zalithea remembers you!"

Barry started up excitedly.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "I had come to just that conclusion only tonight! It's unavoidable, Dad! There's no other explanation."

They discussed the problem at some length.

When, finally, John Cumberland turned in, Danbazzar had not come back from his tour of inspection. Barry, feverishly restless, lighted a fresh pipe and strolled out into the *wadi*.

THE night was very dark. Leaving the door of the tent, he walked through a wall of shadow, until, around a natural buttress, he saw a patch of light upon the sand ahead. It came from the entrance of Zalithea's tent. Danbazzar was just coming out. He wore the priest's robe and linen skullcap. Barry paused, and the next moment Danbazzar saw him.

"I was coming to get you," he called.

"Why? Is there anything wrong?"

Danbazzar joined him.

"No," he replied. "But old Safîyeh was hanging around to speak to me. She caught me on my way back. Come along and get into a robe."

"What!" Barry exclaimed. "Why?"

"Because Princess Zalithea wants to see you!"

Barry pulled up dead in his tracks. His heart began thumping.

"How do you know?" he demanded. "I mean, how did she make you understand?"

"Largely by signs," Danbazzar admitted. "My Egyptian is mighty limited. But I'm learning."

That old sensation of unreality, fantasy, came to Barry again. Urged by Danbazzar, he attired himself in the strange dress which they had adopted with the idea that it would be more familiar to the awakened girl. Then, not entirely master of himself, he walked back along the *wadi*. At Zalithea's tent:

"Wait outside," Danbazzar directed. "Safîyeh will call you when I have made her understand you are here. I'll do my best as interpreter."

He went in, leaving Barry alone in the darkness.

Vaguely a sound of voices came to him where he waited.

Barry wondered why he was so nervous.

Suddenly the flap was drawn open, and the old Arab woman looked out, beckoning. Barry stooped and went in.

He found himself in a sort of tiny antechamber or lobby constructed of hanging tent cloths. An antique lamp hung from above. There were carpets on the sandy floor, but no furniture.

Very near to Zalithea he knelt, his

Safîyeh held one of the tent cloths aside and intimated that he was to enter. He stepped forward. Some hazy impression he had of a silver lamp, of embroidered curtains, of cushions, queer looking inlaid chests—but these were an indistinct background into which the tall, robed figure of Danbazzar merged appropriately. He was standing behind a cushioned divan, or native mattress.

Upon it, her cheek resting in her upraised hand, lay Princess Zalithea.

SHE was dressed in a manner which perhaps represented a compromise between the ancient and the modern Egyptian style. Her beautiful arms were bare to the shoulders and she wore no jewelry of any kind. A sort of tightly fitting tunic and some sort of gauzy dress disguised in a measure the delicate shape which Danbazzar's scissors had so mercilessly revealed in the tomb. Her white ankles were bare, as also were her little feet. It was so that he remembered her.

Long, dark, heavily fringed eyes were raised to Barry as he entered.

They were the deeply mysterious eyes that had watched him since memory began—the beckoning eyes of the women who lived upon the frescoes surrounding his father's walls—the eyes that had smiled down upon him from a New Jersey balcony!

He was hopelessly, speechlessly embarrassed under the grave scru-

head bowed, waiting for pardon.

tiny of unreadable eyes. But how beautiful she was!

"Speak to her," Danbazzar prompted.

Barry bowed awkwardly.

"Princess Zalithea," he said, "I am deeply honored."

She watched him, unmoved, for several moments more. Then a slow, delightful smile revealed her little gleaming teeth. She turned her head slightly, looking up at Danbazzar. She spoke in soft, queerly modulated syllables. One word which might have been "Zalithea," but accented very differently from Barry's rendering, gave him a clew to her question. Danbazzar replied slowly, haltingly; then:

"I think," he said, "she is curious about how you learned her name. She seems to have recognized it. I told her that you were a very learned priest. She wants to know what you are called. Tell her."

ZALITHEA turned her disturbing glance upon him again, as:

"I am called Barry Cumberland," he responded.

Zalithea considered the words, then:

"Bahree?" she said—and nodded interrogatively.

"Yes—Barry; Barry Cumberland."

She smiled, shaking her head in bewilderment. She looked up at Danbazzar and addressed him again. He listened, interpolating hesitant questions, whilst Barry watched, fascinated. Presently:

"She understands that you are called Barry," he explained. "Cumberland is too much for her. Now, she is going to tell you how to pronounce *her* name properly."

Zalithea turned to Barry, and, laying one slender hand on her breast:

"Zal'ith-*eeah*," she said distinctly, and beckoned to him to approach closer.

He did so, almost trembling. The mad wonder of it all had seized upon him anew.

Zalithea, in a sweetly imperious way, intimated that he should kneel. He obeyed, and she laid her hand on his breast. His heart was thumping wildly.

She looked fixedly into his eyes.

"Bahree," she said, and smiled.

II

THE sound of a distant shot came—from the direction of the Nile. Professor Blackwell looked up with a start. He was inclined to nervousness in these days. Breakfast was temporarily suspended.

"Mr. Tawwab has called for the rent!" said Danbazzar grimly. He raised his great voice, looking over his shoulder. "Mahmoud!" he boomed.

The grinning face of Mahmoud appeared in the opening of the tent. Danbazzar spoke rapidly in Arabic. Mahmoud saluted and departed.

"I've told him," Danbazzar explained, "to warn Safîyeh that they must keep under cover, and then to go up and tell the guards, in case they missed the signal."

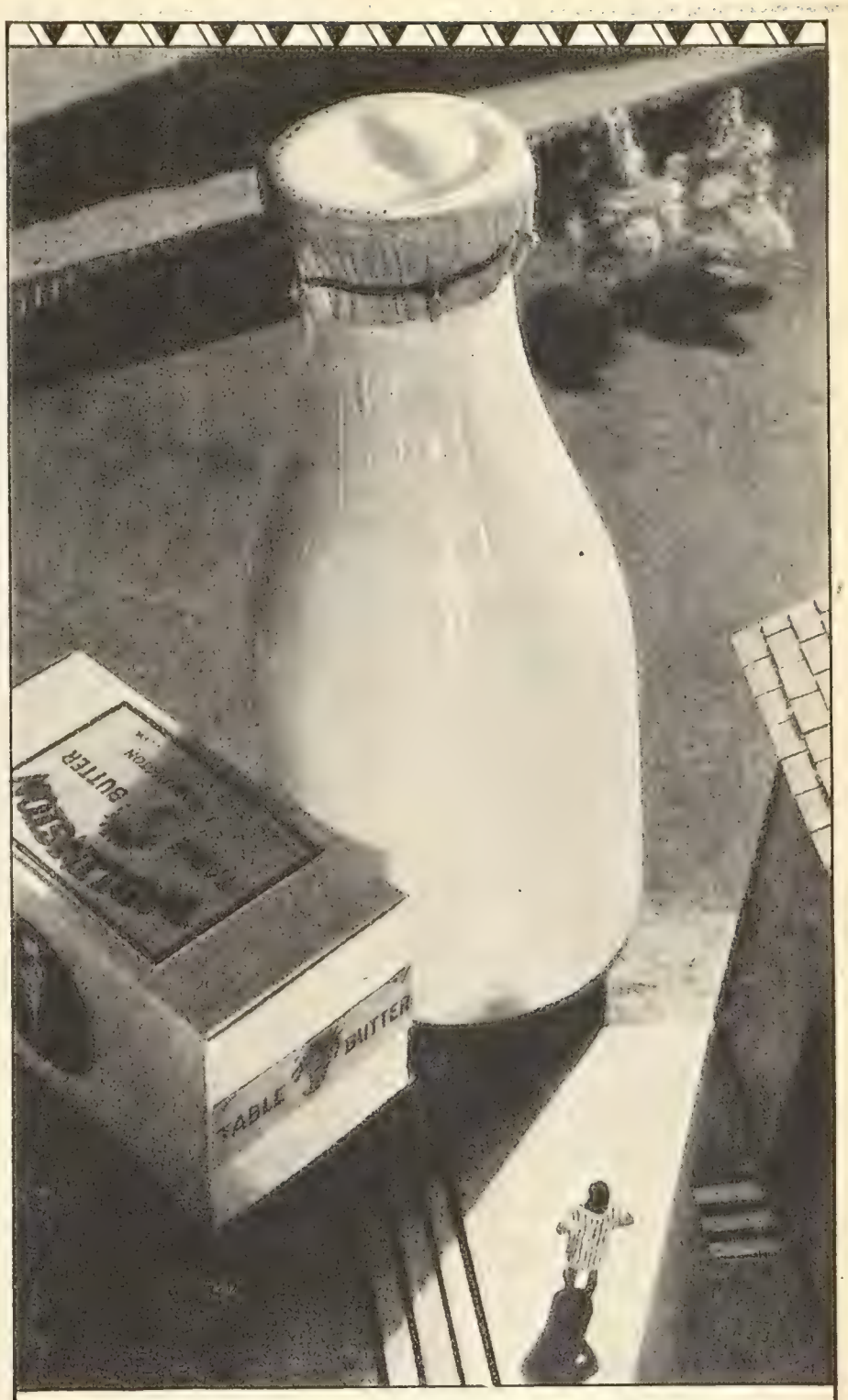
It was now Zalithea's custom to take exercise, veiled like a Moslem woman, early each morning and again in the evening.

Hassan es-Sugra, at a respectful distance, acted as escort. And he had his instructions touching prohibited areas. After a time, Zalithea had seemed to recognize where she was. At the first coming of this recognition—realizing that she was in the Valley of the Dead—she had been seized with terror. Danbazzar's linguistic resources had been taxed to the utmost to pacify her.

Ultimately he succeeded in making her understand that she had slept, magically, for a very long time; that Thebes (which she knew, apparently, as Amen) had altered beyond recognition; and that they wanted her to become accustomed to strange changes before taking her there.

Once having conquered her first natural terror, the girl accepted her situation with astonishing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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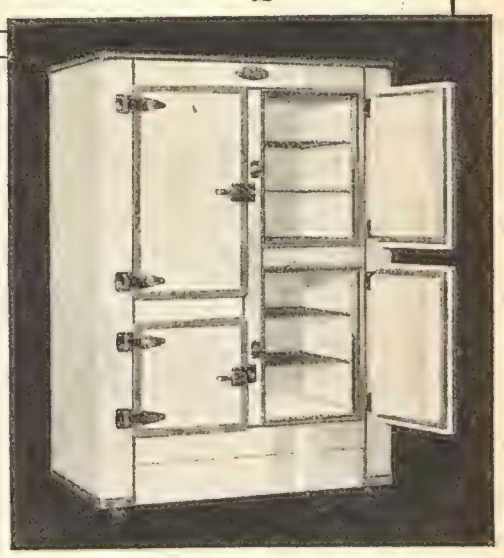

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Forty-three]

philosophy. A reaction came. Perhaps she had grasped the fact that a new lease of life had been granted to her—and that life was sweet. At any rate, she developed a strain of childish mischief at once delightful and disturbing.

"I trust," said the Professor, nervously glancing at his watch, "that the young lady from Unu will subdue her high spirits while Mr. Tawwab is in camp."

"I'm going to send Barry along to keep her quiet," replied Danbazzar.

Whereupon Barry felt a hot flush rising to his cheeks, and hastily stooped to load a pipe.

"A duty by no means irksome," the Professor murmured. "I confess that a woman of more than sixty is no longer attractive in the amorous sense. I had never imagined that one over three thousand could be. But I was mistaken. Indeed, all my life has been lived in error."

"In another three days," said Danbazzar, flashing a triumphant glance around the table, "we'll be through! All the stuff is where Mr. Tawwab will never see it."

AND now, a slender, mysterious, black-robed figure, Hassan es-Sugra bowed in the tent opening.

"Your pardon, sirs," he said in his gentle way, "but Mr. Tawwab comes. He will shortly be here."

"I vote we *all* see him!" cried Barry. "Why should we study his feelings? He's just a common grafter."

"In studying the sensibilities of Mr. Tawwab," remarked Professor Blackwell, "one would be studying the nonexistent; a paradox. But our own position is not too secure."

"We don't have to jolt him," Danbazzar agreed. "We're not out of the wood. But Mr. Cumberland and I can talk business. It's just as well that he should show his hand with a witness here. I guess, Professor, you'd rather not stay. And I'm taking Barry along to the Princess."

"Why?" Barry demanded, laughing to hide his embarrassment.

"Because you may be able to keep her in order. Nobody else can."

"But I can't talk to her!"

"You've got to learn. Give her some elementary lessons in English."

The masterful Danbazzar had his way; and Barry found himself, a few minutes later, in the little lobby of Zalithea's tent. Danbazzar went in to announce him, and almost immediately Safîyeh appeared, holding the tent cloth aside and intimating that he should enter.

He found this wonder girl who was so distractingly human, this charming survival of a mystic past, stretched on the cushioned mattress, her head buried in her creamy arms rebelliously. Danbazzar stood looking down at her in an unfamiliar attitude of defeat.

"She's a bit upstage this morning," he announced. "It's so darned hard to remember that she's a princess and probably used to a lot of ceremony. I thought I had her set about the robes. I tried to tell her that we only wore them on religious occasions, and that at other times we dressed as we're dressed now. But she's got the idea that the robes are ceremonious and that we're slighting her by not wearing them when we come to see her."

Zalithea half raised her oval face—so that one dark eye peeped out over the rampart of her arm. A quick, disdainful glance she flashed over Barry, from his bare head to his dusty shoes, and hid her face again.

"That's that," sighed Danbazzar. "There's no time to go back. But wait outside and I'll have your robes brought down by Hassan—"

DISPLAYING a deadly aim, Zalithea hurled an imperfect peach at Mr. Tawwab! It struck him on the back of the head.

They turned to go, when:

"Dan-bazz-ah!" said a clear imperious voice.

Barry and Danbazzar turned together.

Princess Zalithea was sitting upright, her arms outstretched, her hands resting upon the cushions on either side of her. From her pale, beautiful features all expression had been effaced. They were like an exquisite ivory mask into which a magician has blown the breath of life.

She spoke a sentence rapidly, her long, half-closed eyes turned sideways upon Danbazzar. He bowed in his graceful manner, and replied very hesitantly. No expression stirred the girl's lovely face.

"I was right," he explained. "She considers that we've insulted her! I took all the blame and told her you had just come back from a journey and had asked to see her right away."

Barry frowned, and:

"Is it necessary to tell her so many lies?" he asked.

"You bet it is!" Danbazzar assured him. "Look at her!"

BARRY glanced guiltily toward the divan. He started. Zalithea was watching them with a stare of such murderous anger that his heart seemed to turn cold! He would never have conceived it possible that her youthful features could assume a look of such utter malignancy.

Watching her, fascinated against his will, he experienced again that awful tingling of the spine which he had known during his vigil in the valley on the night he had heard the strange voice. Definitely, he knew in this moment that it had been *her* voice—although she had lain buried de in the heart of the rock!

Danbazzar's deep tones broke in upon silence. He addressed Zalithea in the musi oddly monotonous language which Barry was ginning to recognize as that which the Pharao spoke. Then:

"Come on!" he said abruptly. "I can he Tawwab."

He raised the tent cloth. Barry was about follow him out, when:

"Bahree!" came softly.

He turned. Danbazzar had gone, dropping curtain. He was alone with Zalithea!

Half fearfully, he looked at her.

She was resting on her elbow, watching hin and her sweet lips were arched in a smile whi revealed little gleaming teeth! Her eyes, wid opened now, were deep pools of contrition; delicate nostrils quivered. She was on the ve of tears!

Barry experienced a dramatic revulsion of fe ing. In his hard, modern, Western self-sufficien

e had wounded the tender susceptibilities of this heltered flower of the East. What did *he,* or Danbazzar for that matter, know of the splendid eremony of those old, dead days when Seti, from hebes of the Hundred Gates, ruled a mighty mpire?

He hated himself and hated Danbazzar. They ad a princess among them and they treated her ike a chambermaid! They discussed her as hough she were a marketable relic, to be bought d sold—this living, lovely revelation of the won- r that was Egypt!

OME remote ancestor who had known the mean- ing of homage came to life in Barry, seized im by the scruff of the neck and forced him on to is knees. Very near to Zalithea he knelt, his head owed, waiting for pardon.

A little, hesitant hand touched his hair, and he ooked up. The girl's long, curling lashes—the ost perfect he had ever seen—were wet with ears.

"Forgive me!" he burst out, forgetting that she could not understand. "I—he—neither of us—meant to hurt you!"

She smiled through her tears and touched his hair again.

"Bahree," she said, and made a quaint gesture which conveyed dismissal of the subject.

And then, very close together, in silence, these two remained for long moments, watching each other; the girl reclining on her cushions and the man kneeling beside her.

In that odd hush the suave tones of Mr. Tawwab were clearly audible as he entered the upper end of the *wadi* in conversation with Danbazzar. A subdued booming was all that could be distinguished of the latter's responses. Both voices presently ceased. The party had met in the tent above.

Barry suddenly grew self-conscious. He was kneeling beside Zalithea and studying her raptly. It had occurred to him that this was the height of rudeness. True, she had suffered his scrutiny without complaint, but this did not excuse his bad form.

In a nervous endeavor to break the tension, and recalling Danbazzar's instructions, he touched a symbol embroidered upon one of the tent cloths draped beside the divan. It was the *crux ansata,* symbol of life; and:

"This," he said, "means life."

Zalithea looked at it, then turned to him. She seemed to be trying hard to grasp what he had in mind; and finally:

"*Ankh,*" she said.

"Life," said Barry.

"Lie-ef," Zalithea whispered doubtfully.

"Life!"

She shook her head. And Barry realized how, tempted by the fact that he chanced to know its Egyptian name, he had chosen an object impossible to explain in pantomime. Zalithea, laughing now, stretched out a finger and laid it gently upon his eyelid.

"Eye," he said eagerly.

"Eye," she repeated.

She touched his ear.

"Ear."

"Ee-ah!"

So the first lesson began—a lesson in a science that was old even in Seti's days. Master and pupil forgot the passing of the hours in that enthralling study. Innumerable cups of coffee had been drunk by Danbazzar, John Cumberland, and Mr. Tawwab, and entire boxes of cigarettes consumed. But still Barry said, touching Zalithea:

"Arm!"

And Zalithea, watching him, replied:

"Aah-em!"

When, at last, a substantial check having changed hands, Mr. Tawwab rose to take his departure, he showed a marked preference for the route through the lower end of the *wadi.* Mr. Tawwab was an observant man.

Suddenly, raised voices disturbed the English lesson. Zalithea sat very upright, listening.

"If you don't mind, yes!" Mr. Tawwab was saying. "Your camp is so interesting. I should love to see your kitchen."

PLACING a finger on her lips, Zalithea stood up. In her simple native dress Barry thought she was the sweetest thing he had ever looked upon.

"Zalithea," he murmured, "you are adorable!"

She paused, glancing down at him.

"Zal'ith-*eeah!*" she corrected; then: "You—ah—addorahble!" she added.

Before he realized what she intended to do, she had glided to the tent cloth, raised it, and gone out. He jumped up and followed her. He had recalled, tardily, the real purpose of the interview. His duty was to see that Zalithea did not make her presence known to Mr. Tawwab!

In the tiny lobby, old Safîyeh had scrambled hastily to her feet. Beside her mat was a bowl in which were some peaches which Zalithea had evidently rejected as overripe. Some of them, presumably, Safîyeh had consumed. The less desirable remained.

Mr. Tawwab's voice came from immediately outside. He had paused on his way down the *wadi.*

"Surely a new tent?" he inquired smoothly.

"Sure!" boomed Danbazzar. "An English bell tent, sir!"

"You have guests?"

"No, sir! We're hoping for guests—distinguished guests—and we're all ready. If ever you feel like spending a night with the boys, say the word!"

"I am deeply indebted," Mr. Tawwab assured him. "It would be delightful. But my duties do not allow."

"That's a pity," said Danbazzar.

They moved on, slowly—and Zalithea, ignoring Barry's restraining hand, pulled the flap aside and peered out. Over her shoulder, he could see Dan-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He *thinks*

his face is Clean.... but *is* it?

The pore-dirt that hides in every face can't be SCRUBBED away!

WHEN you get out your razor and scrubbing brush for tonight's date, place one thing beside them. A jar of Pompeian Massage Cream!

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Goes in PINK... Rolls out GRAY!!

The upper photo (1) shows a section of skin that somebody *thought* he had cleaned. Compare it with the lower photo (2) taken after Pompeian had gone into the skin and made it REALLY clean.

Those dark marks are the dried pellets of cream... gray with the pore-dirt that just a few seconds' massage lifted away.

1. Photomicrograph taken under lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

2. Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Give yourself a Pompeian massage tonight. Before you start out, free your pores of the sallow-toned dirt that grays your skin. Pompeian not only spruces you up with a clean, invigorated feeling, but sets your face tingling with the ruddy glow of an athlete in the very "pink."

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Forty-five]

bazzar, a great, towering figure, moving down the *wadi* beside the slight, turban-topped form of Mr. Tawwab.

Then, in a moment, it had happened.

Displaying a deadly aim, Zalithea hurled an imperfect peach at the retreating Mr. Tawwab!

It struck him on the back of the head, squashed liberally, and dislodged his *tarboosh!* With a cry of mingled fear and anger, he turned. Barry dropped the flap and sank back, aghast. . . .

Zalithea, both hands held over her mouth, fled beyond the tent cloth. Safîyeh, horror-stricken, followed.

"Hell's bells!" roared Danbazzar. "Mr. Tawwab, I can't say what I think! It's that half-wit, Said! Wait here, sir! Take my handkerchief! By God! I'll—"

He ran back and burst into the tent in an apparent fury. Barry faced him.

"Zalithea?" Danbazzar whispered.

Barry nodded.

"Howl like fury!" Danbazzar directed. "Not in English!"

Thereupon he broke into a flood of Arabic, and clapped his hands, simulating smacks. Barry yelled obediently.

"You son of a mange!" Danbazzar concluded—and went out.

"He's crazy, Mr. Tawwab," he declared. "Don't blame me. Blame the people that hired him to me. . . ."

III

WORK in the valley was ended. The tomb, stripped of its contents, had been reclosed so that even Mr. Howard Carter could not have found it. The workmen, well paid and happy, had dispersed to their homes. Most of them were men of the Fayyum.

Danbazzar and Hassan es-Sugra had contrived the transport of Zalithea from the camp in the *wadi* to a carefully chosen suite at a Luxor hotel without provoking comment. John Cumberland's bank account had silenced any criticisms regarding the nature of his interest in the heavily veiled Moslem lady for whose accommodation he had arranged. The thing had run on oiled wheels—dollars being the lubricant; but since there is more grit in the world than there are dollars, this smooth running, inevitably, couldn't last.

Barry, whose dream woman had miraculously come to life, found himself in a frame of mind which he was sane enough to recognize as unique. The Zalithea he knew, the adorable, winning, childish, petulant, sometimes frightening girl, he was learning to worship. The Zalithea of the papyrus—the Princess of unknown origin who had been captured by the troops of Seti in an unimaginable past—he fought to forget.

Advance guards of the Thomas Cook army had already established themselves in Luxor. A German party, some days earlier, and on the eve of striking camp, had penetrated to the *wadi.* Their insatiable Teutonic curiosity was their only guide; Danbazzar's lurid profanity their only reward. Even the donkey boys had blushed.

But the incident had gone to prove that they had achieved their purpose only just in time. It was the tourist invasion which had checked Danbazzar a year before.

THAT remarkable man, whose resourcefulness knew no bounds, had long since set out, accompanied by Hassan es-Sugra, two camel drivers, and a large sum of ready money, for the Great Oasis. Here he had arranged to meet a certain sheik of the Shôrbagîs from Dakhla, and to obtain from him a document, suitably witnessed, authorizing John Cumberland to escort the sheik's daughter, Zalithea, to America for neuropathic treatment prescribed by Professor Blackwell.

"The Senussi," Danbazzar had admitted, "are the most dangerous fanatics in Africa. One of that bunch would be about as likely to send his daughter to America as to burn his whiskers for firewood. But nobody here will be any wiser, never having been to those parts, and the American consul, who is a Greek from Alexandria, doesn't know an Arab from an onion. We'll get her passport without any trouble."

Zalithea's balcony overlooked the Nile. Here she spent many hours every day, watching the varied life of the river front. Her bewilderment Barry found at once pathetic and delicious. The dragomans, who were now beginning to put in an appearance, she mistook for priests. The strangely garbed tourists she assumed to be foreign captives!

Zalithea was extraordinarily observant. In the cool of the evening, with Safîyeh in attendance, and escorted by Barry or John Cumberland, she would walk along the bank as far as the old *shadoof.* The really fashionable crowd was not yet in evidence, but nevertheless she quickly noticed—since wealthy Moslem women rarely appear in public—that except among the lower classes veils were nowhere to be seen.

This problem was quite beyond Barry's power of explanation. But John Cumberland, in his practical way, set to work to solve it.

From Cairo one day stacks of boxes arrived and were duly carried up to Zalithea's apartment. Barry had just brought her a bundle of illustrated magazines and was watching her fascinatedly as she pored over pages of photographs showing society groups in various sun-traps from Mentone to Miami.

When the boxes were delivered Zalithea ran in from the balcony

immediately, filled with childish interest. As box after box was laid on the carpet, her excitement grew intense. Stooping, she touched a label, looked at Barry interrogatively, and then indicated herself.

"Yes," he said, "for you! All for you."

"Fo-ah you?"

"No—you! You are me! I don't know how to explain!" He rested his hand on her shoulder. "Me," he said.

Zalithea, watching him eagerly, touched her own breast, and:

"Me," she echoed.

"Yes!" Barry nodded. "For me."

"Fo-ah me."

She clapped her hands excitedly and indicated that he should cut the fastenings. Happy because Zalithea was happy, he obeyed—and out from this box and from that, with a vast rustling of tissue paper, came frocks, stockings, hats, flaky, delicate underwear—priceless loot of Paris.

Burton Holmes photo

Never had he seen Zalithea so excited. Taking up piece after piece, she literally danced in her joy!

Then, crying, "Safîyeh! Safîyeh!" she gathered up a great armful of assorted garments and ran into her bedroom. She had apparently forgotten Barry's existence. But he walked out on to the balcony to await her reappearance. Knowing his father's thoroughness, he didn't doubt that John Cumberland would have found some way to obtain things to fit. Zalithea had been early introduced to shoes; so that this part of her equipment was comparatively simple. As for the other items, perhaps he had enlisted Safîyeh's aid.

Barry looked out across the Nile to where the Libyan Desert baked under a merciless sun. He could hear Zalithea's delicious, childish laughter and the harsher tones of Safîyeh. The miracle of it all crashed down suddenly upon his mind like a palpable weight.

This gay, light-hearted girl, whose laughter rang out clear as a bell, happily as a child's, had lain for 3,000 years over yonder in the Valley of the Dead!

He picked up a magazine at random from the little table set upon the balcony. There were things he couldn't face—yet.

IN a section devoted to the doings of New York Society, he came across photographs of two or three people he knew. He stared at them as at the pictures of strangers. He felt that a great gulf had opened between himself and the empty life he had known.

"Bahree!" came a cry from the room behind him.

He turned. His eyes, dazzled by the blazing sunlight, at first could see little in the darkened room. Then, standing just within the doorway communicating with her bedroom, he saw Zalithea.

She wore a very up-to-date dance frock which displayed more of her creamy skin than Barry had seen since that unforgettable hour in the tomb when Danbazzar's scissors had stripped off the wrappings.

Manlike, he thought she looked exquisite—and showed that he thought so. The admiring, grinning face of old Safîyeh appeared in the doorway, as Zalithea, almost timidly, came forward into the room.

Something very unusual there was in her appearance, due not wholly to her different style of beauty, but to some irregularity in her attire which for a moment he failed to place.

Then, all at once, he saw what it was.

Zalithea's shapely creamy legs were bare! She had forgotten to put stockings on! Watching him anxiously, she spoke.

"Zal'ith-*eeah!*" she said—"you ah addorahble!"

IV

ON the eve of Danbazzar's return, Barry ran into his acquaintance, the irrigation specialist, in the lounge of the hotel.

"Hullo," said that chronically bored person, dropping into a neighboring armchair. "I've only just come in from Assuan, but I heard you were back. How's the oasis lookin'?"

"Splendid," Barry returned hastily, hoping that the other had forgotten about the dates. "Dry Martini?"

"Thanks," was the reply. "Rumor has it that a charmin' stranger has joined your party."

"Oh!" said Barry. "With which of her many tongues did Rumor whisper this news?"

"Tawwab," drawled the tired voice. "Nasty bit of work. Know him?"

Barry nodded.

"I have that misfortune."

He experienced a vague uneasiness. To the best of his knowledge, Mr. Tawwab's hold upon them was no more. But the man's insatiable appetite for *baksheesh* on a grand scale might inspire him to some new piece of interference. He wished Danbazzar were back.

Zalithea was dining downstairs tonight. It would be the first time she had appeared in public unveiled. Barry had reserved a discreet table, and when he had left Zalithea to dress, she had been wild with excitement. A French chambermaid had been detailed to assist.

Inexplicably, the hotel seemed to have become filled up. The lounge was crowded. A number of visitors had arrived during the afternoon. He hoped Mr. Tawwab was not present.

John Cumberland and Professor Blackwell came down shortly afterward, and the bored young man went off to join a friend who was dining with him. While they waited for Zalithea, Barry related what he had heard.

"Mr. Tawwab is a subject who was born to be poisoned," said the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746.00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00
20	2,157.00	1,438.00	719.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704.00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00
25	1,935.00	1,290.00	645.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00
29	1,764.00	1,176.00	588.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00
31	1,677.00	1,118.00	559.00
32	1,629.00	1,086.00	543.00
33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
35	1,485.00	990.00	495.00
36	1,443.00	962.00	481.00
37	1,395.00	930.00	465.00
38	1,350.00	900.00	450.00
39	1,305.00	870.00	435.00
40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
42	1,173.00	782.00	391.00
43	1,131.00	754.00	377.00
44	1,086.00	724.00	362.00
45	1,044.00	696.00	348.00
46	1,002.00	668.00	334.00
47	963.00	642.00	321.00
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Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Forty-seven]

Professor. "I shall feel altogether more at ease when I find myself outside his sphere of influence."

"It's disturbing," muttered John Cumberland. "I fear he's up to fresh mischief. He hadn't counted on our slipping away so soon, and covering our tracks. He probably considers we have bested him." He broke off—staring. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Barry! Did we dream it all? Look at her!"

Zalithea had just come into the lounge, cynosure of many eyes. She was a radiant vision in a zephyrlike Paris model. Whom John Cumberland had commissioned to buy it and what he had paid for it, only John Cumberland knew. But he was satisfied.

As they made their way to the table, and soft music of an orchestra stole through the hubbub, Barry thought that the lovely girl beside him, whose eyes were lighted up happily, must have heard other music and witnessed stranger banquets on this very spot—3,000 years ago!

Barry's troubles seem almost over, save for Mr. Tawwab. But strange obstacles and stranger revelations are in store for him. Follow him in next week's Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Eighty-five)

1—What United States President served two nonconsecutive terms?

2—What do the initials *e.g.* stand for?

3—In what countries are the following lakes: Como, Lucerne, Pontchartrain, Lomond?

4—What is a bittern?

5—What did the following have in common: Grieg, Bizet, Rimsky-Korsakof, MacDowell, Flotow?

6—What is a centaur?

7—With whom is the phrase "open covenants openly arrived at" associated?

8—What is the difference between a Singhalese and a Senegalese?

9—To what country do the Azores belong?

10—What is the birthstone for April?

11—Where are the following women's colleges located: Vassar, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley?

12—What great city once was called Byzantium?

13—What was the Diet of Worms?

14—What is Islam?

15—Who wrote Lord Jim?

16—Which of the following States extends farthest east: Iowa, Arkansas, Missouri?

17—What wedding anniversary is called the China Wedding?

18—What is the monetary unit of Holland?

19—According to the last national census, what are the three most populous States in the order of their population?

20—What Spaniard conquered Mexico in the sixteenth century?

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At-a-Boy!

How Hughey Jennings Fought His Way from the Mine Pits to the Pinnacle of Baseball Glory

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 17 minutes 48 seconds.)

THERE is something missing from baseball. A freckled, homely face, always lighted with a joyous grin, is gone. The war cries, "At-a-boy!" and "EE-yah!" no longer ring out from the coacher's box. Hughey Jennings is dead.

In early February there gathered around a grave in the snowy Pocono Mountains a strange group that had followed from the Cathedral of St. Peter in Scranton, Pennsylvania, to the cemetery at Moscow.

Judges, lawyers, college professors, actors, club owners, ball players, reporters, miners, breaker boys—Catholics, Protestants, Jews—had gathered to say good-by to the cheery, fighting, quick-tempered, red-headed, freckled boy-man who had fought his way up from the anthracite mines to become one of the best known men in America.

His name was Hugh Ambrose Jennings; Irish, with a tinge of Scotch.

He left to millions of baseball fans all over the world the memory of an eternally boyish, spontaneous grin, and of a voice raised in shrill joyousness as he uttered the cries that became part of the slang of the world: "EE-yah!" and "At-a-boy!" And he left the boyhood of America a legacy in the form of assurance that the fellow who has the will to win will win, whether in baseball or in other walks of life.

Probably few boys ever started in life with fewer promises of honors and place. He was the ninth of twelve children born in a miner's house in Stark's Patch, a section of Moosic close to the mouths of the anthracite pits. With twelve children to be fed, each boy, as soon as he was old enough to work, went into the mines.

Hughey's grin marked him from boyhood. A spontaneous grin. The "grin that echoed." Tim Hurst said that once, declaring that when Jennings grinned it echoed back from the crowds.

He had a hard youth, but never thought of it as hard. He was wiry and tough, agile and quick—but never strong. From earliest boyhood, baseball was his love. When he weighed ninety pounds he was catcher.

He went "underground" when he was fifteen, but his fame as a ball player was luring him from the pits. Wherever there was a ball game in the district, Hughey was in demand. He caught for the Anthracites, which represented "the Patch." He played with Minooka, Avoca, and Pittston, Pennsylvania.

International photo

"At-a-boy! EE-yah!" Delivering his famous battle cries heard round the world.

P. & A. photo

Hugh Jennings, the idol of baseball fans for thirty-five years.

A career such as his is worth studying. In studying it you will find that it was his determination to succeed—the will to win—and his refusal to admit defeat, combined with quick grasp of opportunities, that made him what he was.

There were a dozen boys around the collieries who were better ball players. All through his life you will discover that there were others better than he—yet he always won. He could not hit, but became one of the great hitters. He could not run fast, yet became a great base runner. He had no education, yet became a college graduate and a lawyer. He was scoffed at as a manager, and became one of the greatest. Always he seized the opportunity to climb.

In 1890 Lehighton organized a club and paid Hughey fifty dollars a month to catch. When he wasn't catching, he played somewhere else, and when there was no game he cut coal. His health was not good, and friends feared that tuberculosis, which afflicted others of the family, would claim him.

POSSIBLY luck played a part in offering opportunities, but Jennings won by seeing them and grasping them. Opportunity knocked when he was playing with Lehighton. Jack Coons, a veteran catcher for Harrisburg, hurt his hand. Jennings was approached. The next day he played in a Harrisburg uniform. He wasn't a good catcher, but his grin and his noisy urging on of fellow players won the crowd.

Opportunity knocked again. The Louisville club, then in the Association, stopped at Harrisburg to play an exhibition. Jennings was playing shortstop that day. The great Louisville sluggers were patronizing, and then angry, when they were given a sound drubbing. Jennings made four hits.

That night Jack Chapman, waiting for a train, remarked that he would buy the Harrisburg shortstop.

"He isn't a shortstop—he's a catcher," the Harrisburg manager explained.

"I'll buy him anyhow. He can hit," said Chapman.

"He can't hit," Chapman was told.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Above—New Waterbury, Chromium Finish $5.00
Left—Radiolite model $6.00
Right—Back view, showing Butler finish, standard on both models.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., INC., New York Chicago San Francisco

[AT-A-BOY! Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Chapman insisted. Jennings had an hour's warning, but he was on the train when the Louisville team started West, shortstop of a big club. He had grabbed opportunity on the first bounce.

"Did you have an ambition to break into the big league?" I asked him once.

"I don't remember. I wanted to play ball and get somewhere."

"No great ambition?"

Hughey's face wrinkled into a grin. His eyes lighted and then grew serious. "I had two ambitions as a kid," he said. "I never dared tell anyone about them—but I used to dream of them."

"What were they?"

"I wanted to be a lawyer with an education, and I wanted to go to Rome and see the Pope. I've done both."

His first big-league game was on June 1, 1891. He did not get a hit. Before the end of the season the verdict was rendered: "He can't hit. But he is a great fielder."

He batted .232 for the season. Louisville had become a National League club and Jennings was slated to be released.

AT first they said he was a bad fielder—and he was. But he played his position as no one, before or since, has played it. Until his own team understood it and played with him, it looked bad.

He "covered" second base at top speed, standing in his position until the last possible instant before starting, so that he did not leave a space open between himself and the third baseman for the ball to be hit through.

When opposing runners were trying to steal, they could not tell whether the second baseman or shortstop would take the throw; but the catcher knew.

If Jennings was taking the play, the catcher threw four feet to the shortstop's side of the base—and Jennings, catching the ball at top speed, plunged over the base and met the runner, who, puzzled by the unique method, often did not know when or on which side of the base to slide.

Everyone liked Jennings. His cheerful disposition, his constant yelling of encouragement to others, his willingness to fight, and even greater willingness to shake hands and end enmity, won the rough-and-tumble bunch into which he had been thrown.

But he was sick. He coughed, and under the flush of sunburn and the splotches of freckles there was pallor. Billy Barney, the Louisville leader, watched, and thought Jennings could not last. In the middle of the season of 1893 Louisville and Baltimore traded first basemen—"Voiceless" O'Rourke for Harry Taylor—and Louisville threw Jennings in with Taylor for good measure.

P. & A. photo

One of the last portraits of Jennings.

Baltimore had a terrible team. It was last in the twelve-club National League. Ned Hanlon, the quiet organizer, was gathering material. John McGraw, after being declared a failure in the Gas and Oil League, was coming. A trade was bringing Joe Kelley from Pittsburgh.

Willie Keeler was just emerging from the sand lots of Brooklyn. Big Dan Brouthers, far past his prime, was anchored at first base. Bill Clarke and Wilbert Robinson were catching.

IT seemed a rather hopeless aggregation, and seldom has a youngster started under a heavier handicap. He was sick. The team had a veteran shortstop named Bonner, and Jennings came with a reputation of being unable to hit well. In spite of this, the cheerfulness and the aggressive spirit of the red-headed youth won the veterans. Within a month the old players were urging him for the regular position.

They did not know whether he was better than Bonner or not, but they knew he would fight and keep on fighting. He finished that season with an average of exactly .300.

The boy who "couldn't hit" was becoming the leader.

When the season of 1894 started, Hanlon had the team reconstructed. But no one expected a tail-end club to do much. Dan Brouthers was playing first, Heinie Reitz second, Jennings short, and McGraw third; with Keeler, Kelley, and Brodie in the outfield. Kid Gleason, Esper, Hemming, and Hawke were the pitchers; Clarke and Robinson catchers.

Practically five experiments among the regulars, a weak pitching staff, and strong catching. Jennings was supposed to be the weakest spot. His peculiarity in playing short and his advertised inability to hit were weighed against his aggressiveness.

But the team became the sensation of baseball, and Jennings the sensation of the team.

Boston, champion of the preceding year, got a taste of what was coming when, on April 24, Baltimore came from behind in a game, piled up fourteen hits and eight bases on balls, and scored fourteen runs in the ninth inning.

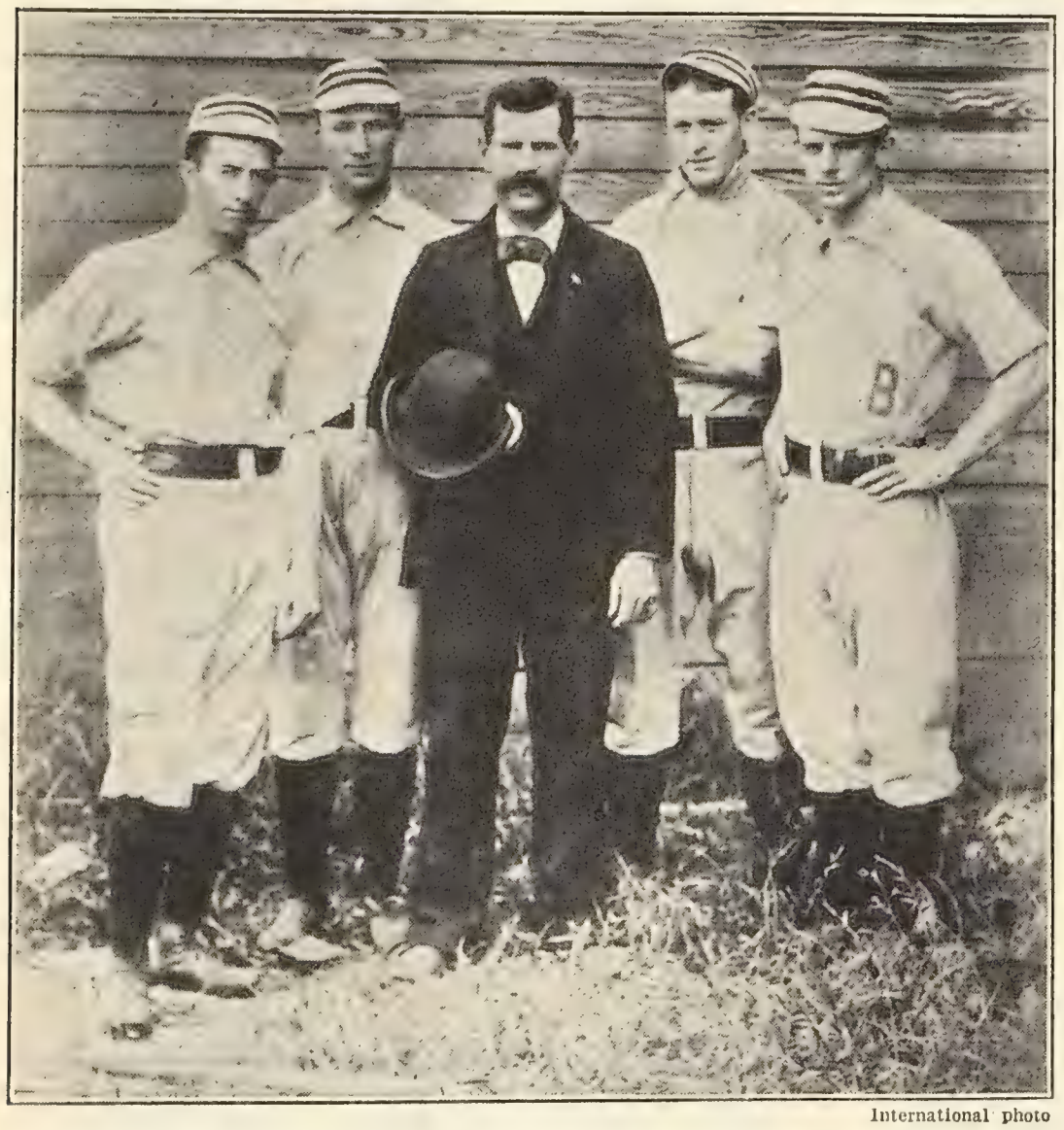
Then the Orioles won eighteen straight games from the strongest teams in the league and went out in front, with Jennings—noisy, cheerful, fighting, and grinning—leading the attack and steadying the defense. His red head was the oriflamme of the Orioles, his shrill yelp the slogan of victory.

The boy they said could not hit was batting .350 most of the season, and had become one of the best right-handed batters in the game. The reason was that he determined to hit. In Louisville he had been "spiking the water

bucket," which means drawing back a foot as the pitcher throws the ball.

In Baltimore he refused to move, and stood up to the fastest pitching of Rusie and Meekin. Even the dreaded Tony Mullane, with his great speed, could not drive him back. He led the league in number of times hit by pitched balls and established a record.

He was allowed to go to first base forty times that year because the pitchers hit him. In one game, when the umpire ruled he was being hit purposely, he was hit three times in succession. The fourth time he was knocked down, he arose, yelling his war cry, and danced to first base grinning.



International photo

Four of the famous old Baltimore Orioles are shown here. Thomas Murphy, the ground keeper, is in the center and the players (left to right) are William Keeler, Hugh Jennings, Joe Kelley, and John J. McGraw.

THE Orioles, fighting, cheering each other on, developed the most diversified attack in baseball history and rushed on toward the pennant. The play that cinched that first championship and raised the tail-end club to the top of the league was made by Jennings.

Baltimore and New York were battling for the honors. With two more games to play, Baltimore needed one victory to clinch the title. They were leading by one run, with two men out in the ninth inning, when the Giants filled the bases. A hit meant everything to both teams.

The batter hit a terrific line drive over shortstop, a hit which almost always would go safe. The runners were sprinting for the plate, when Jennings, heaving himself into the air, twisting, kicking, shoved up one hand and descended with the ball sticking in his glove. This astonishing catch gave Baltimore its pennant.

For three years the Orioles were invincible. In 1895 they were strengthened by "Scoops" Carey at first, replacing the veteran Brouthers. Kid Gleason went to second base, and "Dumpling" McMahon and Hoffer were added to the pitching staff.

The next year they added Joe Corbett, and got Jack Doyle to play first, giving them the all-time champion fighting infield: Doyle, Gleason, Jennings, and McGraw—and McGraw was tame compared with the others.

Jennings—the boy who "could not hit"—batted .300 or better for six years in succession. In 1899 he batted exactly .300 and had become known as the most dangerous pinch hitter on the great team.

The man was fearless, reckless, daring. He made many plays that others never would have attempted. The greatest, I believe, was made in 1897, on the West Side Grounds in Chicago. The seating capacity of the park was small. Each Sunday the crowd overflowed on to the field.

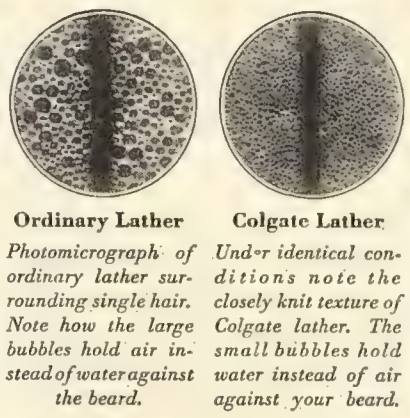
On this Sunday, the crowd—five or six lines deep—surrounded the entire field. Baltimore was leading by one run, when Chicago came to bat in the ninth inning. One was out and Bill Everett was on third base, when a batter hit a high foul toward third base.

McGraw, racing outward, stopped when he came to the line of seated spectators. Jennings, yelling at the top of his voice, came sprinting from shortstop. The ball was falling. Scores of hands were stretched upward, trying to catch it, when Jennings, without slacking his pace, dived high over the heads of the seated and kneeling crowd and, catching the ball,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

We Offer Men

a faster, smoother shave this new Small-Bubble Way



Ordinary Lather — *Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.*

Colgate Lather — *Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.*

"No mystery to it, sir! This 'small-bubble' shave cream makes it easy for your razor."

BEARD stubborn . . . skin tender? Forget it, men! Here's a quick new way to get whiskers off clean and smooth, without razor-pull, sting or smart.

Can you imagine a shave that leaves your face smooth as velvet? A shave that keeps your skin fresh and invigorated . . . delightfully clean and cool? A shave that stops razor-pull, drag and scrape?

Men, that's exactly what we offer you.

It's a shave with a smile . . . glorious comfort from start to finish.

Small Bubbles . . . that's the theory of it. A principle of shaving that soaks whiskers soft in a hurry.

Already millions have adopted it. Thousands now buy it daily.

But we want you to try it, too. We want every man who reads this magazine to try this new type cream at once.

So we're offering a test that any man can make with unique results. See coupon below.

How it works

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. Here's what it does for you—the minute you lather up with it, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base.

Your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

Where shall we send your free tube?

Clip that coupon before you forget. It takes but a second . . . and brings comfort you've never known in all your shaving days.

We will also send a trial bottle of Colgate's "After Shave." It's a new lotion which is making friends every day. You'll like the cool fresh feeling it leaves.

SEVEN WONDERFUL SHAVES..FREE..If you're willing to judge Colgate's on its merits..we'll cheerfully pay for the test. Mail coupon.

FREE OFFER, *MEN!*

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Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.

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..and now

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sponsors it..

MANY months ago, Dunlop started to build a 75c golf-ball.

• • •

Thousands upon thousands were made and sold. They were called "Maxpar."

• • •

They were orphans. Dunlop withheld the Dunlop name —the greatest name in golf.

• • •

They had to win their own way in the world. They had to prove themselves to possess *all* the best qualities of *every* other 75c ball.

• • •

Thousands of golfers gave them untold punishment.

• • •

Orders from professionals for this Spring's delivery are already in excess of manufacturing capacity.

• • •

The Maxpar had conclusively earned its right to the Dunlop hall-mark.

• • •

So now it is the Dunlop "Maxpar." It is a *Dunlop* . . . in quality as well as name.

75¢

DUNLOP

MAXPAR

[AT-A-BOY! Continued from Page Fifty-one]

descended upon the heads of the spectators.

Jennings bowled over half a dozen, and, rolling on, fell into the clear space behind the massed line of humanity. Everett, on third base, touched the bag and raced for home. A yell warned Jennings, and he threw to the plate for an out.

Baltimore always was in the pennant race while Jennings was with it. When, in 1897, part of the team went to Brooklyn, he went with Hanlon to that team. His arm was weakening. It became so bad he had to run three or four steps and put his entire body back of the swing to get the ball to first base.

He no longer could play a deep field, and had to risk playing close and depend upon his desperate dives to cut off base hits. As a shortstop he was through.

The majority of players would have surrendered. Jennings kept grinning, got a mitt, and became a first baseman. They said he could not play first; but he did. He led Brooklyn to championships in 1899 and 1900, playing first base all the time in the latter year.

He went to Philadelphia in 1901. Then he went back to Baltimore, a minor-league manager. The wise ones said he never could manage a ball club: too hot-headed, too volatile, too good a fellow. He made such a success of it that he was employed to manage the Detroit American League club in 1907.

ALL this time the boy from the breakers was learning. His hunger for an education was great. Few knew his ambition. He was not a fellow to show his emotions. He had suffered.

His first wife, Elizabeth Dixon, a girl from his home town, died, leaving him a young daughter. He fought on. He studied and asked questions. Often he read law books and puzzled over terms he could not understand.

He was almost thirty when the chance came. Cornell University employed him to coach its baseball team, and Jennings entered Cornell, studying law while coaching. He did not learn rapidly, having no background of education in youth.

The idea that Hughey would become a lawyer amused some bright ball players. He learned his law by hard work and determination, was graduated in 1904, admitted to the Maryland bar in 1905, and to practice in Pennsylvania in 1907. He did this while playing and managing and coaching.

HE always wanted to learn. If he saw anyone with a book, he wanted to read it. We were traveling West once, the Detroit and Chicago clubs on the same train. I had picked up a beautifully illustrated Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and was glancing through it when Hughey came into the car and demanded to know what I was reading.

"Read it," I suggested, handing it to him. "Nice, light reading."

He went away with the book. An hour later he was back, glowing with enthusiasm.

"Say," he said, "this isn't any novel. It's true. He's made a story about what every fellow gets up against in life."

He would read and then break into exclamations, making discoveries.

"This fellow *Christian* is all right," he said. "I'd like to have some of these quitting ball players, who get discouraged when we lose a couple of games, read about him in that swamp."

Late in the season he came to me and wanted to know where he could get a dozen copies of the book.

"That's a great book," he said. "I want to give them to kids up home."

He always was that way: wanting to help youngsters. Up in the Lackawanna Valley the boys did not call him Hughey. To them he was "Daddy" Jennings.

Bucky Harris, manager of Washington, with tears rolling down his cheeks, called him "Daddy." Bucky came from the breakers himself.

Of course they said he could not succeed as manager of Detroit. He gathered around him a bunch of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo

The fledgling days of two great players on the old St. Bonaventure's club. Jennings is at the extreme left of the back row and John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, is on the right end of the same line.

It's in the Air

That urge which makes every red-blooded man and boy long to swing something, hit something and tear around a squeezed-in square called a diamond. It won't be long now till the sand lots ring with "batter up!" and the big league umpires shout "Play Ball" . . . Oh boy!—better get your mind on equipment.

The Wilson Ray Schalk catcher's mitt is used by nearly all big league catchers and heartily indorsed by them. The Wilson Rogers Hornsby fielder's glove is a championship glove with many unusual features designed by Rogers himself. It is made in both three and four finger models. Also in a junior size. The Aero-Center Official League Base Ball is used exclusively in all games of the American Association and the Pacific Coast League. Wilson uniforms and Famous Player model bats are equipment second to none.

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Three and four finger models - each, $9.00

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ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.

New York Chicago San Francisco

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

fighting, hustling players and inspired them to play the old Oriole way—forcing the attack, never quitting, and never letting the other fellow know they were hurt or weak.

On a fighting team there are certain to be fights. The Orioles battled each other, while presenting a united front to the foe. The Tigers did the same, and Jennings proved a master.

International photo

Jennings, with bat extended, teaching Giant hopefuls the form he displays in the close-up at the right.

Wide World photo

ONE instance will illustrate. Ty Cobb, the fiery Georgian, entered baseball with the idea he had to fight everyone to win a place. He wanted everyone to play ball as he did, with every muscle, nerve, and bone, and, if they did not, he fought them. So Jennings quietly framed Schmidt, a big catcher, to whip Cobb.

It was a glorious battle, and Schmidty was too big and strong for Ty, who, while beaten, was untamed. He shook hands and all seemed well. But it was not. Schmidt grew worse than Cobb had been. So Jennings quietly framed Harry Tuttle, the trainer and a great rough-and-tumble battler, to whip Schmidt. All was well again.

The Tigers won the American League championships of 1907, 1908, and 1909. Jennings' fame became greater than ever. The team played in three World's Series and lost them all, and all on pitching and mistaken generalship.

Jennings admitted to me once that his great weakness was that he could not tell whether a pitcher was good or bad unless he was batting against him.

It was his inspiring of the Tigers, more than anything else, that made them almost invincible, and his coaching at first base made him the best known of all men in the game. He shouted, danced, plucked grass, and, when a play was made, would stand with his arms raised, fists doubled, one leg high in the air, and shout his famous war cries: "At-a-boy!" and "EE-yah!"

Those cries, picked up by players and fans, circled the world; "EE - yah!" became one of the rallying cries of the A. E. F. in the war, and outfits went over the top shouting the breaker boy's battle cry.

The history of that yell is peculiar. It came from a pitcher named Jack Williams, a Hawaiian. Jennings, hearing it, was struck with the peculiar, ear-compelling quality of the yell, and inquired about it. He was told that "EE-yah!" was Hawaiian for "Look out!"

At first he used it to warn base runners. But when he discovered that it jarred spectators into attention and jarred opposing players, he used it for all purposes—changing the tones slightly to indicate triumph, warning, jubilation, or even anger.

The millions of fans who watched Jennings' antics on the coaching lines, and many opposing players, had an idea he was giving signals.

One fall I was writing a book on inside baseball, and Jennings, in strict confidence, explained his system of signals. It was laughable. As a matter of fact, he called out the signals in plain words unnoticed in his chatter.

TWICE, during his long baseball career, Hughey was near death from accidents. While at Cornell he suffered one that was serious, but which gave baseball a long laugh.

One night he decided to take a plunge in the swimming pool. He undressed in a locker, ran out into the darkened building, and dived into the pool. The water had been drawn off and he plunged down head first on to the concrete bot-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium Dial $4

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Tip-Top is sturdy, too. Made for active people. Its dependable movement doesn't get temperamental. Its Krack-proof Krystal won't break. And its pig-skin strap and dust-proof case will stand a lot of rough treatment. But see Tip-Top for yourself. Your dealer will be glad to show you both dials—silver for $3.50 or radium for $4.

There is also a Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50—$2.25 with radium dial. It has many refinements, such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, yet it costs only 50 cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

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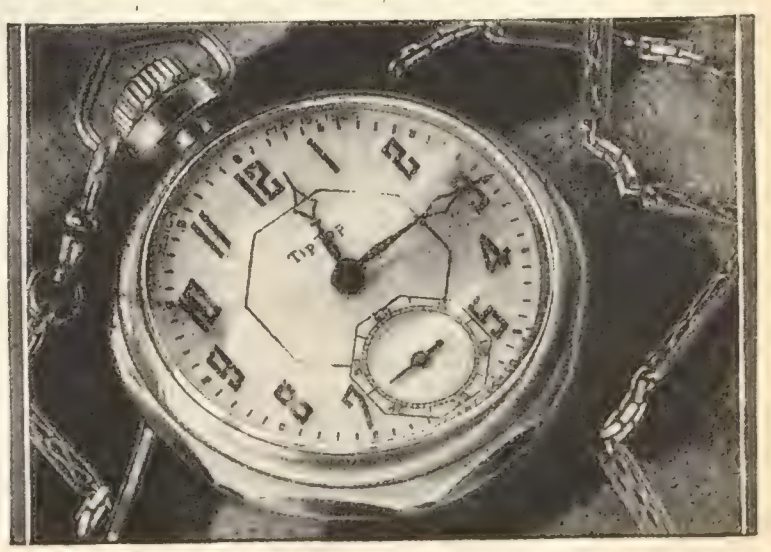
Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Radium Dial $2.25



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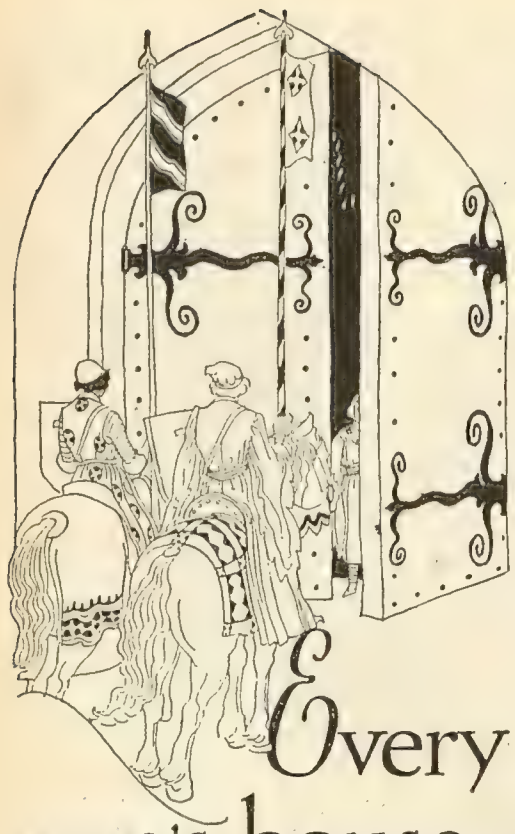

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Forge Division,
McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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☐ Folio on Lanterns
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[AT-A-BOY! Continued from Page Fifty-three]

tom. His skull was broken, and it was feared he would die, but he recovered and the dive became baseball's classic joke. Whenever Hughey started to gibe at someone about a bonehead play, the victim would say:

"Yeah, but I never dived into an empty pool!"

In 1911, shortly after he was married a second time, he was in an automobile accident in which he suffered a fractured skull and other injuries. His life was despaired of for days, but he rallied and recovered.

The injury, his friends thought, handicapped him in the management of the Tigers during the ensuing year. The team was commencing to fade with the wearing out of the great pitchers, Donovan and Mullin, and the slowing up of some of his veterans. Jennings still had the spark and the fight, but some of his players did not.

Evening World photo

With Mrs. Jennings not long before he died.

Criticism increased, and after 1920—with fourteen years of service to the team—he yielded to the fans' criticism and left Detroit.

HIS law practice was growing. He had become a competent and successful lawyer in partnership with a brother at Scranton.

However, the lure of baseball was too strong. He joined his old mate, McGraw, assisting him in the management of the New York Giants; and his work in coaching, especially his advice and encouragement to the youngsters, and his sympathy and kindness, helped McGraw's teams greatly. For four years his antics and his war cries on the coaching lines were seen and heard on the Polo Grounds, where he became an idol.

Few knew it, but Jennings was sick during the season of 1924. His voice was losing its power. Sometimes he sagged from weariness; but he grinned, and yelled, and covered his illness.

He went South with the team, and the spring after the Giants won their last championship—which was his seventh championship, not counting the four Temple Cup series in which he played when with Baltimore—his health broke, and he entered a sanitarium at Asheville for treatment for tuberculosis.

He fought the disease with a grin and a cheery face. He expected to return to baseball. He seemed to have the disease beaten, and, although weakened and crippled, he fought on.

Jennings appeared in a case in court at Scranton in January, and after winning it went up into the Poconos for rest. There meningitis attacked him.

He was brought to Scranton in what the doctors said was a hopeless condition. He was unconscious part of the time for three days. But he rallied and grinned.

Three hours before he died he was talking baseball with his doctors and nurses, and planning to write a series of articles about inside workings of the game. He lapsed into unconsciousness, and a little while before the end, as the doctor bent over to move him into an easier position, he opened his eyes, grinned a little, and whispered hoarsely: "At—a—boy, doc."

THE END

Poems You Ought To Know

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809-1861)

[The influence of poetry is greater than is generally realized, and there is many a fine inspiration to action in reading it. Mrs. Browning, by this pathetic poem, did much to arouse England to the evil of child labor.]

DO ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears. . . .

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places. . . ."

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark. . . .

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Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

HER lawyer doesnt know whether he is reading the Dawes report or Lincolns speech. The judge was making out his income tax.

He Stops Off at Reno—the Home of the Freed

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 9 minutes 21 seconds.)

DEER MARG,

You would have heard from me before but Im in RENO.—Now hold everythin. Let me explain. I aint takin any run out powder. Im just helpin a friend. She and me was buddies once but we're all washed up now. I met her on the train on my way out to Hollywood. The poor thing was so low that I was afraid to leave her alone for fear she'd get cockeyed, so I escorted her out to Reno. So thats THAT!

Now dont you go thinking Marg that Im goin frolicking around and give her a play. I aint. Shes little and cute with big blue eyes and a figure that would make Commander Bird go into a tail spin. But *you know me.* What a frail she is. Snappy and fuller charm and I dont mean HOW. She could make Coolidge run for President on the democratic ticket AND LIKE IT. Shes married to a bootlegger Marg and the big stiff has cut down her groceries. She says she cant live on 2000 grand a month so shes come out to the WOMENS EXCHANGE to grab herself a transfer.

Shes goin to sue him for non support. She says hes so tight he wouldnt give you last years tonsils. He hasnt bought her a sable coat in two years, can you imagine that.

Talk about Paris. My dear you should see this place. Its one grand hairum. Everybody is scrambled. You may belong to somebody else but try and leave me alone. Thats the rackit and for *ninty days* too. There are wimen to the right of you and divorcees to the left of you all rairin to go! They grab their love where they find IT. A young fello in this town has whiskers over night.

You see Love Lips, the boys and girls thats married dont have the chance to bust loose in their own home towns fer fear they will be ketched. But when they get out here! Sweet mama they tear up their clothes. Its in the air. Everythings wide open and nobody cares. Theres gambling machines in every store waiting for the suckers.

Its a great spot, this place Reno, Marg. It lays in a bowl surrounded by the Sierra Nevada mountains in Washoe county but I think it should be *Washout* county. Right through the middle of the town theres a river, its called the Truckee and comes from Lake Tarhoe or Toehold I dont know which. Right over the river theres a bridge what they call the Bridge of Meditation and thats where the girlies stand when they throw away their weddin rings to the toon of Aggravatin Mamma, You Cant Alimony Me.

The main street, the street of a Million Thrills, is lined with some of the worst automobile jobs in the world. The most of em cost at least six thousand bucks each and do they get a work out.

A delicious moon and a perfect night;
A fine stretch of road; no house in sight,
A man and a girl and an automobile;
A scuffle inside, then a high pitched squeal,
A sudden stop, and the door hard slammed,
And a man's rough voice sayin, "I'll be damned!"
Then a foot on the gas and a desperate ride,
With an inch of hatpin stuck in his hide,
And a hank of hair and a rag and a bone
Sobbing and plodding the road—alone.

But bullive me *there aint no such thing here.*

I dont know who wrote the poem but he never came from Reno.

You should see the court house Marg. It has six pillers. Each piller represented one month. Before, when they had to serve six months the divorcees used to sneak up at night and kiss each one of 'em. One for the first month. Two for the next and so forth to the prayer of It Wont Be Long Now. You can hardly tell the stone from the lip stick. All they talk about is

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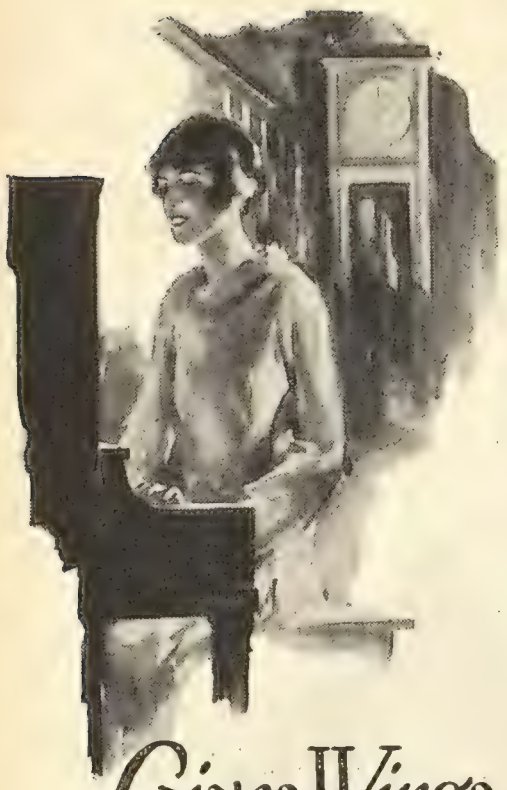

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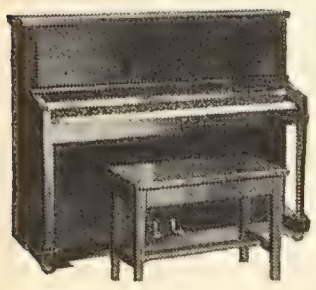
Like a bright and cheery companion in your home, this little Wurlitzer Studio Piano will speed the dull hours, bring you pleasure and relaxation.

Morning, afternoon, or evening, it will stand always ready to transport you through the enchanting realms of music, bringing respite from the day's routine, affording welcome entertainment when guests arrive.

Built to meet modern conditions, this beautifully finished little instrument fits into the smallest room or alcove, yet has all the golden tone and full rich volume that you usually associate with far more expensive pianos. Priced at only $295, (plus transportation)—unusually convenient terms.



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[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR

Continued from Page Fifty-five

How many more days have you got to serve?

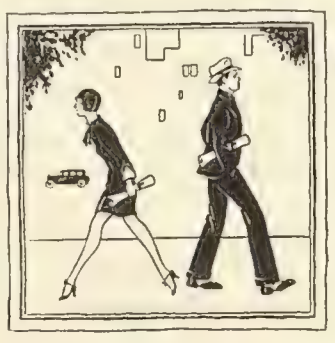
The Court House, the Worlds Greatest Divorce Mill, you should see. Its the House of Divide. Every fifteen minutes somebody takes the air. What an awful kick in the pants Human Emotion gets in that place. Matrimoney is a $tate of Coma as soon as you poke your head in the door. The judges do the shut eye while the lawyers run through the case like a fonograph. Then they wake em up to sign the papers.

As you enter the court room Marg you will see a sweet young thing on the stand. It is her last day. She has been plastered for ninty days and has just come out of the trance to appear in court after taking two pounds of Bromo seltzer and asperin. She looks heart broken. Shes cryin, not because shes gettin a transfer, but because shes goin to leave the heavy sweetie she found in Reno.

She looks lovely, shes got everything on but the porteers and shes all made up but her mind. Shes no gold fish, *not her,* I wouldnt fool you. And if you think different, youre crazy. Shes used to a ritzy flop, swell cakes, naughty nities, $port cars and what have you? And if she doesnt get it, God help you. Youd make another customer for the morgue. Shes on the stand twiddling a lace hankerchief with enough french perfume on it to gas the judge. Shes a beautiful picture of a heart broker blond. She just cant wait for the glorious gallon of Gin.

ALL eyes are upon her. She would make Sarah Burnhard look like a punch and Judy show. Does she know her Russian Dressing? You dont know the half of it Dearie. Keese me I dont like you. Shes DINIMITE!

Her lawyer is rattling along like a straight eight, he doesnt know whether he is reading the Dawes report on Germany or reciting Abe Lincolns speech at Bunker Hill. He could do the same thing with a rubber stamp but he cant make the damned thing talk. He could hardly wait to get down to the last few lines of the complaint what says—The plaintiff requests the court to demand that the defendant pay to the plaintiff $3000 per month alimony during the lifetime of the plaintiff or until she shall remarry— Imagine that Marg, $3000 grand per month and she gets it with a *hangover.* There aint no justice Luther.



All the time during the complaint the judge was making out his income tax and only looked up when his glasses fell off. I feel sorry for em though they aint got a thrill left.

As soon as she gets her decree what happens next? She busts out of the court house down the steps and into a mean lookin car driven by some young sap what hasent enough brains under his skull to fill a fountain pen. Her Man of Understanding drives her away and they go out to get fuller Leopard sweat and nonsence. Dont you love it.

In about two weeks Marg she goes back to New York or Chicago or points East and grabs an apartment, a maid and a Jap waitor and sits on the top of the world.

If you know any lads or lassies what want to get a divorce tell em to write me Marg. I'll give em the low down on what to do, who to see, where to find the thrills and PLENTY. Theyll have the sweetiest ninty days and I dont mean because. Renos the Playground of the World if you know how. If you dont go to pieces in three months youre a blank.

THERES a great restaurant here Marg. They got a bunch of booths in it with all the names of differen states painted over em. If you come from Illinois and feel a bit down in the chin you go into the booth marked Illinois about two in the morning and then the fun begins. Right away you got company from the old home town. They all talk the same language and they all drink outer the same bottle. In fifteen minutes you havent got a care in the world. What happens later is nobodys business.

A bootlegger has a tough time in this town Marg. A little careful saving and he could pay off the National Debt in one year. A walk through any one of the hotels in early morning would convince you that the bottle makers were holding a convention in the place.

Everybody has a sad story here. Each one thinks theyve had the worst break until they hear the other ones. I was sitting in the hotel the other night when two girls came in having just met each other. They sat down to punish a bunch of groceries and were doing very well when one asked the other What state do you come from and the other said Boston. Then the one with the round heels said Thats funny we're pals, I come from Boston.

Then the dizzy one says, Gee you got on the same kind of a coat I got on. And the other one with the run over Sullivans says Aint it funny my sweatheart sent it to me. Then the first one says Gee, I wonder if I know him, I got plenty of friends in Boston. So the one with the tin teeth says Well I dont mind telling you his name is Jack Crookshank. Then the other one with the drug store hair yelled out My God, so youre my husbands sweetheart. !!!!!!!!

Then the battle was on. I never saw so much china goin through the air at one time in my life. It sounded like the Yankee invasion of Bellow Woods. Just as I was leaving the lobby in ten seconds flat a small sized tea pot kissed me in the back of the kisser.

I didnt wait to see what happened Marg as I was out when the last gong sounded.

So you see all is not glit that glitters, in Reno it comes out.

The place is fuller ideas Marg.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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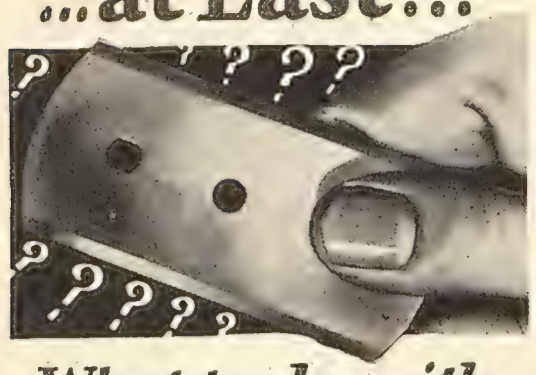

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DON'T throw them away! For old razor blades are worth *real* money —now that KRISS-KROSS has been discovered! For this surprising invention rejuvenates old blades an amazing way—and gives them the kind of edge you have only *dreamed* about until now. And not only that, it can take *new* blades right out of a fresh package and increase their sharpness almost 100%!

KRISS-KROSS makes blades *last* astonishingly, too. Ten weeks of slick, velvety shaves from a single blade is only a *low* average—while any number of official cases are on record where one blade has lasted for 365 keen, cool shaves a year!

Special Offer Now

KRISS-KROSS (which fits *all makes of blades* except Durham) is more than a *stropper* —and to make it easy for you to test it yourself, we are announcing a special limited offer. Right now we are including FREE a unique new kind of razor never sold in stores. Adjusts 3 ways—cuts beard resistance 83%—and is absolutely unlike anything ever seen before. Find out about it today. No obligation. Clip coupon below for offer. Mail it now!

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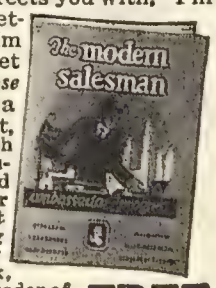

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LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

For instance one lady will build up some chump in New York to go for the divorce thinking shes goin to marry him. He goes for the rap. He sends her out to Reno and goes on the fractured line for the flop and cakes while shes there. While here she trots out with some heavy

THE court house has six pillers. The divorcees used to kiss each one of 'em. You can hardly tell the stone from the lip stick.

good lookin young punk while shes establishing her residence. Of course she wouldnt take any money from him. I SHOULD SAY NOT. Let him try and run out and you could sift ashes through him. Well after she gets the transfer from the House of Divide she airs the works, grabs the Southern Pacific and marries some coupon clipper in Texas. Dont you love it. You better put your hat on so I'll know you.

I WAS talking to the maid what fixes up my room. I asked her if she had ever been married and she told me she came out here to get a divorce. She said that she was through with holy wedlock. It seemed that her husband tried to dress a chicken on fifteen dollars per week and couldnt make the grade. I asked her if she hadent seen me some place before. But she said I had a profile like the Unknown Soldier.

Theres another frail in the next room to me Love Lips whats gone on a guy in the navy. She gets half baked and comes knockin on my door so she can unburden her feelings. Oh, how that woman raves about that big bum. She thinks the sun just shines outer his vest. Shes givin some poor hard workin bricklayer the air what only gets about two hundred smackers a day to marry this tramp. She showed me his pitcher. Oh lady what a beautiful face. It looks like a cross between a chinese dope fiend and a Chicago Yegg Man. He looks like the Vulgar Boatman to me and what I mean.

Then there are sad things too Marg. A feller was telling me about a friend of his. He said that his friend took in his home a big handsome lookin fello one day and did everything in the world to make him happy. He fed him, kept him and made him one of the family. He was a salesman. And how! He tried to encourage him to be a success. But instead of that the fello turned around and poisoined his wifes mind. He broke up his home and got her to go to Reno. When she went, thats the last she heard from him. But the husband loved his wife he had faith in her and he re-married her and theyve been happy ever since.

Well girlie, I got to go on to Hollywood in a coupla days and step into the movies. Remember me writing you about Mr. Throckmorton who is going to give me the leadin part in LOVES PASSIONS. Well, watch for the next letter from your boy friend, I'll give you the low down on the Hollywood screen stars and all about the movies.

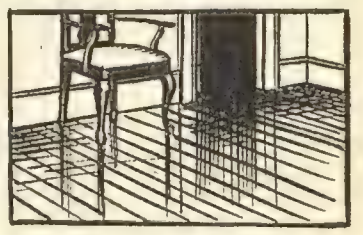
Remember me to your girl friend with the crockery eye and tell her I got the book she sent me called Ladies Prefer Boose.

Remember me to your mother and glad she got her face lifted. You better tell your old man to lift the morgage on the shack instead of buyin French post cards.

Wishing you the same,
Yours till I holler,
MIKE SHEA.

Now that he's got Reno off his chest, this baby's next stop should be the land of climate and cameras.

To REFINISH *that* FLOOR-



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Always use O-Cedar Polish the O-Cedar Polish Way: Wet a piece of cloth with water, wring it almost dry, pour on a few drops of O-Cedar Polish, go over the surface to be cleaned, then rub with a dry cloth.

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O-Cedar Polish

The Lion *of the* Evening

Sandy's Famous After-Dinner Business Speech

Another Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"NOW, don't say 'Unaccustomed as I am to speak in public,'" Lil told Sandy, as she got out his new silk scarf, "or, 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,' because there won't be any ladies."

"Don't worry about my after-dinner speech, dearie," he said. "I got some real pat phrases, and idioms, and gestures from my book on Character and Personality." And he affected a Roman-orator pose on his little new vestibule rug; his feet were planted upon a clump of roses with thorns.

"Keep your poise," Lil warned. "All those men are wealthy stockholders; maybe they'll give you a bonus for oratory."

"Don't count that 'maybe' before it's hatched," Sandy laughed, although he was counting it himself. In fact, he pictured his noble form completely covered with hard-earned bonuses, only his head sticking out.

"Here's your silver-topped cane," his wife said. "I polished it this morning. You must cut the best swagger you can. My, but I'm proud! You'll be the youngest man there, the handsomest, and, if not the richest, at least the cleverest. Now, make all those baldheads sit up and declare dividends. I want to buy a new fur coat at an August sale. The extra dividends would give us a trip abroad next winter. We could take the baby."

"Good night, dear!" Sandy interrupted, before Lil bought anything else with her imaginary dividends. "Don't bother to wait up for me." And he poked the elevator button gingerly with his cane, lit a cigarette, and flicked the match down the shaft.

Tonight was a Night of Nights! He considered himself the lion of the evening, and he was looking forward to roaring. As the most aggressive young upstart in the business, his boss had chosen him to speak at the directors' dinner. The Venetian Room at the Seery Hotel had been engaged and decorated, though why it was thus named, no diner could ever fathom; the only Venetian touches were the celery dishes which resembled gondolas.

8 P. M.: Much hand-shaking for Sandy.

8:30: "Should *old* acquain*tance* be for*got* . . . " as sung by the directors' quasi-operatic, wheezy mixture of tenor, barytone, and bass. Mostly bass! There was a "No, never!" chorus as finale.

10: Overeating regretted by one and all.

At 10:10 Sandy's boss rose, his shirt front sticking out like a wind-filled paper bag, and introduced Sandy as "the man who signed up the great John Henry contract for trucks in South America."

Sandy's head wasn't swollen by his boss' complimentary remarks, but his neck felt too big for his smartly fitting collar. Several men who had drunk weak cocktails clapped wildly, much to his chagrin. But he bowed to right and left in the manner of a foreign diplomat acknowledging political bows from a steamship rail.

"An executive's best bet," he began, after first cracking a rather stale joke about a ladies' sewing circle, "is to give over the rein of business—and I might add the r-e-i-g-n of business (both these words coming down to us from the French)—to the younger men in the organization. This is the one secret which is the source of our firm's unsurpassed success."

The dreadful alliteration of s's in Sandy's long-winded sentence was rapidly putting the firm's chief stockholder in the blissful oblivion of the land of dreams!

"The cry of every young salesman today is—in the immortal words of Patrick Henry—"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Little Bit of Butter on His Bread

George wanted some bread and butter, but protested vigorously when his grandmother offered to get it for him. His mother asked him why, and he replied, "Well, when she puts the butter on she never begins where she leaves off."—Mrs. Richard Furnival, 5427 Wayne Ave., Germantown, Pa.

A Celestial Hula-Hula

Four-year-old Mabel was standing at a window witnessing a severe thunderstorm. After a vivid flash of lightning she came running to her mother and exclaimed excitedly:

"Mamma! Mamma! I saw the sun come out and wiggle!"—Mrs. Mabel Collins, 120 Pine St., Wallace, Idaho.

This Ethan Allen figure identifies the genuine Ti-con-der-oga box.

writing ease! You'll get the full meaning of those two words when you use a Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga. It has made itself America's favorite five-cent pencil.

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An extraordinary five cent pencil

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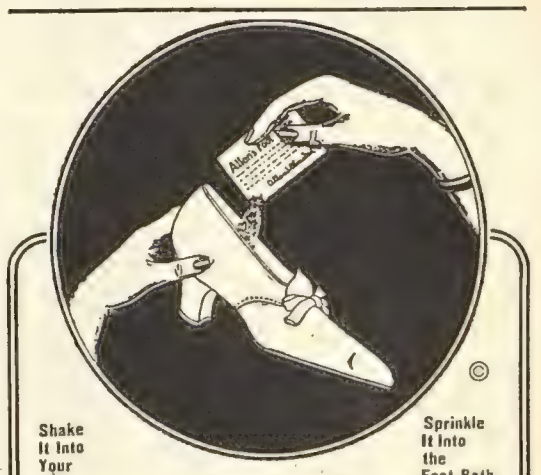

Allen's Foot-Ease

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, calluses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from excessive dancing or walking, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath ***and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.***

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent ***FREE***. Address,

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LeRoy, N. Y.
In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease

How Many Times Have You BOUGHT Your HAT Back?

A Survey of the Great American Checkroom and What It Costs

An Article by

HELENA FOX

Pictures by T. S. TOUSEY *and* GARRETT PRICE

(Reading time: 15 minutes 16 seconds.)

DUCKING a hat-check girl is one of life's most trying moments. Some men, bored with hat-check gouging, try and try and try. But most men preserve their peace of mind at the price of a modest dime or an unblushing quarter.

Dimes lose their modesty and quarters their identity, however, when they multiply into dollars at the end of the year. It is only the occasional housewife addicted to a budget who is aware of the insidious leak in the family income.

Have you plumbed the leak in yours? Have you ever stopped to consider how many times you have bought your hat? Sit down now and figure out your overhead. The result will probably stagger you.

A survey of hat checking in representative American cities has just been completed by LIBERTY. In most of the cities the conditions are constant: the average tip is ten cents, and concessionaires have turned hat checking into a profitable business. But the investigation in each city has revealed many amusing and interesting side lights on the subject.

In New York City checking tips run higher than the ten-cent average of the country. The upkeep of a man's hat ranges from fifty to $500 a year, according to his income and standard of living.

A man about town, of moneyed and social habits, protects his hat from five to seven times a day. If he lives in a hotel he contributes to the checkroom receipts at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. A daily visit to the barber shop costs him another hat check. He probably tips at teatime, the theater, or the supper club, and possibly at all three.

At a maximum of seven tips a day, averaging not less than twenty cents each, the upkeep of his hat totals $511 a year. At the other extreme we find the man who checks his hat only once daily. He protects his felt or straw for the frugal sum of ten cents a tip. At a minimum he pays $36.50 to buy back his hat in the course of a year. And this sum is probably increased on the occasions when he trots out with a business acquaintance for a friendly glass.

Hat-check tips in New York are as variable as the weather and men's moods. But they are consistently so. Tips run smaller with the approach of warm weather and camphor bags. And they are less generous during the day than they are in the evening. Men wax big-hearted when the day's work is done and they are trying to amuse themselves.

The hat-check girl in the Palm Room of the Hotel Roosevelt is convinced that the day of really big tips of five dollars and more is gone forever. She referred to the preprohibition era, and apparently has never worked in a night club or a speak-easy.

"Tips in the Palm Room run from five cents to a dollar," she said, "but we don't see many dollars. The average tip at lunch is fifteen cents; at dinner a quarter. And maybe the average is a little higher in the grill.

"And don't kid yourself that it makes any difference in the size of the tip when a man has a lady with him. Some people think he pays more when there's a girl around. We know better. They have the cutest way of slipping their usual dime or even nickel into your hand under the check—so the girl can't see."

When a knight entered an assembly of friends, he removed his helmet to indicate that he needed no protection.

THE check girls at the Ritz gave much the same figures, but they extolled the virtues of certain regular patrons who tip a dollar at every meal. If these men are consistent in their tipping, in the course of a year they must distribute among the checkrooms a sum of money equal to an average man's salary.

At the Ambassador the usual statistics were quoted, but Eddie, the head check boy, was very doleful about the future of his business. The growth of the hatless vogue among men of fashion was the cause of his grievance.

"It's getting tougher and tougher," said Eddie. "It used to be a joke when a man didn't wear a hat. But now they come in without hats, and you even see them on Fifth Avenue without hats. If it keeps up I'll have to learn another trade."

Buying one's hat back in a night club is a most annoying item. It is difficult to be niggardly, and receipts fluctuate with the presence or absence of pocket flasks and the general liquid condition of the rendezvous. On the whole, it is a profitable job, especially for the girl employed directly by the management on a cut-in basis.

There are probably many innocents who imagine that the check girl or check boy pockets the tips. Occasionally they do, but usually they don't. The big hotels in New York, as in many other cities, rent their checkroom concessions to an individual or a corporation. The concessionaires pay a weekly salary to a check girl or check boy without even granting them a cut on the profits.

In some checkrooms the boys wear clothes without pockets and the girls are searched at the end of the day. This precaution prevails only in a limited number of places in New York; it does not exist in the other cities of our survey.

If the dime tip which our survey proves to be the average in cities outside New York prevailed along Broadway, the check boys in theaters would be out of luck. For every check issued they must turn in ten cents to the company that employs them; everything over that amount they keep.

Many New York theatergoers are ignorant of this condition, but the boys are not backward about stating the arrangement to the checker who slips a surreptitious nickel under his check. The nickel tipper is apt to find a "high hat" in place of his felt or straw.

If a man's generosity in the matter of tipping waxes or wanes in proportion as he plays or works, then attending highbrow dramas must be classified as work. According to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Lost That Fat
So Easily—So Quickly

Many people all about you now rejoice in slender figures. Wherever you look you can see that excess fat has largely disappeared.

Some have lost fat painfully—by starvation or abnormal exercise. But they found these methods slow and hard, and often dangerous. A great many others have gained the results in an easy pleasant way, modern and scientific.

This modern method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets, now used for 20 years. They combat a cause of excess fat discovered by modern research. That cause is not over-eating or too little exercise, but lack of a certain substance in the system.

For two decades Marmola has helped to bring new beauty, new health and vitality to those who were over-fat. Those people have told the results to others, so the use has spread. Now in every circle you can see the results of this easy, pleasant method.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet, but moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. Every box contains the formula, also an explanation of results, to banish any fear of harm.

Go try Marmola—you owe that to yourself. Learn what so many know about it. Watch its results for a month, and you will be glad in many ways that you found it out. Order a box now before you forget it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber for you.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

10 Inches Off Your Waistline in 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, Ohio, "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, does not sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. The tension on the stretched and flabby muscles is relieved, for the heavy abdomen is actually supported from the back.

The muscle structure is held firmly, then strengthened and restored. The constant, gentle massaging permits no more fat to form. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results, you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail coupon NOW!

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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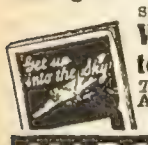
Learn to FLY!

WORLD'S LARGEST Civilian Flying School

Get the training that counts—actual flying in company with experts—famous flyers who teach you all their secrets. A brilliant future for live young men in AVIATION—the world's greatest profession.

Take no chances on second rate schools able to give only limited training. LEARN TO FLY BY FLYING. Learn ground work, build planes, overhaul and repair all standard motors under expert mechanics.



Write today Let us send you our Free Book —tells of opportunities for you in aviation. No cost or obligation. *Tuition cost soon to be raised*—get the facts *now!* Affiliated with Nicholas-Beazley Airplane Co.

215 North English Street

MARSHALL FLYING SCHOOL, INC. MARSHALL, MO.

If I lived in the suburbs

there would be trips to and from the station along dark roads; there would be guests to see off in motor-cars; there would be dozens of situations where only a good flashlight would fill the bill.

And I would load my flashlight with genuine Eveready Batteries, to be sure of strong, white light every time I called for it. Yes, *Sir,* the battery's the thing, and Eveready's the battery. Remember this!

Get the flashlight habit. It's just common sense, Man!

BEST WAY TO KILL
Cockroaches

Always Use
Stearns' Electric Paste
Sure Death to waterbugs, rats, mice, etc.
Used by housekeepers for 50 years!
Directions in 15 languages.
All Dealers 2 oz. 35c—15 oz. $1.50.
Money Back if it fails

PISO'S for Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And *externally,* use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

[HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR HAT BACK?]
Continued from Page Fifty-nine

Shubert offices in New York, coat-room concessions pay well in theaters housing musical comedies with a $5.50 top, but not in those featuring heavy plays.

Perhaps the answer is to be found in the fact that intellectuals who spend their evenings in serious enjoyment are often indifferent about their clothes and fond of battered hats that can be stowed beneath their seats.

Men love their old hats. Sometimes they cling to them until they become positively disreputable. It is surprising the number of well groomed men one sees hatted in faded and misshapen felts. An absurd fetish, when one considers the upkeep.

There is an official in an important banking institution who dresses with immaculate taste, but who cannot be parted from a headpiece with a wavering brim bought six years ago. The original price of the hat was twenty dollars, and he has spent $200 yearly on its upkeep.

In the six years he has worn it, he might have bought sixty hats like it for the amount donated to various checkrooms. An expensive hat, but not so priceless as the black velours worn by Morris Gest. Legend has it that the hat antedates the producer's first successful production and will one day be claimed as a museum piece.

ASIDE from an impromptu boycott here and there, New York has made no effort to find an antitoxin for hat checking and tipping generally.

Other States, whose cities are less victimized than New York, have attempted legislation against tipping from time to time.

In Indiana an anti-tipping bill was introduced in the State Legislature and killed in committee. In Kentucky numerous bills against the evil have been introduced during sessions of the Legislature; but thus far they have provoked mirth rather than action.

According to our correspondent in Indianapolis, the itching palm is a serious disease there. So much is tipping a part of the accepted system that waitresses receive shamefully low wages and must rely upon their feminine allure to eke out their means of livelihood. They receive a dollar a day, since the restaurant proprietors figure upon an additional two dollars in tips.

The hat-check girls, as in other cities, are hired at a flat salary, and are forced to drop all tips into tin boxes concealed from the patrons.

Indianapolis also reports that a man who eats out, attends the theaters, and does not do his own shaving, spends a minimum of three dollars a week on tips, at least half of which goes for hat checking.

In Louisville, Kentucky, tippers are not overgenerous, according to reports from that city. Aside from the most fashionable restaurants, the ordinary tip for everything, from hat checking to baggage smashing, is ten cents.

Pittsburgh offers still another

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Finishing Touch to Correct Attire

. . . this artistically pierced Wristacrat flexible watch bracelet with the new chased sides. Exclusive center-catch feature permits instant removal yet is doubly secure when closed.

Your jeweler will show you this charming design, together with many others in 14-K Gold and 12-K Gold-Filled, in white green and yellow. And, of course, he also has Wristacrat Watch Bracelets for men.

Priced from $3.50 to $8.00

LOUIS STERN COMPANY
Providence, R. I.

Rids Your Feet of Aches and Pains

If your feet distress you after working, standing, hiking, golfing, or dancing, you can get immediate relief by massaging them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. In a few minutes they will be so completely revived and refreshed that you can use them hours longer with perfect comfort.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is delightfully soothing, cooling, healing. It stimulates the skin, casts off impurities, keeps the muscles and tissues healthy. Reduces swollen feet and ankles. Relieves corns, callouses and bunions; dispels foot odors.

At all drug, shoe and department stores—35c per jar

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

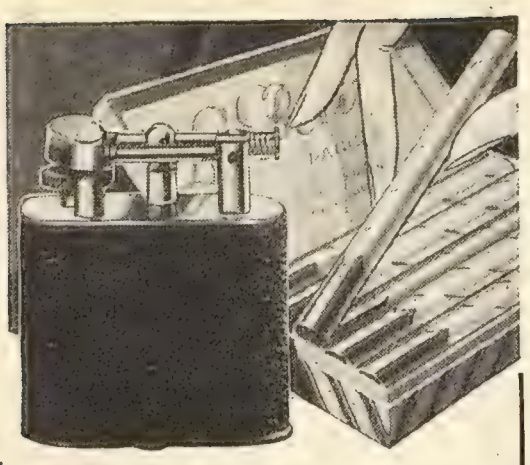
We start you in business and help you succeed

New plan. No experience or capital needed. We furnish everything. Spare or full time. You can easily make

$50-$100 weekly

Write at once

Madison Shirt Mfrs., 560 Broadway, New York



A year from now . . . many years . . . this Golden Wheel Lighter will look as well, work as well as when you first bought it. Precisely built by jewelry craftsmen . . . with a lifetime guarantee. The smart shops display a dozen different models for men and women, too.

"Surest thing you know!"

GOLDEN WHEEL

The Lighter with the Lifetime Guarantee

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.
Providence Rhode Island

WILL YOU Accept $75.00 a Week?

This great nationally known corporation, the leader in its field in America, is now allotting exclusive territory on either a Spare-Hour or Full-Time basis to honest salesmen and saleswomen who furnish good references and who can handle successfully our various lines.

You Can Sell Everyone Everywhere

Personal and Commercial Stationery, Commercial and Professional Removal and other Announcements, Wedding Announcements and Invitations, also three distinct lines of Xmas Greeting Cards to sell respectively to stores, banks, business houses, professional people and individuals.

This is a life-time proposition on a very liberal and immediately paid commission basis, offering an opportunity for you to secure promotion in just a few months to a District Managership position where you will put out your own sub-salespeople and build up a permanent business of your own, worth from $6,000 to $12,000 a year.

All necessary samples, stationery and advertising are furnished at our expense.

Address immediately in full as follows

SALES MGR. DEPT. J
The Process Engraving Company, Inc.
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago

The South's stand on
The 14th, 15th, *and* 18th AMENDMENTS
is told by
Sidney Sutherland
in a searching article beginning
In Next Week's LIBERTY

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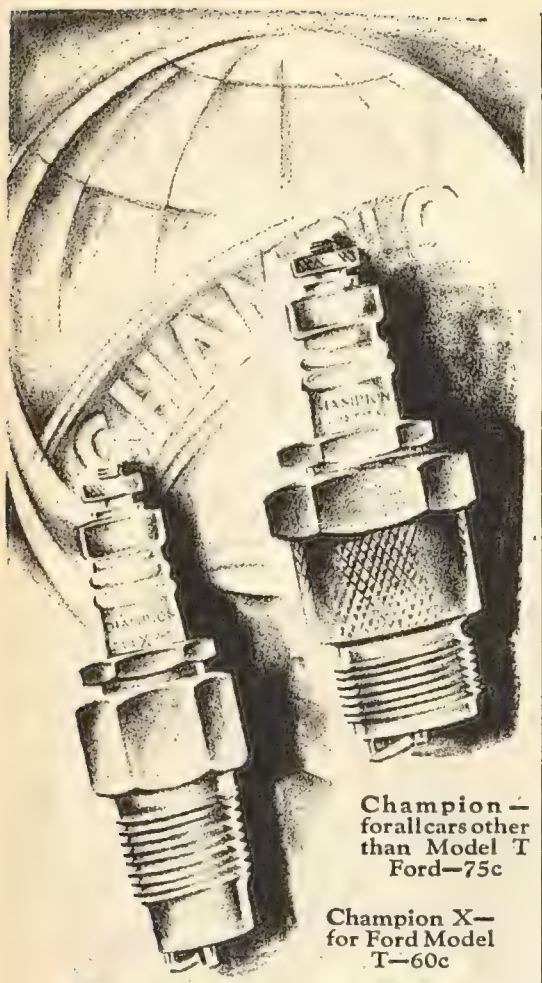


Champion—for all cars other than Model T Ford—75c

Champion X—for Ford Model T—60c

Install Improved CHAMPIONS now!

Check the mileage on your speedometer today—and if over 10,000 miles, be sure to put in new Champions.

Even if your car already has Champions and seems to be running smoothly, you will find it pays to make the change.

New spark plugs are not an expense because they quickly save their cost in less gas and oil used—*plus* greater motoring satisfaction.

Be sure and install Champions—for only Champion will give you the exclusive sillimanite core—the new sillimanite glaze which keeps free from carbon and oily deposits—a new, patented, compression-tight gasket seal and improved special-analysis electrodes.

Champions *are* better—that's why they outsell two to one.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs

TOLEDO MO

[HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR HAT BACK?]

Continued from Page Sixty-one

disposition changes after a little trip over the Peace Bridge. Before a patron goes over, his tip is the customary ten per cent of the table charge. But after a frolic of a few hours in Canada, the customary ten per cent is a piker's tip. He peels off a five or a two spot and laughs it away."

DAYTON, Ohio, is not addicted to tipping, and in the best restaurants ten cents is the average coat-room tip. For this reason there is practically no tip splitting. The tip goes to the check girl, and the management seldom asks a cut-in or considers the tips as part of the weekly wage.

Anaconda, Montana, has one—and only one—restaurant where hats are checked. Our investigator estimates that patrons of this restaurant tip once a day, and twice on gala evenings of dances and parties. The size of the tip remains constant, regardless of whether the hat is a ten-gallon or a one-gallon model.

Los Angeles and Hollywood have a different story, but not at all the story one would imagine. In cities overrun with high-salaried movie people one would expect a very high batting average in tips. But that is not the case. The familiar ten cents is the regulation coat-room tip.

But the number of tips a day is greater for every sort of service. With the exception of movie girls, who gladly pay twenty-five cents for the privilege of repairing their make-up between dances, women do not tip so well as men.

Concessionaires operate all the coatrooms in Los Angeles and Hollywood, paying a yearly rental of from $3,000 to $10,000 for each privilege. The check girls receive from twenty to twenty-seven dollars a week, and sweep the tips into little boxes concealed from the patrons. "Straw bosses" appear two or three times an evening and keep an eye on how the money is coming in.

"I take my hat with me whenever I can get away with it," the bank clerk explained a bit sheepishly.

Two concessionaires hold a majority of the profitable contracts. One is Jimmy Hammond, former bell hop of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, who operates six checkrooms in the Biltmore Hotel and the checkrooms in the Hotel Alexandria, as well as those in several restaurants and night clubs.

The Biltmore receives nearly $10,000 a year from the former bell hop, it is said unofficially, and the concession pays Hammond a substantial profit.

Harry Farb, formerly employed in Chicago hotels, operates a chain of hat-check rooms in Los Angeles and Hollywood. The chain includes the Lafayette Café, near Westlake Park, the Ambassador Hotel, the Italian Villa, and the Montmartre. He pays about $4,000 annually for the coatroom privileges at the Montmartre.

At this smart movieland café the cigarette girl is a privileged person. She is permitted to keep all the tips she takes in, amounting to seventy-five dollars or more a week. Veneta Tracy, in addition to selling tobacco, has been celebrated by a number of writers for her beauty and is a pet attraction of the management.

One city in these United States would not be afflicted with hat-check gouging if placards meant anything. Notices declaring tips taboo are posted near each check-room in the best restaurants and cafés in St. Louis. But they don't mean a thing. Trying to salvage headgear deposited at the coat-room without crossing the palm of the attendant is a distressing experience seldom repeated.

Thus, in spite of the placards, the prevailing tip is ten cents, with an occasional quarter from the "big alfalfa men from Kansas," as our correspondent puts it.

SOUTHERN gentlemen find tips a serious drain on their incomes. In Memphis, Tennessee, most of the employees in hotels, barber shops, and restaurants are Negroes, hired at a small wage, and in some instances without wages. They depend largely upon tips, and they thrive amazingly well, according to those who pay and pay and pay. Half-dollar tips are not infrequent. And coat-room tips approach the high New York average of twenty cents in the best dining places.

Any young wife might find it profitable to ask her husband to jot down his hat-check tips for a month. Women are usually chided by their husbands when the bills come in. Even conceding that their hats cost more than those of their husbands, the difference in price is more than overbalanced by the outlay in tips.

Certainly Mr. Jones' wife, if he had one, would profit to the extent of several hats by a study of his checking habits. Mr. Jones is a successful lawyer. "I always have

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

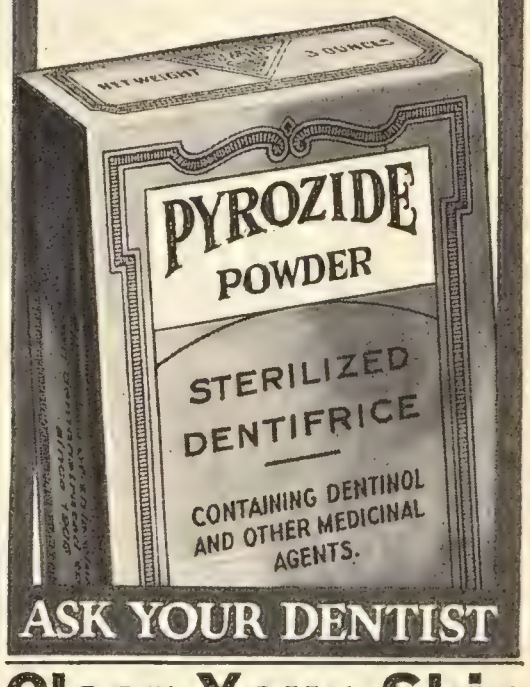
Tones up the Gums *in a special way*

PYROZIDE POWDER contains special ingredients that give needed stimulation to gums that are easily irritated or are losing their healthy firmness. It is medicated with Dentinol, which promotes healing.

The effectiveness of this remedial dentifrice in allaying irritated gums has been demonstrated for years in dental clinics. Regular brushing with Pyrozide Powder cleans the teeth thoroughly — removes mucoid acid deposits and the daily secretion of salivary deposits (tartar). It aids in keeping the gums hard and firm.

In taste and action Pyrozide Powder is distinctive and different. The refreshed, cleanly feeling of your mouth for two or more hours after using will convince you that it is superior to any dentifrice you have ever used.

A full six months' supply is in the economical dollar package. At all druggists. The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., Sole Distributors, 1480 Broadway, New York.



ASK YOUR DENTIST

Clear Your Skin

Itching, pimples, blemishes, inflammation, cold sores, cuts, burns, bruises, abrasions, and most other forms of skin irritations promptly relieved by soothing, healing Zemo.

At all druggists—35c, 60c and $1.00.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg..Toronto, Can.

The New Freely-Lathering
Cuticura Shaving Stick
For Tender Faces
EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

to check my hat at lunch, and usually at dinner," he said, "and the barber or theater or night club each come in for a tip once in two or three days. So I contribute forty-five cents a day or more to the checkrooms."

Newspaper men hate the hat-check industry, judging by the picturesque expressions of Mr. Smith.

"It's a rotten business," Smith said wrathfully, "and I'm no easy mark. When I give to charity I choose some institution that needs it. You don't see the checkroom get much of my dough."

Bank clerks, to quote one who aspires to a bank presidency, are equally cautious about tips.

"Whenever I can get away with it I take my hat with me," he explained a bit sheepishly. "I shave at home, never check my hat at the theater, and eat in informal restaurants in Greenwich Village, where I can put my hat on a chair and keep an eye on it. One place I go to advertises 'hats checked free.' So if it weren't for the nice girls in my favorite speak-easies, I'd get off cheap."

WHAT is it that has given rise to the annoying hat-checking industry? Why is it that checkrooms do a flourishing business?

Chivalry is the answer. It is good form for a woman to wear her hat in a restaurant or anywhere she pleases, except in the theater. Good manners require a man to remove his hat in the presence of the fair sex wherever there is a roof over his head.

Not long ago there was a controversy as to whether or not a man should remove his hat in an elevator when women were present. Many sensible arguments were offered against this custom. Yet well bred men still remove their hats when they enter an elevator, holding them uncomfortably over their heads to prevent crushing, and suffering chilling blasts as the car shoots up or down the shaft.

The custom of unhatting in elevators dates back to the period when women first strayed from "their place at home" into the business world. Today they work side by side with men, but the custom persists, as customs have a way of doing.

To determine the origin of unhatting, one must seek back through many stages of evolution. Nakedness, partial or complete, was a form of obeisance in primitive life. In early civilizations, captives of war were often stripped by their captors in proof of their subjugation.

JUST as nudity was a sign of inferiority, adornment has always been an index of material worth and social position. Among the Romans it was part of the legal ceremony by which a slave was freed to place a pileus upon his head. The hat was offered to him as a symbol of his liberation.

In contemporary civilizations on a lower plane than our own, variations of disrobing as a mark of respect or subservience are still to be found. In many communities, baring the shoulder has the same significance as unhatting with us. One chronicler has it that the Tahitians formerly stripped to the waist in the presence of a king, while in Persia everyone approaching royalty bares his feet.

The removal of the slipper is a ceremonious salute among the Japanese, and it is the custom of the people of Arakan in Lower Burma to remove the sandals in the street and the stockings in the house as a sign of greeting. It is interesting to note that the stockings and sandals are taken by a servant, and the question of tipping does not arise.

In our search for causes, the most immediate source of the custom of unhatting has been found in the age of chivalry, when knights wore full armor and hats were helmets. When a knight entered an assembly of friends, he removed his helmet to indicate that he needed no protection.

The ceremony has altered with the passing of the centuries. Today a man raises his hat to women, but rarely extends the same gesture of respect to men. This is probably explained by the fact that ceremonial customs as they evolve tend to become less pronounced among members of the same sex and more intensified between the sexes.

THE END

The original price of the hat was twenty dollars, and he has spent $200 yearly on its upkeep.

"Most marvelous of sights to man"

The Grand Canyon

Season June 1 to October 1

This matchless view of the grandest of earth's gorges was sketched from the splendid new Union Pacific Grand Canyon Lodge, on the brink of the lofty North Rim, Grand Canyon National Park.

See this mighty chasm 220 miles in winding length, a mile deep, and 13 miles wide, through which the rampaging Colorado River has ploughed the inner granite gorge, flanked by gigantic towers and temples gloriously colored from the palettes of the gods.

This awe-inspiring abyss is but one attraction on the Union Pacific Utah-Arizona tour, including also

Zion National Park
Cedar Breaks
Bryce Canyon
Kaibab National Forest

Huge mountains, deep canyons, rosy red and marble white. Vast fairy cities of stone, amazingly realistic — glowing with ever-changing colors. Colorful deserts, ancient ruins, beautiful forests alive with deer, cliff dwellings, wild horses. It's America's greatest scenic combination tour.

The Great White Throne in Zion National Park

Only five days are needed for the complete Union Pacific tour, after leaving your Pullman at Cedar City, Utah, the gateway. Shorter tours to individual regions. Ask about Escorted All-Expense Tours.

Handsome dining rooms and lodges, with de luxe accommodations; smooth-riding motor buses. Miles of scenic trails. You'll meet interesting people from all parts of the world.

Low Summer Fares and famous trains to all the West via Union Pacific, also low side trip fares to Zion-Grand Canyon en route Yellowstone or Pacific Coast.

—FILL IN COUPON AND MAIL TODAY—

C. J. COLLINS, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 196
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet.
☐ Zion-Grand Canyon National Parks ☐ Yellowstone
☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ California ☐ Colorado
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UNION PACIFIC
THE OVERLAND ROUTE

VOX POP

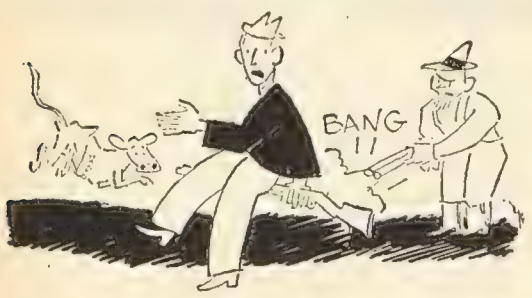
Jeers and Cheers—The Balloon Buster's Requiem

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Why in the world so much blah about Frank Luke's shooting fourteen "sausages"! Just the same as shooting fourteen wooden horses—just about as dangerous.

Who ever heard of this Frank Luke? We have three aces in Canada who officially shot down ninety-four, sixty-eight, and fifty-six enemy airplanes—not harmless anchored sausages.

I don't suppose you ever heard of these three greatest aces of the war on the Allies' side. How could you compare a Frank Luke with the great Bishop and Barker and Collishaw, and all three very much alive?—*J. L. B., Captain, Late of the C. E. F.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Say, who is this "W. G. D." that said Frank



Luke's shooting down those "sausages" was as easy as shooting cows with a shotgun?

Sure it was, if all he had to do was shoot them. But I would like to see that fellow shoot a cow in front of the owner and the owner's relatives—each having a nice twelve-gauge in his hands!—*T. C.*

QUINCY, ILL.—I would like to remind "W. G. D.," as well as any others who might feel the same way about Frank Luke, that Frank Luke *died fighting*. It makes little difference whether strafing a balloon is comparable to shooting cows at ten paces with a shotgun or not—he died fighting.—*Scott Whiteside.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I don't doubt that Rickenbacker, Bishop, and Schwab were great fighters. But I hate to see a fellow tramping around on a dead "buddy's" body. I refer to that Vox Popper who wrote: "Can you compare the achievements of a young chap who . . . fights like a fool for a number of days and . . . gets himself shot down, to those of Rickenbacker and Bishop and Schwab? . . ."

I suppose it was men like that Vox Popper that made hell out of life for Frank Luke. He ought to be glad that he did not get a "sensitive" part of his body in the path of a piece of lead, or cold or hot steel—just as I am. For what I know of war I know out of experience.

If it interests you to know—I fought on the other side. But I hate to see anybody questioning the honor and gameness of a dead fighter—even if this fighter was one of my enemies.

I take off my hat to Frank Luke.—*W. O. S.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Tell that hill billy, "H. S.," who wrote you: "I doubt if Lieutenant F. Luke, Jr., ever done as Mr. Hall says," to come out from behind the plow, and make a trip here to Los Angeles and watch some of these Los Angeles real-estate men in operation. Then he will know *anything* is possible.—*Vodo.*

We'll Promise Anything

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just finished reading my first copy of LIBERTY; and I enjoyed it immensely. The story by Wallace Irwin entitled "Pansy's Ear" was to me the cleverest and most original story I have read this year.

If you could promise me more stories like this one, I would promise to be a subscriber.—*Margaret E. Duffy.*

Hope They Won't See This

TEANECK, N. J.—Give Bert Green a raise in salary and Leslie T—— a raise with your foot.—*Robert Fessler.*

Snatch as Snatch Can

GREENCASTLE, IND.—In our fraternity house each man takes his

turn buying LIBERTY each week—not that a nickel is too much, but just to let each man have the responsibility of getting it on Monday. Woe to him if he lets it go till Tuesday, for we have no LIBERTY in this town a day after they're issued.—*C. S. C.*

Decatur Again and Again and Again

NORWICH, N. Y.—Your editorial, "Our Country," stirred up a healthy discussion. I do not agree with your "comeback" editorial, "Decatur Again."

In *important* decisions, it is not the privilege but the *duty* of a citizen to think for himself, not to blindly follow the decision of the government then in power.

I prefer to be called a traitor but feel that I am right, rather than be called a patriot and know that I am wrong.—*C. Bizozer.*

BOSTON, MASS.—In referring to those who think little of the motto: "Our country, right or wrong," you ask: "By what miracle have they been endowed with vision superior to that of the constituted authorities?"

Then you go on to say: "In the Revolution, the dissenters were called Tories. In many cases they had to evacuate the country. This was necessary, we think."

Plainly, you have turned your argument against yourself. Do you mean to imply that the vision of the "constituted authorities"—namely, the government of Great Britain—was superior to that of Washington and his ragged followers? It was the Tory who felt the loyalty to constituted authority, regardless of the right or wrong involved.

Please, in the name of humanity, and for a better approach to world peace, cast your motto into Lake Michigan.—*John R. Dwyer.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—The question is not whether my country is right or wrong, but whether my country is being rightly or wrongly represented by the perfectly human individuals temporarily in power.

What is "my country"? If it is a group of individuals in Washington who seem to be above impeachment and above restraint, then God help my country. I cannot support that definition with my conscience.

My country if it is right; if it is not right, make it right by jailing those who make it wrong.—*Henry Edward Warner.*

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Regarding "Decatur Again":

Everybody has got a different way of thinking about Decatur. Patriotism is a lot of bull. If our country does get in war, and you have got any pull and can get a snap, I say, take it.

Why not let the patriotism guys go up on the firing line and get killed? Do you think anybody would go up there just for patriotism? If anybody did, he ought to be in the nut house.

Your war stories sound O. K., but who would rather swap a good home for patriotism, and sleep in mud and water, and eat rotten chow?—*A Reader Named "Red."*

NESCONSET, N. Y.—LIBERTY ought to be proud to have Decatur's famous slogan nailed to her masthead. That slogan ought to be as holy to every American citizen as is the Bible.

Who is to say when the country is in the right? It is the voice of the majority as expressed in the government.—*E. J. Zuchorski.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Regarding Decatur, why such a squawk about it? When my country is right, I fight! When my country is wrong, I *have* to fight.—*C. S. Lawson.*

One Man's Poison—

CAMDEN, N. J.—Why on earth did you bow our heads down with more of the balderdash of Rudyard Kipling? He was entirely out of his element. We can sit by the hour and read his "Barrack-Room Ballads," but, oh, what a pain in the neck he was, trying to interpret the nuances of life in the tropics of South America!

I have been in both India and Brazil and I know whereof I write. Send him back to India before he ruins himself.—*Clarence E. Moullette.*

—Is Another's Meat

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Just a few lines to express my appreciation of your articles on Brazil, by Kipling. Think they were great. Have been to Brazil twice and by the time you receive this, will be well on my way there again.

I can vouch for the truth of every word of these articles.—*"Sparkie."*

The Dawn of Suspicion

AMARILLO, TEX.—From time to time your columns have had much praise for Bert Green. Does he have an agency do this—writers have had this sort of service—or are they from his creditors hoping he'll make good? They certainly can't be spontaneous.

His is the dullest attempt to be amusing I've ever read.—*Arthur Corbin.*

Just Looking for Trouble

DENVER, COLO.—Why don't you have a contest on "Are Men People?" See what the women think of the men.—*Mrs. S. Carlton.*

Hot Springs

MT. CLEMENS, MICH.—Elliott White Springs cannot fool us grown-ups, for we know that vice is vice, and, black black—today as it was

thousands of years ago. But, with all his fancy trimmings on evil he may mislead the younger generation.

If you keep on printing such stuff, I shall have to stop getting LIBERTY or else keep it out of sight when the preacher comes. — *Mrs. Clarence Brown.*

And Then What?

WHEELING, W. VA.—I note that one of your Vox Poppers wants the pages numbered at the bottom as well as the top for the benefit of the recumbent reader.

Why not the sides as well, for the convenience of your cockeyed readers?—*James Wrestler.*

"Never before such beauty and quality for so little money"

John N. Willys
President,
The Willys-Overland Company

4-Door Sedan

The Coupe

The Roadster

The Cabriolet Coupe

The Touring

Only Whippet Has All These Features

Full Force-feed Lubrication—Silent Timing Chain—Gas Tank at Rear—Big 4-Wheel Brakes—Balloon Tires and Snubbers—Adjustable Steering Post—Single Plate Clutch—Banjo-type Rear Axle with Removable Shaft—Longer Connecting Rods—Interchangeable Chadwick-type Main Bearings—Modern Hotchkiss Drive—Tryon Shackles—Long Semi-elliptic Springs with all leaves of chrome vanadium steel.

THE perfected Whippet has proved the 1928 sensation in the light car field. Offering more motor car beauty and quality than was ever sold for so little money, its success has outdistanced the most optimistic predictions. Hundreds of thousands who have driven the Whippet are aware of its remarkable speed, flexibility, hill-climbing ability, safety, comfort and unusual economy. ¶ Now added features of design, new items of equipment, greater beauty of line and color, plus radically reduced prices, raise the standard of light car value to a new high point.

Prices f. o. b. factory, and specifications subject to change without notice

The Perfected Whippet

We have a game we play. We call it The Doctor.

Do You Want a DOCTOR?

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Picture by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 32 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

The Doctor's been here. He came to see the Sick One. He says the Sick One's getting better. She doesn't look any better at me. Nor at Mary, too. She says she can't look at us without feeling sick all over again. That wasn't why she got sick first. Because she couldn't look at us when we gave her the med-sin. We told her to open her mouth, and shut her eyes, and see what the Doctor brings her.

The Sick One is very del-i-ket. That's why she came to visit us. She's old. That's why she gets sick easy. She's thirteen. Mary and me don't get sick easy. We're too tough, Daddy says. Nothing could sick us.

The Sick One couldn't eat when she came. That's another reason she came. She can't eat yet either. Not when she looks at Mary and me.

We can eat. Mary can eat rubber bands. She won't any more, I guess. Not after that last one. She got her mouth washed out. And she didn't get any more of her lollipop. She was showing me how she could eat a rubber band and lollipop at once. It choked her. That's how Mom found out.

Mrs. Barnes came over that day. She told Mom she couldn't get Lita to eat anything. Lita's her little girl. And did Mom have any trouble with her little girls' eating, she asked. And Mom said: "Plenty—you have to hide your overshoes around here. Their ap-pe-tights are ub-nor-mal." And Mrs. Barnes said: "How wonderful!" And Mom said: "How what?" And Mrs. Barnes said: "Yes."

The Sick One didn't look sick when she came. She could walk and talk. Only her stum-mick was very del-i-ket, she said. So Mom had to make broths and custards for her stum-mick.

Mom told her she shouldn't sit and read all day. She should go play. She could take the children to the park if she liked. She said she didn't like the park. Mom said she guessed she didn't like the children. But she had to be polite to her because she was visiting.

Only 'twas Daddy Mom told that to. And Daddy said: "That kid's upstage." And I said: "What's upstage?" And Daddy said he wasn't talking about anyone I knew.

The Sick One isn't a kid, though. She's a dis-tant rel-a-tiff. I guess she still is. She won't let me come near her.

The Sick One when she came wouldn't let us kiss her. She said she mustn't catch any germs. And I said: "What's a germ?" And she said: "I think you're one." And Mom said: "That's not a very nice thing to say, Dorothy May." Then Dorothy May said anyway she had to be very par-tick-ler, because she was so del-i-ket. Mom said perhaps a few germs was what she needed to make her hooman. Only she said it to Auntie. And Auntie said: "That's a ter-rib-ly spoiled girl, Dorothy May."

We told her to open her mouth, and shut her eyes, and see what the Doctor brings her.

I don't think Dorothy May was loved so much around here. Because Mary and me didn't get put to bed, or anything, after what happened.

IT was this way: We have a game we play. We call it The Doctor. There's a big pillow on the floor. You lie down on it and say you're very, very sick. Then the Doctor is called and he knocks on the door. You say: "Come in, Doctor; how are you today?" And he says: "How's your pulse yourself?" And if it's your turn on the pillow you say: "It's very, very sick, Doctor." Then he feels it and says, shaking his head, "Yes, very, very sick."

Then he goes out of the room and gets some med-sin. When he comes in he tells you to open your mouth, stick out your tongue, shut your eyes, and see what the Doctor brings you. He gives you med-sin. Then you're all better. And your turn is over.

We asked the Sick One—she was only the del-i-ket one then—if she wouldn't like to play Doctor. She said: "No." She wanted to read. We said: "Oh, but you are sick, aren't you?" And she said: "Yes."

I guess she liked playing sick after all. She put down her book. She told us not to touch it. She tells us not to touch everything. Then she got down on the pillow. Mary and me was the Doctor. Because it wasn't neither of our turns to be sick. We phoned and then we knocked on the door and she said:

"Come in, Doctor. I'm very, very del-i-ket."

And we said that wasn't right. She should say, "Come in, Doctor, how are YOU today?"

She said No, she didn't want to say it that way. So we said:

"And how's your pulse yourself?" Just like as if she had said it right.

And she said: "It's very, very sick, Doctor. I need some good med-sin."

We felt it, and said: "Yes, very, very sick. Open your mouth, stick out your tongue, and shut your eyes, and see what the Doctor brings you."

So we went to get the med-sin. Only we thought because she was del-i-ket and had a sick stum-mick we should give her some-thing new. When me and Mary play, the Doctor just gives us water.

Mary said we should swab her throat like a real doctor did to her once. And I said: "What with?" She said we could use the brush Auntie swabs her envelopes with. So we got the bottle off Auntie's desk. There was a nice little brush in it.

Dorothy May kept her tongue out like we told her, and her mouth open, and her eyes shut.

Mary didn't swab much. Because the Sick One let out such a terrible yell we both ran away fast. Then Dorothy May couldn't scream any more because her mouth stuck like the envelopes do when you put the sticky stuff on them. So we ran and told Mom Dorothy May was sick. And when Mom came, she was.

That's how the Doctor came. Dorothy May said she'd never be able to keep anything on her stum-mick again. Mary said: "Not even your shirtie?" And I said: "Or your panties?" And Mom said: "You two had better make yourselves scarce. I'll attend to you later."

But I guess Mom was too busy making broths and custards for Dorothy May's stum-mick.

We haven't been 'tended to yet!

Further adventures of Toni will be published in next week's Liberty.

Keeps food fresh *and* wholesome
— and it's QUIET too!

THAT sums up in a few words the advantages of Iroquois Electric Refrigeration — the modern method of food preservation. The convenient way, the sanitary way, the economical way, the healthful way.

And because the *quiet* Iroquois not only produces the "crisp dry cold of a frosty night" so necessary to proper refrigeration, but constantly maintains that same desirable low temperature, it is noted for its efficiency.

This dry cold checks the growth of bacteria and mold, and by preventing decay it safeguards the health of your family.

The moment you plug the electric cord of the *quiet* Iroquois into the electric outlet, you are through with mopping up the kitchen floor after every visit of the ice-man, through with the moist clamminess of the ice-cooled refrigerator and the unpleasant task of frequent cleaning. There's not a thing left for you to do or think about.

And the Iroquois is so *quiet* in operation—as *quiet* as the "gentle whispering of the woodland pines." Mechanically it is so simple and compact that it is practically trouble-proof; and in most localities the *cost of operation is less than the cost of ice.*

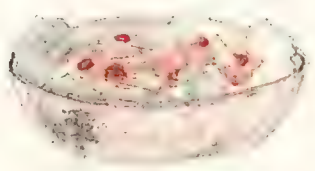
The *quiet* Iroquois is the delight of housewives, too, because of the wonderful variety of dainties which it enables them to make so easily, and they need never be without a liberal quantity of sparkling ice-cubes.

Any woman would treasure the *quiet* Iroquois shown in the illustration—would consider the beautiful all-metal cabinet, white enamel inside and outside, a distinct addition to her kitchen. And while it is roomy enough for homes with four or five persons in the family, it is so compact that it is ideally adapted for apartment use.

It is only 61″ high, 22½″ deep, 26¼″ wide. It has *unusually large shelf space* (9½ square feet) and food storage capacity (5½ cubic feet); and its *ice-cube capacity is 110 cubes, or more than 9 pounds of ice*—with an extra tray for storing ice-cubes.

There are eight other different types of the *quiet* Iroquois in all-metal porcelain enamel white or gray cabinets—and every Iroquois is backed by a $40,000,000 corporation. A product of The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company, associate of The Barber Asphalt Company, engaged in world-wide business for a half-century.

Write us for illustrated booklet showing the *quiet* Iroquois line, including a *quiet* Iroquois electric refrigerating unit for installation in your present ice box. We will also gladly send you a copy of the Iroquois recipe book, "Chilled and Frozen Delicacies." You owe it to yourself to find out about the *quiet* Iroquois and to see it in operation.



Bellevue Salad
—a delicious salad easily made and thoroughly chilled in the *quiet* Iroquois.

Grapefruit Cocktail
—one of the savory relishes you may add to your menu, if you have a *quiet* Iroquois.

IROQUOIS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

REFRIGERATION

The **QUIET** *electric*

THE IROQUOIS ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION COMPANY
1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Associate of The Barber Asphalt Company

The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company L-4
1600 Arch Street, *Philadelphia*
Please send me, without obligation, full information regarding the *quiet* Iroquois, together with the name and address of nearest Iroquois dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

Coopers

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Underwear Hosiery Nightwear

Solid Comfort

At rest, at work, at play, men are ever at ease in

Coopers

Athletic Knitsuits

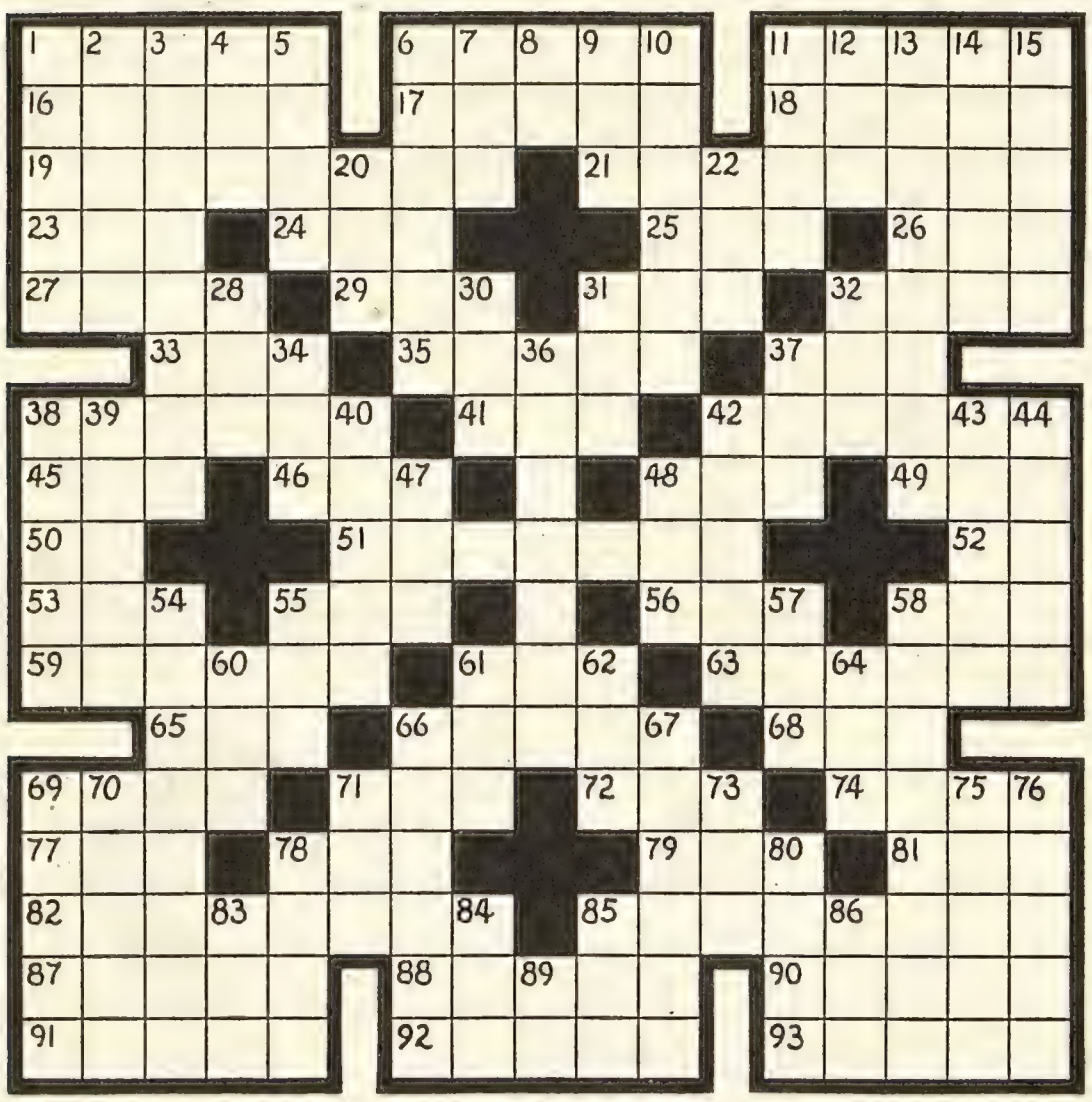
Their smart styles are the acme of good taste.

Coopers Knitsuits, $1 to $5;
Coopers Pajamas, $2.50 to $10;
Coopers Hose, 50c to $2.50

Cooper Underwear Company
Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Four-Cross Puzzle

HERE are nice open corners with eight-letter crossings; and the lower left, which includes Horizontal 82, is deserving of considerable respect. The reference to a shore calls for a rather unusual word.

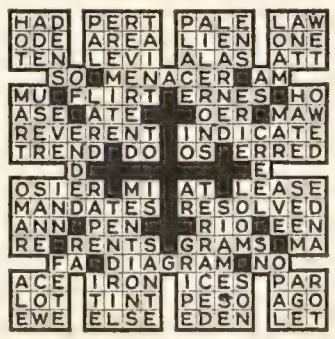


HORIZONTAL

1 A vessel's load
6 Men
11 To make obscure
16 Opposite the middle of a ship's side
17 A size of type
18 Angry
19 Mental uncertainty
21 One who bears witness
23 Compass point
24 No
25 A river in North Carolina
26 A measure of work
27 Dispatched
29 Espouse
31 Limb
32 Otherwise
33 Spread for drying
35 Horseman
37 Prefix meaning thrice
38 Applauds
41 Fondle
42 General courses or directions
45 Coal receptacle
46 Variety of sweet potato
48 Timorous
49 An eternity
50 One indefinitely
51 Consisting of layers
52 Not
53 Measure of length
55 Coin of Siam
56 Yes
58 Because of
59 Groups of three
61 A pronoun
63 Obtain by violence, threats, etc.
65 Constellation
66 Military student
68 Norse goddess of peace and healing
69 Perfection or highest attainment
71 Scold continually
72 Your
74 Asterisk
77 Definite article
78 Lofty, jutting rock
79 Bring forth young
81 The female ruff
82 Pertaining to a shore
85 Meters for measuring amperes
87 Avoid
88 Concise
90 To pose again, as for a portrait
91 Becomes dry and withered
92 Stairs
93 Fertile spots

VERTICAL

1 Containers
2 Misuse
3 Felt indignation at
4 Vacant space
5 Portentous sign
6 Overpower or subdue
7 Grow old
8 Note of the scale
9 Letter of the Greek alphabet
10 A dog
11 Litter for bearing the dead
12 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
13 Line containing a date
14 Roman highways
15 Intermix
20 Instantly
22 Label
28 Small mound
30 Immerse
31 Allow
32 Sooner than
34 Free of moisture
36 Mocked
37 Attempt
38 Navigator's map
39 Integrity
40 Pickles in brine
42 Cardinal number
43 Giver
44 Force air noisily through the nostrils
47 Tangle
48 Speak
54 Line through a circle's center
55 Woman's name
57 Chopping tool
58 A stronghold
60 Form of to be
61 Ugly crone
62 To steep
64 It is (contraction)
66 Measures of weight for gems
67 Topics
69 Collection of maps
70 Plant allied to the onion
71 And not
73 Plant having an edible root
75 Nest of a bird of prey
76 Reposes
78 Small children
80 Roman emperor
83 Italian word for three
84 Rent or lease
85 Serpent
86 Beverage
89 Note of the scale



Answer to last week's puzzle

The Florsheim SHOE

TEN TO TWELVE DOLLARS

Most Styles $10

Start right with

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Wear FLORSHEIM Shoes if you want to dress well. They have the style and quality for good appearance. They put your feet at ease because they are properly made and save for you thru long service.

THE FURLONG — *Style* M-293

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

Movie stars, women of fashion, girls who are popular wherever they go—all have that fascinating, adorable smile that reveals perfect teeth, lustrous white. Don't let your teeth grow dull. Keep them sparkling white with delicious Dentyne—the quality gum that makes teeth white and smiles more charming.

·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

The Charm of Beautiful HANDS

By EILEEN BOURNE

BEAUTIFUL hands ought to be a great asset to any woman. Yet they are not always that. Sometimes they are awkward in movement. Sometimes they are just dumb. And this is too bad, for it isn't necessary.

Grace and eloquence of gesture can be cultivated by an intelligent woman. If an actress can learn pretty gestures for a large audience, every one of us can acquire them for our smaller circles.

It is, however, with Americans, largely a matter of training. For few of us have instinctively that expressiveness of the hands possessed by those of Latin blood. We do better, indeed, when we are speaking French or Italian. There is something about the English language which ties the hands. But, because American women are so flexible mentally, so clever about acquiring new ways of being charming, we can overcome this limitation.

Remember that the principle of grace is flexibility. Every movement of the hand should begin at the elbow, and both wrist and fingers should be soft and loose, ready to respond to any impulse. As a result, the fingers are usually slightly flexed—as they should be. One must check a tendency to stiffen the thumb and learn to keep the elbows close to the sides.

However, the main thing is to encourage the hands to play some part in conversation.

Practice before your mirror and when talking to strangers, until it becomes natural to you to emphasize your phrases by rhythmic movements of the hands. They add interest to any conversation and create an impression of vividness and personality useful alike to the pretty and to the plain woman.

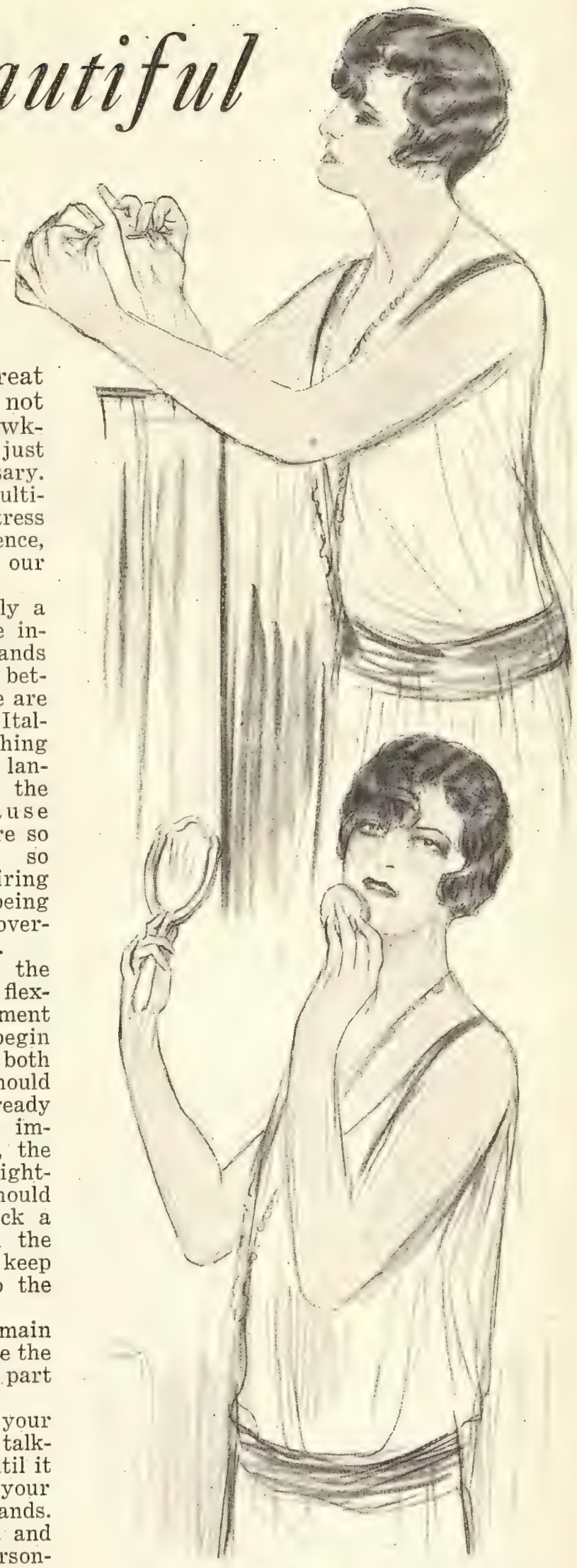
Don't let self-consciousness stop you. If you begin by gesticulating you're bound to acquire gestures.

In the drawings on this page we suggest a few charming poses natural to a woman who all her life has used her hands with dramatic effect. Either in conversation or in repose the hands may, as you see, contribute much to feminine grace and distinction.

Although the Comtesse de Passage was chosen by the artist because of the beauty of her hands, it is rather in her eloquent use of them that she serves as a model for us. The American woman, as her French admirers freely admit, has quite as lovely hands as the women of other lands. But they are not so alive.

By deliberately practicing such poses as are delineated here, we can greatly increase our general possibilities of charm and vividness.

THE END



THE drawings on this page were made exclusively for Liberty by M. Gustave Brisgand, one of the foremost portrait painters of Paris, and posed for by Mme. la Comtesse de Passage.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

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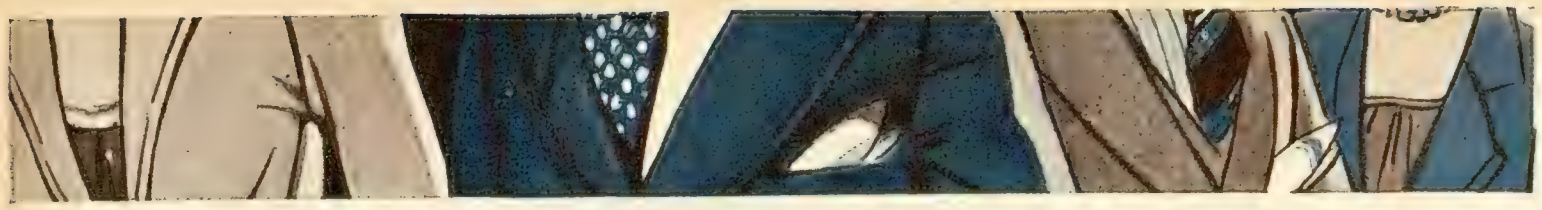
Now—the real Oh Henry!

Candy made the HOME-MADE way

OH FOLKS! look who's arrived—your old favorite candy, Oh Henry!—in 5¢ size at last. Yes sir! we now make both sizes—5¢, 10¢. So good-bye imitations now that you get the REAL Oh Henry! for a nickel. Same old 10¢ quality—made the same old home-made way:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg. CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt. PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed]. CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

new five cent size



NEW... FROM GOODRICH

Heels with Silvertown toughness and Zipper distinction!

Heels by the makers of *Silvertowns* and *Zippers* are a guarantee of quality —real cushioning—silent comfort—long wear.

Goodrich heels are original "equipment" on some of the finest shoes. They are trim, smart, wear-resisting.

Or, it will pay you to put them on the shoes you now wear. So long as a heel stays straight—the shoe holds its shape.

Step into one of the modern shops where shoe service is available—and step out again on "heels by Goodrich." You will have a new spring in your step—new comfort—new economy.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO. *Est. 1870*
AKRON, OHIO

In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich *Rubber Heels*

FOR MEN AND WOMEN ...BOYS AND GIRLS

There's quite a difference in rubber. Be sure you get the heels which come in this attractive box—marked with the name Goodrich.

LISTEN IN EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT, *Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network*

STODDARD was so confused he didn't even notice that she was pretty.

The Law and the Lady

A Story of Courts and Courtship

By

HOLWORTHY HALL

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY

(Reading time: 29 minutes 18 seconds.)

IN the afternoon, when he was first introduced to her, Cleveland Stoddard didn't even notice that she was pretty. To be sure, he performed a smile and thanked her for the compliments she was trying to pay him, but his mind was much too confused to stow away any personal impression of her.

Miss Wardner realized this; so that when, that same evening, he was presented to her for the second time, she was tactful enough not to remind him of the first.

Stoddard was now a totally different person. The cold bite of a shower bath had cleared his wits; his friends at the Seabright clubhouse had dosed him with warm praise and warmer condolence; and, finally, he had been re-enforced by a tonic which didn't taste too strongly of mineral water. In brief, he was himself again, and neither dumb nor unsusceptible.

She knew that he wasn't dumb because afterward she could recall only six courses out of an eight-course dinner. She knew that he wasn't unsusceptible because—oh, well, because she knew. It's born in them.

On the assumption that previously he had been deaf as well as blind, Miss Wardner politely repeated herself. His tennis match that afternoon, she said, had been almost more than she could bear; and, anyway, he'd *practically* beaten the national champion, hadn't he? And until the very last stroke she'd been positive that he *would* beat him.

"WELL," said Stoddard, with a quizzical grimace, "so was I! As a matter of fact, I've only just come out of my trance. I mean, if he'd slaughtered me in straight sets I wouldn't have shed a feather. I'm used to it. But to get him up to match point seven times, and then gracefully dub it away seven times—Oi, oi, oi! I got by me so deezy—mine woister enemies shouldn't have it!"

Presently she inquired: "Are you in business, Mr. Stoddard?"

"Why, no," he said; "I'm a lawyer. Why?"

"It's the same principle, though. So you must be a wow at it, aren't you?"

"Principle? How come?"

"Why, when a man takes his mistakes so awfully much to heart, and has a brain besides—why, then if he puts as much of himself into his work as he does into his games, he's *got* to be a wow, hasn't he?"

Stoddard grinned. "You said 'if.' Well, with an 'if' I could pack a whale into a sardine can."

"What? You can't be hinting that you—"

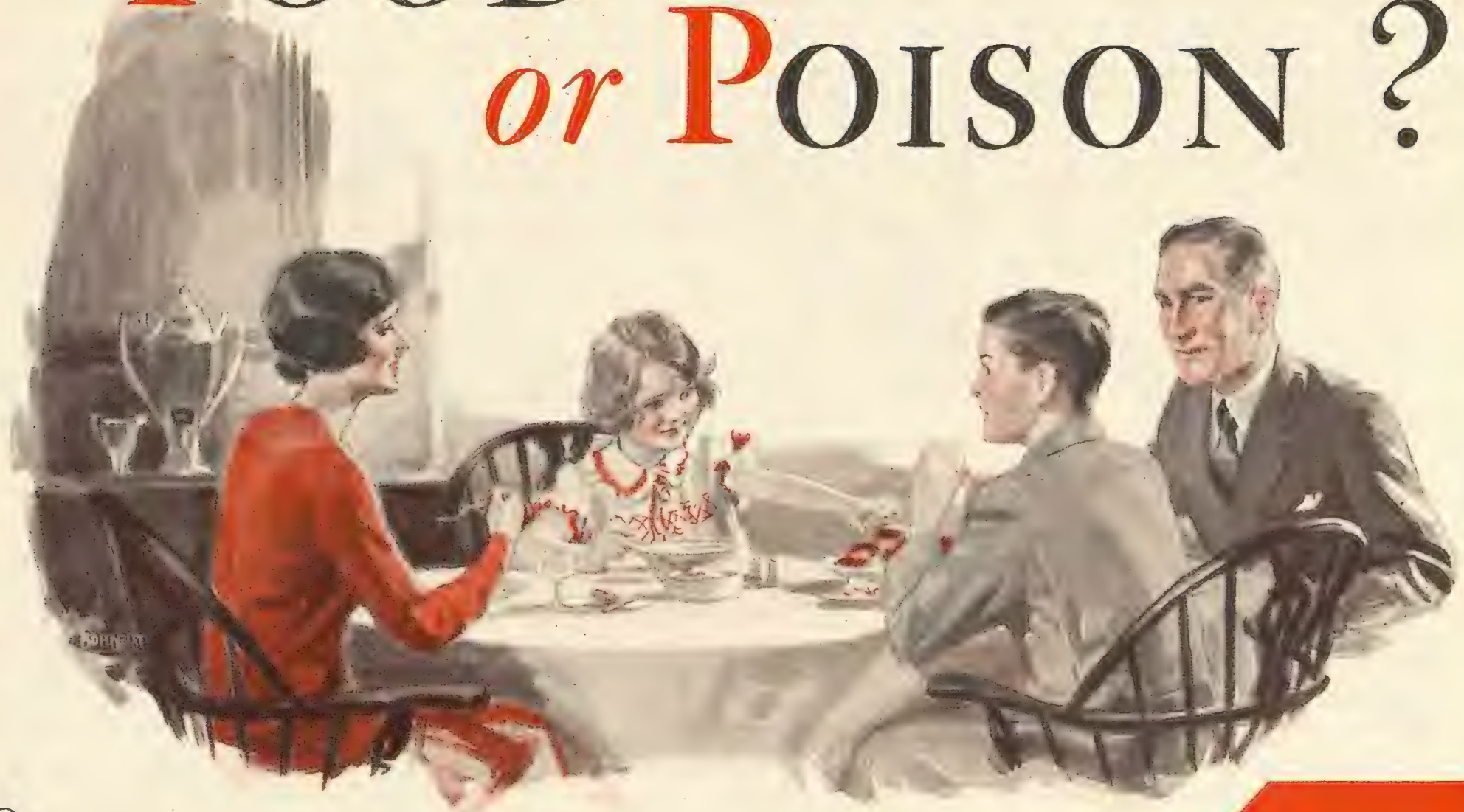
Here discretion stopped her. Simultaneously, Stoddard had to give his attention to their hostess; and when he eventually came back from the siding to the main line, Miss Wardner was ready with a change of subject. This wasn't because she lacked curiosity, but because she understood how to save it.

She saved it until after dinner; and then, out on the lawn, he treated her to a chapter of his memoirs, precisely as any normal young man will do to any attractive young woman who has the proper technique.

It appeared that as soon as he had passed his bar examinations—and that was four years ago—Stoddard had opened his own law office, and then virtually padlocked it. Indeed, any-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

FOOD *or* POISON?



Are you serving your family with food that comes from the DANGER ZONE

DANGER ZONE

ALMOST every family has felt its consequences. Frantic hours with a sick baby, poisoned by food apparently fresh and sweet. Severe upsets to adult digestions. "Something you ate", the doctor said.

"Something you ate", usually means an intestine infected by foods alive with malignant bacteria.

Below 50° Fahrenheit the development of bacteria in perishable foods is safely retarded, but *above 50° there is a Danger Zone which breeds bacterial poisons in all perishable foods.* It was found (Bulletin No. 98 of United States Department of Agriculture) that in milk kept at 60°, from ten to fifteen times as many bacteria developed in one day as in milk kept at 50°

Many Do Not Know

A prominent physician investigated refrigerators in 300 homes and found 59% of them above 50°. People have not known the facts about refrigeration.

Every refrigeration system must battle continuously against the warmer outside air, for heat penetrates even the best insulated walls.

Unless the interior source of cold is extremely low in temperature, and is constant, never-failing, undiminishing in strength, the penetrating outside heat will triumph and force the food compartment temperature above 50°. *Then your food is in the Danger Zone!*

Safe Refrigeration

These facts have long been a matter of grave concern to those who have known them. So the remarkable new Allison Electric Refrigerator is a development of vital interest. It has a constant, relentless source of cold far lower in temperature than most people have heretofore believed necessary. With this extreme cold, Allison food compartment temperatures are kept always below 50°, with an average of 45°.

An automatic control in the new Allison acts as a never-failing sentinel. A rising temperature in the food compartment is its signal. It immediately starts the cooling unit and quickly puts the penetrating heat to rout, thus keeping the temperature always below the Danger Zone.

The beautiful Allison cabinet has walls of marvelous cold-imprisoning insulation which offer the maximum resistance to the entrance of heat. A smooth-running compressor—as simple in its rotary motion as an electric fan—makes the intense, relentless cold.

Because of these marked superiorities of cabinet and compressor, the Allison needs only a tiny motor, running only part of the time. The operating cost is astonishingly low.

The Allison has no belts, gears, chains or pistons. Its entire unit is contained in an hermetically-sealed casing and is permanently lubricated and adjusted at the factory. You never

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

one who ever called there with the dogged intention of obtaining an interview would have been wise to bring along a generous supply of provisions and a sleeping bag.

He had a small private income; his name was twelfth in the national tennis ranking; and so, when the almanac was favorable, he played in so many tournaments that his legal fees barely covered the rent, and even in the winter his stenographer often discovered that her shorthand was mildewing.

"Still," he said, "my own idea of success isn't money: it's happiness. I don't make money, but why should I? And I'm about as happy as anybody I know—and that's my answer."

After a pause she said: "But suppose you broke a leg, so you couldn't play tennis any more?"

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "then I'd umpire."

"And if anything cramped your income?"

"Oh," he said, "then I'd write to Dr. Cadman, and he'd print such a withering blast of encouragement that I wouldn't give a damn!"

Miss Wardner laughed. "Before we go any further," she said, "I'll put on my number plates. I think I'm going to like you a lot, but I don't think I'm going to approve of you."

"All right," said Stoddard; "it's a bargain. You promise to regard me with affectionate disapproval—and I promise to let you."

"Stingy! Let's go in and dance."

"Yes," he consented; "I suppose it *would* be diplomatic to be seen dancing together—or else people might think we quarrel!"

LIKE many other men of quick susceptibility, Stoddard had never been out of his depth in love. It was easy for him to adore almost any pretty girl by the day or week; but, sooner or later, each angel in turn had molted and become amicably human.

Miss Susan Wardner, however, reversed the field, and went straight into a friendship which had no sirupy illusions about it.

On the shadowed veranda, after their fourth dance, she had said to him: "Why, no; there isn't any particular reason why you shouldn't kiss me, if you crave to. Only it's a risk."

"Risk?" Stoddard had demanded.

Susan had nodded. "Oh, tonight it seems perfectly regular, but wouldn't it be soggy if I woke up in the morning and thought of you as just a supersophomore sheik? I'm not absolutely sure; but it's a risk."

"Lady," Stoddard had declared with appreciation, "you're all present or accounted for! Of course, after that sheik stuff, I'd feel as oily as an immigrant. Does it always work like that?"

"It always does with the nicest ones," Susan had said demurely.

Thenceforward, for many months, it was a frank and comfortable association. Their interests, and even their moods, were similar. They could be gay without silliness, familiar without gelatin, and earnest without self-consciousness. Stoddard saw in her the ideal friend and confidante, and firmly believed that she would be permanent.

Permanent? Why not? With one single exception, weren't they as completely in concord as two grapes? Had they ever bored each other? Weren't they vastly contented to be together, anywhere, at any time? Well, if that wasn't the basis of a permanent friendship, then how do you keep moths out of a granite quarry?

But, then, one afternoon in March, there was a sudden silence in the living room of the Wardners' Park Avenue apartment, and Stoddard, staring at her with startled eyes, realized that at last he was in love with her. Step by step in sunny acquaintance, he had at last gone in over his head.

Susan ingenuously caught her breath. "Why, Cleve!"

Stoddard cleared his throat. "Well, it isn't any sheik stuff *this* time, old lady! Why—I want you! I—"

"Oh, Cleve, you aren't going to ask me to marry you?"

"Yes, I am. I do. I—"

"No, Cleve! No! Don't!"

"Well, if it's as—as sickening to you as all that"—here he tried to smile—"I suppose I—I now ought to ask the butler for my hat and cuffs, hadn't I?"

"No," said Susan gently; "you ought to be sensible. Because I *am* terribly fond of you, Cleve—but I haven't changed my mind from the very beginning. Don't you know that?"

Yes; as he had once so innocently prophesied, she had always regarded him with the most affectionate disapproval. A man who was satisfied to be an amateur in a serious profession at the same time that he made such a serious business of amateur sport!

HE said determinedly: "What do you want me to do? Cut out tennis entirely?"

"Oh, you couldn't. And I wouldn't want you to. I—"

"It wouldn't be any too smooth for me—I'll grant that. But I'd offer to swim the Eiffel Tower or climb the English Channel, if it would do any good."

Susan hesitated.

"Do you remember the day I met you? How you came out of your match in a perfect trance, because you'd lost it by careless mistakes? And that night I said that if a man took his work in the same spirit— And yet, Cleve, with only your little income, and not a cent of it earned, you think I'd be happy to be just Mrs. Stoddard, *the wife of the tennis player?* Well, I wouldn't!"

"Well, suppose I did ease up on tennis and huddled around the old desk. You wouldn't expect me to get to the king row in one jump, would you?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE REMARKABLE NEW

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[THE LAW AND THE LADY
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

"Why, no! And I don't say you've got to make a certain amount, or anything. I just want you to *be* somebody, and earn some of your own money. After that—we'll see."

Stoddard inhaled with extravagance. But to a man in love—or in debt—nothing comes much easier than a vow. So good-by to his visions of the first ten! Good-by Forest Hills and Newport and Southampton and Longwood and Tuxedo! Good-by the whole geography! Good-by everything in the world but the law and the lady!

He solemnly vowed to her that he would become somebody, and show some speed about it.

BY the end of September, however, he had sacrificed two-thirds of the season's tournaments, only to discover the stickiness of an established reputation.

He had occasionally been employed, as usual, to draw an unimportant contract, or to sell advice across the counter; but when a really vital matter was in the air, not even his clubmates would take chances on an attorney whose court experience had been mainly acquired outdoors. Nevertheless, he invariably talked to Susan with a humorous and gallant optimism.

"Landed a new customer today," said Stoddard. "His case is pretty luke, but I took it, anyway. He owns a skinny little magazine called the *Home Queen*, and we're going to sue one of his advertisers for six hundred dollars. The World's Record Nutritive Beverage Laboratories, Incorporated."

"No!" said Susan. "You're joking."

"Not a bit. They make a cheap brand of maltreated milk. Well, it's a question of whether they had the right to cancel an order for a page in two colors. They say they did, but the *Queen* says they didn't, and ran the page, and can't get its bill paid. So the publisher came in to see me, and when he went out again he left twenty dollars and his umbrella."

Susan laughed, and then abruptly ceased.

"Never mind, Cleve; you're working, and that's what counts. I'm awfully pleased, really. But you *could* have played more tennis this summer, if you'd wanted to. Why didn't you?"

"No," said Stoddard; "I had to reorganize my office force. The heat sort of addled her."

In the presence of her parents he was equally sprightly. But when he had gone, Mrs. Wardner, who was much attached to him, said to her husband:

"Isn't there anything you could do for Cleve, yourself? Or couldn't you send people to him? That boy's a good deal more worried than he makes out."

Mr. Wardner shook his head.

"Susan wouldn't listen to it. Said it was stacking the cards."

"Well, couldn't you fix it so he wouldn't know you're behind it? Or Susan, either?"

"Mother," said Mr. Wardner, "if Susan was willing to marry Cleve tomorrow, I'd give 'em plenty of money to do it on, and I've told her so. But Susan's got a different idea. She wants him to be some *use*.

"Well, I don't doubt he's bothered. But if I went and drummed up business for him, and she thought he'd got it on his merits, why, I'd be selling a gold brick to my own daughter—and I can't do it."

Susan herself, for all she professed to be pleased, was almost as worried as Stoddard. She had certainly never assumed that in six months he would be famous, but neither had she expected that after so much conscientious labor—plus energy, bean, determination, and remorse for his mistakes—he would stoop to a twenty-dollar retainer. Her principles and her sentiments remained unaltered, but she was wondering if he really had the goods or only the catalogue.

Between her anxiety for his success and her equal anxiety to conceal the fact that she was anxious about it, she gradually began to exaggerate her encouragement, and the effect was slightly theatrical.

"Why, Cleve," she would say in her sweetest voice, "I never remotely *dreamed* you could work as stubbornly as this! And even if clients aren't tumbling in, I'm *frightfully* proud of you. All you've got to do is to keep it up, and you'll be one of the best."

But underneath her tender accent there was a charge of vehement nervousness which, in powdered form, might have split a rock.

STODDARD loved her, but by Christmastime he actually resented her eulogies and her predictions. He knew that they were well meant; but, under the circumstances, they sounded as artificial to him as a misplaced football song.

Both of them were sincerely relieved when Susan's aunt invited her to go on a tour of the Mediterranean. They both realized that they had been stabbing each other with forlorn deceptions; they both hoped that this short separation would serve as iodine and bandage.

Susan was to sail on a Wednesday morning.

"I did have a case coming up for trial Wednesday morning," said Stoddard casually, "but I'll get an adjournment and—"

"Cleve," said Susan, wide-eyed, "if you should do *that*—"

"Good Lord, why not? I've had two already. Why, it amounts to absolutely nothing!"

But Susan wasn't to be convinced. He hadn't any warrant, she said, to break a professional engagement; and if he did break it, this would undo the whole past. He could perfectly well say adieu to her on Tuesday, and she would respect him for it.

And so on Tuesday he dined with the Wardners, and afterward bade farewell to Susan until nearly midnight.

At parting, she gave him a sort of composite kiss which he analyzed as meaning that she was acutely sorry for him, highly distraught

herself, fond of him, glad to get away from him, grateful that he hadn't made the evening more difficult—and, finally, that perhaps the kiss itself was final.

Stoddard, tramping down Park Avenue, made to himself a remark which was quite as composite as Susan's caress.

He said: "Oh—hell!"

WHILE Susan's steamer was backing out into the North River, Stoddard, having glanced at a woefully unprepossessing jury, accepted it as it sat. This was because his case was so weak that he wanted to imply the opposite. He wanted to imply that it was so strong that he could afford to leave it to anybody.

His opponent, who was bland and smiling, now inquired:

"Do any of you gentlemen subscribe to the —er—the *Home Queen?*" The jury smirked and shook its head.

"Any of your wives take the *Home Queen?* No? Ever know anybody at all who took the *Home Queen?* No?"

Stoddard's rival addressed him.

"Well, well, my learned friend," he said waggishly, "your client's publication doesn't appear to be very well known to the intelligent citizens of this community."

The Judge rapped smartly on his blotter.

"My wife's taken the *Home Queen* for ten years," he said. "Go on with the case."

But the case had evaporated. The jury, which a moment ago had rated Stoddard's opponent as the life of the party, perceived its error. He'd tried to soft-soap them, and the Judge had nailed him cold.

Besides, if the Judge's wife reads this magazine, that proves it's got class. And anybody who would hire a lippy lawyer like that, I bet he's a gas bag himself. I wouldn't believe his dying oath, and I'm gonna vote he coughs up the coin.

Stoddard's adversary, who clearly sensed this reaction, knew that it would be futile, and also embarrassing, to continue. He spoke to Stoddard in an undertone, then aloud to the Court; and a few minutes later the case was marked settled.

Stoddard, hugging his advantage, had insisted on payment of the full claim, and got away with it.

Out on the sidewalk, his client observed:

"Well, you didn't have to strain yourself much, but I guess you're an able young feller, at that. I'd been glad to compromise for the half of it, and said Amen. Now it's over, though, I'll tell you somethin'. You postponed that case twice, and if you'd done it again today I'd got me some other lawyer. It's all right, though, and I'll kind of mention it around you're an able young feller."

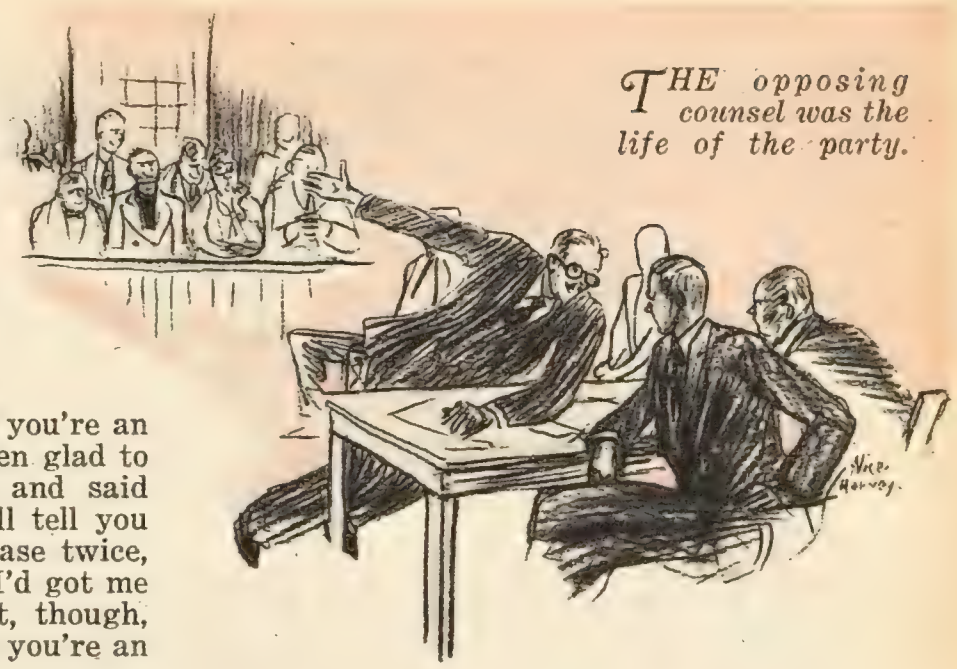
He must have mentioned it with emphasis, for in the next six weeks he forwarded to Stoddard an electrotyper with a grievance against his landlord, an ink salesman who had put all his eggs in one bucket shop, and an engraver who wanted to revoke his partner.

Then, most unexpectedly, Stoddard received a letter from the World's Record Nutritive Beverage Laboratories. Would his other connections prevent him from handling the routine part of their local business?

Stoddard, placing an imaginary lily in the hand of his late opponent, replied that he saw no ethical inconvenience in the proposed relationship.

To Susan he duly reported that, although his ship was far from coming in, he had at any rate assembled another trio of rowboats and a seaworthy scow. But neither to Susan nor to her parents (whom he visited with spontaneous irregularity) did he give any details.

He preferred, everything considered, not to



THE opposing counsel was the life of the party.

open his fleet to closer inspection until the line was operating at a profit. And he wasn't going to relate what the viceroy of the *Home Queen* had said to him and done for him, and have anybody rub his nose into the obvious moral, until (and unless) the ends justified the sermon.

From the Mediterranean Susan sent him frequent letters with frequent discouraging stings in their tails. In April she wrote:

> The climate is perfect; the voyage is perfect; and I ought to be perfectly contented. But I'm not. When I was a brat, if my tea wasn't right I never could tell whether it was too sweet or hadn't been sugared. It's the same now. I don't know whether I care too much for you, or not enough.
>
> Aunt Evelyn is so keen for us to stay through the summer that I've said I will. I *do* hope you'll have more tennis than you did

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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He was an attorney whose court experience had been mainly acquired with a tennis racquet.

[THE LAW AND THE LADY
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

last year. A tournament once in a while would be good for you. But I don't know; maybe I shouldn't have tried to influence you, in the first place. Maybe you'd have been happier as you were.

As it turned out, though, he played even less than previously. That was because, down in the Southwest, there was what the scientists described as a violent tectonic disturbance, of which the epifocal tract included the town of Betteridge, Texas.

The newspapers, however, said candidly that Betteridge (population 3,800) had been wiped off the map by an earthquake.

STODDARD, that morning, had overslept, and hurried to his office without remembering to want his journal. He came in with impetuous good humor, halted, and stared.

"Why, Miss Lewis!" he said, concerned. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

The office force wasn't crying, but she looked as though she had already rained hard for hours. She liked Stoddard, she knew what motive had glued him to his desk, and she knew every item of his personal finances.

"Do you mean you—you haven't seen it yet?"

"Seen what?"

She handed him the paper. She saw his eyebrows twitch upward and heard the involuntary intake of his breath. Then the muscles of his face relaxed, and he read the article as calmly as if it had been a trivial paragraph about war in China. He raised his eyes.

"Well," he said, with appalling mildness, "there goes the old croquet game, all right. The Stoddard Block wasn't insured against quakes. Against everything else but that. I know that for a fact. So do you. There hadn't ever been one in a thousand miles."

Miss Lewis swallowed and said nothing.

"There's one good thing," said Stoddard, in the same tone, "and that is, nobody can gush at me. Because nobody's on the inside, except you and the bank."

Miss Lewis swallowed and said: "Not even—not even—?"

"You and the bank," he reiterated.

For years he had studiously concealed the origin of his income. His friends, he had argued, would think it too funny. He had therefore said that his money was derived from trust funds—and this was true.

His great-uncle (whom he had never seen) had bequeathed him a life interest in the Stoddard Block and also in the commercial enterprise which was united to its rear. This enterprise was devoted to hay, grain, feed, and fertilizer.

His friends—and Susan—had undoubtedly pictured a more conventional trust fund, represented by sound securities. Well, what his friends didn't know hadn't hurt them, and it wouldn't now. But Susan?

"And people were killed out there," he said, with slow self-contempt; "and here I stand and bleat as if—"

The telephone bell rang. The office force reluctantly answered it.

"It's for you, Mr. Stoddard. Nutritive Beverage. Will you take it here, or—"

"Yes. Hello? . . . Oh, good morning, sir! . . . Yes; I see. . . . Why, that'll be about fifteen dollars. . . . Oh, no, I couldn't possibly ask more than that; that's all it's worth. . . . That's right—and thank you very much. . . . Good-by, sir."

He spoke to Miss Lewis: "Mr. Cochrane—Cochrane Chemical—is coming in at three."

Stoddard went into his own quarters and closed the door. The office force snuffled, marshmallowed her face, and attacked her typewriter. But her thoughts were more industrious than her fingers.

HIS snap decision was to explain immediately to Susan and her parents that, since his legacy had been massaged into dust, Susan had better simply discard him from weakness. Yet Susan would be in Europe until the autumn; he had a minimum of three months' grace; why not wait and see if Opportunity wouldn't knock?

Therefore he didn't notify Susan; nor, when he traveled down to Seabright for a week-end with her family, did he confess that his private resources were now part of a public junk pile. Even so, Mrs. Wardner was disconcerted by his symptoms.

"Cleve," she said, "it's ridiculous for you to wear yourself out like this! Your eyes look roasted, and your complexion's got the bloom of a raw potato. Why don't you plan yourself a long, lazy vacation in the mountains? Won't you please do it?"

He was touched by her solicitude, but dodged the issue. He knew that he badly needed a vacation; he knew it in every tired, sulky brain cell.

His office force knew it, too; but since she was more enlightened than Mrs. Wardner, she

didn't harry him about it. His good fortune, as she clearly comprehended, wasn't due to arrive with one glorious and deafening toot.

It was coming, if at all, in a succession of soft chords, and Stoddard must be at his desk to hear them. Up in the mountains his ears, as far as Opportunity went, would be purely decorative.

Accordingly, Miss Lewis remarked that she would much rather take her own vacation in the fall. She also quietly lengthened her day by an hour, and was on duty at 8 o'clock. No early worm, if Miss Lewis could help it, was going to get impatient and perhaps purvey himself to some other bird.

Stoddard worked from nine to six, and then carried home such a bloated brief case that once, in the subway, a sarcastic neighbor asked him why he didn't join the union and let his apprentice lug it.

In the evenings he plodded until the pages swam.

On Sundays he did sometimes attempt a few sets of tennis, but usually he was too preoccupied to enjoy it.

His mind was like an overheated engine which persists in running, even when the batteries are switched off.

JUNE and July had passed; and though Stoddard's exertions were prodigious, he had added only two meager specimens to his collection of clients. Furthermore, the Nutritive Beverage people, on whom he had strung a certain reliance, were using him solely to frighten small creditors. And he could do nothing whatsoever about it except to take infinite pains with each tiny shred of every task which was consigned to him—and wait.

For the distant future he had no qualms. He was confident that he could always grub out a living for himself. It was the imminent autumn that he feared: it was the fatal interview with Susan.

Hadn't she asked him at Seabright, two years ago, where his happiness would be if his income should decay? Well, he was now qualified to give expert testimony on that point. And his testimony would include no reference to Dr. Cadman.

He was aroused by the telephone: Mrs. Wardner was calling. Would he come down to Seabright tomorrow, Saturday, on the 2:48? Stoddard thanked her, but said that not even Seabright could entice him just at this moment.

"Cleve," said Mrs. Wardner, "you're not being very chivalrous to a woman of my age."

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear Mrs. Woman of Your Age," said Stoddard affably; "but I don't see how I can possibly make it."

"Well, if you'll hold the wire while I—"

There her voice was supplanted by another.

"Hello, Cleve!" said Susan.

"My Lord!" whooped Stoddard. "Why—why, what's—why, when did *you* get here?"

"This morning. We docked at ten. Mother was going to get you down here, and then have me prowl in and give you a thrill. Only, if you can't possibly make it, why—"

"My goodness!" said Stoddard, palpitating. "Your mother'll be man enough to excuse me for just eight or nine mere slips of the tongue, won't she?"

FOR the first half minute they surveyed each other without a word, and Stoddard, gazing through a cloud of illusion, could scarcely bring himself to believe that such an adorable person could ever have been subject to common compulsions and common infirmities such as eating and drinking and disapproving and thinking of money. And her own gaze made him feel as though he were clad in plate glass. Then they conversed; but they were both equivocating, and they both knew it.

"Well," said Susan at length, "how's crime?"

Stoddard braced himself.

"Why, in the last year I've taken in fifty-seven hundred. But, with my expenses, it's only about three thousand net. Not a lot—is it?"

Susan's look was capricious. "Oh, I don't know. It depends on how you spend it."

He took the plunge:

"Well, I'm darn careful of it. I've got to be. You see—I didn't write you this, because—oh, I suppose I was lying back for a miracle. But—I admit I ought not to have kept it hush—only I—"

She smiled faintly. "Oh, stop suffering, Cleve! I know all about your pet earthquake."

Stoddard gasped. "You—why, how did you get hold of *that?*"

"Well," said Susan, "about ten days ago—that was in Rome—we picked up a nice little shriveled old lady, and she used to live there, so she was upset about it and told us, and gave us quite a snappy picture of the town, and what an elegant building the Stoddard Block was—just as up to date as anything they've got in Brownsville, except for the size.

"And then I remembered you said your money came from a trust fund in the West, so I asked her a foolish question—and it wasn't so foolish. She knew all about you from hearsay. So—"

"Ten days ago?" echoed Stoddard. "But—"

"So I went up to Cherbourg and got on a palatial ocean wolfhound and came home," said Susan unimportantly. "Aunt Evelyn wouldn't come, so I dished her in Rome. She's making an inventory of the ruins. I cabled Dad not to tell you. For a surprise."

Stoddard sat straighter. "You

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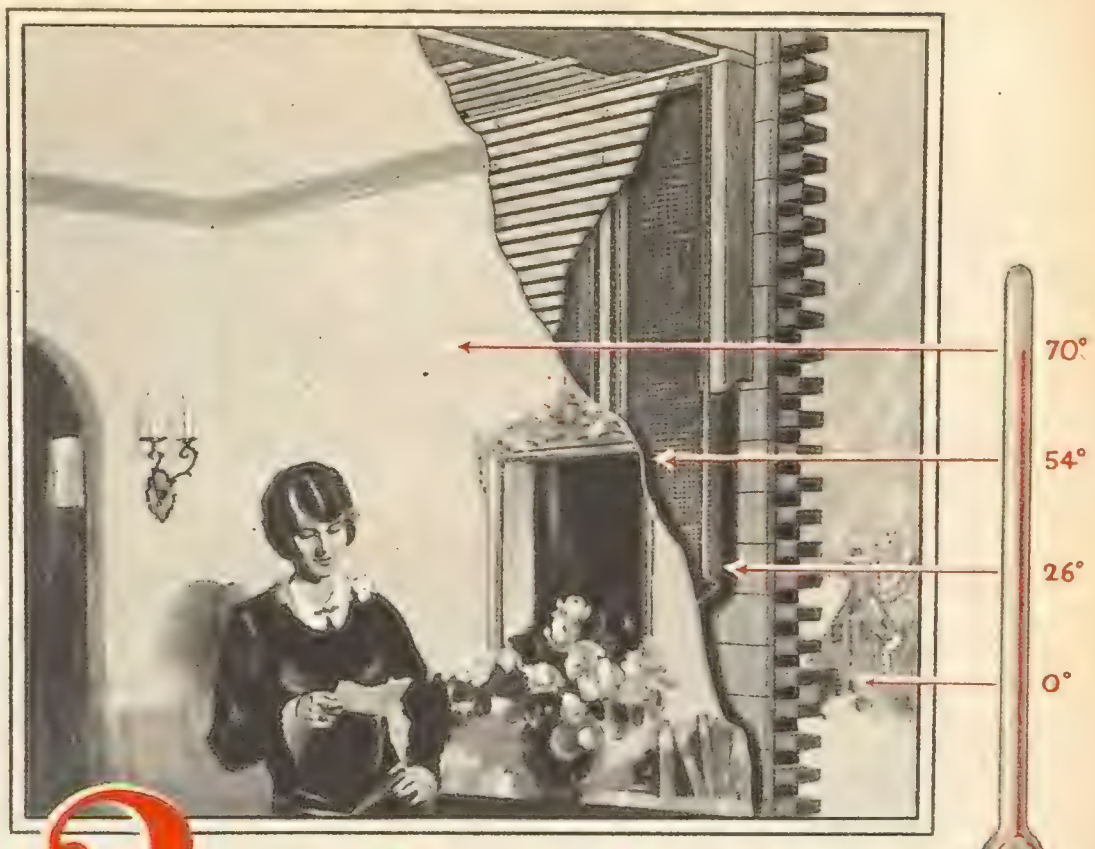

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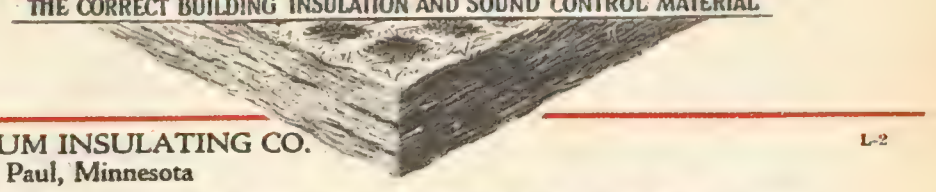

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[THE LAW AND THE LADY Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

can't possibly mean you came back — because of that?"

She nodded. "Why not? Does it annoy you?"

"Annoy me! But don't you see— Why, hang it, dear, I haven't got half the cash you said wasn't enough! I don't make half what I got from Betteridge! I—"

"Oh, but it's money you've *earned*, Cleve. It isn't just falling in your lap, the way the other did. And I don't think fertilizer is so awfully chic, anyhow. And you *are* going ahead, and I've known it—oh, for about ten days. So I came home, thinking that, while you were feeling so terribly—I guessed that because you *hadn't* told me—I could— Oh, Cleve, you're a stupid, ungrateful, useless, insipid *icicle!*

"Maybe I'd better go back to Rome, where it's warm, even if they *don't* wash!"

Stoddard gulped and stretched out a clammy hand.

"Honestly, do you—would you honestly have the nerve to marry me *now*, Susan?"

Susan gave a queer, soft little laugh. Her eyes were blurred, but shining.

"Well," she said unsteadily, "you don't suppose I dashed back four thousand miles to— to tell you I *wouldn't*, do you? When I could have sent you a cablegram for two dollars?"

IT was agreed, in conclave, that the wedding should be in November. It was further agreed that Mr. Wardner's gift should be in the form of a check, and Mrs. Wardner's in the shape of furniture for a tabloid apartment. But long before November Stoddard remarked to Susan:

"Well, old lady, if you thought three thousand was enough for me to marry *one* wife on, hadn't I better get myself naturalized a Mormon?"

For Opportunity, instead of shyly tapping at his door, had battered it off its hinges.

It had begun with the Mr. Cochrane for whom Stoddard had once drawn a pure-silk affidavit for a cotton fee. Mr. Cochrane had been so pleased with Stoddard's zeal and personality that he had appointed him associate counsel to the Chemical Company, with an annual retainer which made New York chemicals smell sweeter than Texas alfalfa.

Coincidentally, Nutritive Beverage had boiled over with a formidable suit for infringement of trade-mark, and Stoddard's fee, if calculated in corn, was ten carloads.

And then, at last, several of his friends had come out of the ether and offered him their hands to hold. The average value of these hands was twenty tons of ground bone.

"Oh, no," said Susan radiantly. "Don't change your religion, Cleve—just give me a check book!"

And so, presently, they were married, and Stoddard's office force sat in a secluded pew and had a most refreshing cry *(a)* because she was a woman at a wedding, *(b)* because Stoddard's welfare was an obsession with her, and *(c)* because she was wearing on her wrist a superb little Swiss watch and in her heart a beautiful expression of thanks from Susan.

After that there was a reception. But Stoddard soon grew Coolidge about it.

"For Pete's sake," he whispered to his bride, "quit eating olives and let's get into our civilian clothes and slink up to the Grand Central! Don't you know our train leaves in three hours?"

HE hadn't yet acknowledged to Susan how much he owed her. He hadn't informed her that if he had asked for a third adjournment in the *Home Queen* case, in order to wave a clean handkerchief to her from the pier, he surely wouldn't have his reservations, tonight, on the Adirondack Express.

The publisher would have abolished him, and *then* what of the Nutritive Beverage Laboratories and Mr. Cochrane, who in their turn had served as bait for bigger business?

No; he owed everything to Susan. But he had chosen to withhold the scenario until tonight.

For what could possibly be a more sentimental method of inaugurating a wedding trip? Telling his wife that, except for her, he'd be strolling along Broadway between two thin planks! And this tribute, he thought, would help to make the journey less tedious for her.

Safe in their stateroom, with fifteen minutes to spare, Susan was inspired to scribble telegrams to various people who, fifteen minutes before, had been pelting confetti at her.

"But you *must* go away, darling," she said, "or I can't write a word! Go away! . . . Cleve! Come back here! Aren't you going to kiss me good-by? . . . Go away!"

SUSAN'S gaze made Cleve feel as though he were clad in plate glass.

After an ardent leave-taking, he moved down the aisle and peered into the smoking room.

Two elderly men were lounging there; one of them looked dimly familiar to him.

"Yes," said the second passenger, "that's a mighty delicate point, Judge."

"It certainly is, Judge," said the dim familiar. "It's a mighty ticklish point." Here it came to Stoddard that this was His Honor who had presided over the *Home Queen* affair.

"But it's like this, Judge: just how far should you let 'em go?"

"Well, Judge, here's a case I tried personally. The plaintiff was a magazine owner, and the counsel for the defendant was one of these kidders we've been talking about.

"The jury's in the box, and this counsel, examining, asks if they ever subscribed to this magazine—a ladies' magazine: I forget the name of it—or did their wives, or their friends, and so on. They say no.

"So this kidder says to the plaintiff's counsel, 'Well,' he says, 'your client's magazine don't seem to have much standing among the intelligent citizens of New York.'

"Well, what action did you take on it, Judge?"

"Well, Judge, I'll tell you. This counsel had improperly influenced the jury by that speech, and the thing was to counteract it. So I said: '*My* wife's subscribed to this magazine for ten years. Go ahead with the case.'"

"Well, Judge, I'd say you did just about right. But by the way, *had* she?"

"Had she! Why, Judge, until I saw that case on the calendar I never *heard* of the flimsy little rag. But it shows what I mean."

STODDARD waited to hear no more. Dazedly he retraced his path toward the stateroom; and outside the door he paused, irresolute. Was he going to tell her the whole truth now? And if not, then how much of it?

His bank balance was $9,000; and from Mr. Wardner's gift he had $50,000 in bonds. His practice next year would be worth ten or twelve, and the sky was blue. What part of all this fortune, then, did he owe to Susan, and what part to that Daniel of a magistrate?

Stoddard laughed — progressively, until his whole frame was ashake. He opened the door.

"Darling," said Susan, from the midst of her leafage of yellow blanks, "I'm doing one for Aunt Evelyn, too, and she likes mush. *What* on earth can I say our happiness is under the protecting wings of?"

Stoddard took the pencil away from her.

"Aunt Evelyn can wait till we get to Albany. But if you really want to know about those wings, some of 'em belong to a love bird right here, and the rest of 'em to an angel of justice up in the smoker! Listen, wife. . . ."

THE END

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Is the Bustle Coming Back?

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

WE all know just as well as anything what the flapper of Queen Victoria's day said when her dressmaker first showed her a bustle as a style feature. She said she would not under any circumstances wear that thing. And then she did; with a vengeance she did, until she made it into a historic memento of her time.

Bustles and bronze clocks and statues of iron deer in the front yard we think of as expressions of the same taste, and we blame it on Queen Victoria. When we wish to be supercilious, we laugh at the bustled silhouette of her period; and when sympathetic, we patronizingly call it quaint, perhaps imitating it in one gown of our wardrobe and wearing it occasionally as if we were acting a part, and not actually standing for it or expressing our own twentieth-century blasé, matter-of-fact, sophisticated selves.

This ensemble has a dress of black-and-white taffeta, a coat of black satin, and a hat of black straw and shiny material.

An evening dress of the now popular Victorian period made of eggshell-colored taffeta, with a huge bow of taffeta in rust color.

That is, until very recently we have taken that old style thus, until all at once we became involved in our own comedy to the point of curiously accepting the bustled silhouette as an expression of our own time, even as the 1880 flapper eventually felt that it represented her, and we are outlining ourselves in it seriously.

Young women literally clamor for the evening dress with a great soft bow on it somewhere (and preferably in the back), as if we had evolved the fashion from our inner selves instead of lifting it from another age with ideals and standards, oh, tremendously different from ours and you would almost say unfriendly to them.

But in this very conflict lies the basis for the change, and the movement has taken on a force which almost demands that we account for it psychologically. We are so sick of being our own evolved and emancipated, sophisticated, slightly masculine, self-sufficient selves, that it pleases us to experiment at being of some other day, so we have revolted toward the era which least expresses us, and that is the age of Queen Victoria.

The dress with the bow on it is shown here, not because it may be seen in every drawing room in the next two months, but because there is a possibility that in the next two years you may see nothing else in the drawing rooms of America and Europe. Even now, and more significantly still, its pulled-backward movement bids fair to dominate all fashion. It is the newest and most conspicuous gesture toward getting away from that cigarlike silhouette with which fashion makers and fashion wearers have been expressing discontent for some time.

The straight silhouette is dying. Let it die. Ring out the old, ring in the new in fashions. Thus far the new image is produced with fluttering streamers, and soft printed fabrics, and tiny face veils (masques, the French call them), and loose, short capes, as well as with many other feminizing features. Even taffeta is soft and printed in modern designs.

Made of delicate pink chiffon, this dress has a longer line in back than in front. It is trimmed with a diamond flower.

Fashioned of café-au-lait and beige lightweight woolen, this coat is worn with a straw hat cut to show the left eyebrow.

It is the material used in the first offering, and the costume is further rendered feminine in its effect by the use of gentle, fluttering godets and jabots. This dress could scarcely be made of the stiff taffeta of our country, but would be lovely in the imported silk or in chiffon.

The coat of black satin is lined with the material of the frock, and the waistline is normal. This constitutes what the French call an afternoon ensemble, and an important part of it is the hat, which is of dull black straw with trimmings of shiny, lacquered straw or of celluloid appliquéd in scrolls on the foundation. The nose veil is a part of the present get-up.

The third model is a delicate pink chiffon dress with a longer line in the back than in the front, and it displays only one ornament, a diamond rose with jeweled leaves placed on the left hip. It has a square neck.

Our very smart version of the cape coat is almost classic. In *café-au-lait* and beige light woolen material it tends to make one look youthful, particularly when accompanied by a beige straw hat cut to show the left eyebrow.

OUR second sketch shows an evening gown of the Victorian era. It is a picturesque and exaggerated *robe de style* with its short front and its long back and its charming eggshell coloring in taffeta, its huge bustle bow in taffeta of rust color with streamer ends flowing down the skirt.

The back of the bodice is very low, but a touch of modesty is achieved with the softening edge of lingerie cutting across the lowest point.

PARIS Presents a Formal and Feminine MODE

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, March 18.

THE year 1928 marks the end of the first after-the-Great-War decade. This was a great ten years. Witness the new freedom for women that is one of the achievements of this period. Since 1918 we have done and dressed as we pleased. And we pleased to do and dress *au naturel*. It was a hectic decade wherein what we wore was subordinated to the strenuous activity of what we did. The grand era of simplicity in styles was the result of this.

Now we are entering a new decade, when readjustments, social and sartorial, are clicking so smoothly that they have ceased to amuse us. Clothes-conscious women are aware that style simplicity palls, and they have demanded, and got, something different. They are tired of the endless round of jazz and night clubs and the kind of costumes that go with them.

In Paris it is no longer smart to follow the Montmartre joy chasers, and Fashion has changed her habit according to an alteration of habits. Woman is creating a new style mode, and also new modes of amusement. Fashionable entertainments now actually are given in *homes* and in quiet, homelike restaurants. There is a return of formal social courtesy and formal fashions that are fitting and fitted to this kind of thing.

While these very new and extremely novel styles are as yet for the few, it seems inevitable that tomorrow they will be for the many. Already the more fitted, formal, and feminine mode has made its début in the salons of all of the great Paris dressmakers, and is being worn by smart women.

The rank and file look upon these fashions with eyes a bit old-fashioned, just as in the past decade some women clung for several seasons to their long hair and equally long skirts. These women still believe that formal fashions are less youthful; and yet, the bouffant dance dress, which is the forerunner of these new fashions, is youth incarnate.

One of the most significant items of this brand-new silhouette offered by Paris is the fabric of which it is made. And the material side of the new fashions is to be found quite as well expressed in taffeta, moiré, and stiff satin as in chiffons and crêpes. The lingerie touches of ruffled collars, cuffs, and jabots, which demand the leisurely care of careful laundering, are important details of this latest of vogues. Above all, it is in the fitted, formal silhouette that the change which this Paris fashion offers is most apparent.

The coat silhouette, which remains unchanged in other Paris fashions, in this most different phase is altered greatly. I have had Patterson sketch the line of the smart coat that is the outer shell of the new world of styles. Jeanne Lanvin is the creator of this coat, which has both waist and waistline. The upper part is fitted in a series of gores that make the high waistline appear extremely slender. The lower part of the coat is extremely flaring, and is a cut-away in front, the entire coat being a bit shorter than the dress.

Lanvin makes this coat of black true satin with body enough to stand alone, and she trims the hemline and flaring sleeves with silver soutache braid. The collar is very small and merges into flat revers.

I can think of no more striking difference between our post-war style simplicity and the spirit of the newest Paris fashions than that which is illustrated by our right-hand sketch. This is a spring daytime frock of black taffeta from Premet. Imagine it alongside of a tricot jumper and plaited skirt!

This model is very formal and very feminine. The tiny plaited ruffles of white organdie, the finely plaited gilet, and the flaring cuffs of the same material give it an air that is refreshing and novel. The fitted bodice lines, the carefully draped girdle at the hips, and the two very stiff and decorative ruffles at the back of the skirt change the silhouette lines completely. If woman really has her age-old yen for variety, here it is!

AND the ivory satin evening frock from Louise-boulanger shown in the lower picture is even more so. I have chosen this model because it is one that has already been worn by many well dressed women in Europe, and because it illustrates most graphically the more fitted, more formal, and more feminine trend of fashion. No artificial stiffening is employed to get the extreme flare at the back of the tunic on this model. The stiff satin, doubled, does the work by itself, and it is amenable to change of posture without losing its bouffant lines. The skirt has two circular very long and drooping panels, and the bodice follows the figure easily. This frock reminds one of the stilted clothes of the '80s; but it has in addition all the ease, opulence, and freedom of today.

Now look at the Lucien Lelong model beside it. This is the link that connects the new decade with the old. Lelong gives to this frock the fitted line and the feminine charm that are qualities of the mode, only he does it in supple crêpe de Chine and mousseline to make the transition easier. The color is the blue-green of the summer sea, and the floating, flaring panels of chiffon are arranged to float backward from the fitted apron tunic at the waistline and above it. The scarf ends at the base of the décolletage heighten this movement.

Fashion is. Fashion was. Fashion will be. And Fashion's law is the law of change. The change is upon us, and we are ready for it.

IN the black satin coat on the left Jeanne Lanvin charmingly interprets the new mode. On the right is shown a Premet frock of black taffeta with plaited organdie gilet and trimming.

VERY formal is the Louise-boulanger ivory satin evening frock (below). Uniting the old with the new style epoch is the Lelong frock of sea-blue crêpe de Chine with floating panels.

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HERE is the work of more of the successful Word Golfers. They have made the grade by keeping their eyes on the ball, carrying through on their swings, and generally observing the rules of good WORD GOLF form. That is to say, they have avoided the use of obsolete and foreign-language words and any others not reasonably familiar to the average solver. Result: A $5 profit for each of them and an opportunity for LIBERTY readers to enjoy some really substantial amusement in solving the problems offered.

Perhaps you can beat par on some of these holes. Try it, and if you better the indicated number of strokes by one, a "birdie" is yours. Two under and you've made an "eagle."

Do not send your solutions to LIBERTY, but offer as many *original* problems as you wish. There's no limit, and the only rule to be observed, as we have said, is that which has to do with the kind of words used.

Perhaps you are not an experienced Word Golfer. In that case, use the solutions of last week's problems as a guide. They will aid you in preparing your own.

Sorry we can't return unused contributions or correspond on the subject of WORD GOLF, but LIBERTY will be very glad to examine as many entries as you care to submit.

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

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SAND	FLATS	LIST	SWORE	CROP	PIPED
SAID	PLATS	LAST	SWORD	CROW	PIPER
SLID	PLANS	VAST		BROW	PAPER
SLIM	PLANE				
SWIM					

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48

1—Grover Cleveland.

2—The Latin words *exempli gratia* (for example).

3—Italy, Switzerland, United States, Scotland.

4—A bird of the heron kind.

5—All were composers.

6—A fabled monster, part man and part horse.

7—Woodrow Wilson.

8—A Singhalese is one of a race inhabiting Ceylon; a Senegalese, one of a French West African people.

9—Portugal.

10—The diamond.

11—Poughkeepsie, New York; Northampton, Massachusetts; Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; Wellesley, Massachusetts.

12—Constantinople.

13—The Imperial Diet of Worms, Germany, which tried Martin Luther for heresy in 1521.

14—The Mohammedan religion; also the whole body of Mohammedan believers or the countries under Mohammedan rule.

15—Joseph Conrad.

16—Missouri.

17—The twentieth.

18—The guilder, or gulden.

19—New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois.

20—Hernando Cortes.

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

PAGE

Allen's Foot=Ease....58
American Awning & Tent Co.....56
American Tobacco Co., Inc., The.. 4
Ashby Printing Company.....61
Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc.....29
Aviation Institute of U. S. A.....38
Birtman Electric Company...76 & 77
Blaisdell Pencil Company.....56
Blatz.....Second Cover
Bourjois, Inc.....40
Bristol-Myers Co. (Ipana) Back Cover
Campbell Soup Company.....17
Champion.....62
Clark, Frank C.....85
Colgate & Co. (Rapid Shave Cream) 51
Colgate & Co. (Ribbon Dental Cream).....42
Cooper Underwear Company.....68
Cuticura.....62
Dayton Rubber Mfg. Co., The....24
Dentinol & Pyrozide Co.....62
Dentyne.....69
De Vry Corporation.....39
Dixon Crucible Company, Joseph..58
Domestic Electric Refrigerator Corp. 74 & 75
Dunlop.....52
Edison, Inc., Thomas A..... 3
Essex Motor Car..... 8
Eveready Batteries.....60
Ex-Lax Manufacturing Co.....61
Fandango Products of New York, Inc..... 7
Federal Life Insurance Company..47
Federal Rubber Company.....81
Field, Marshall, & Company, Wholesale.....35
Flax-Li-Num Insulating Co.....79
Florsheim Shoe Company, The....69
Gibson Refrigerator Co.....43
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F...72
Graham-Paige.....31
Great Northern Railway.....54
Guild Co., J. H.....56
Hurley Machine Company...22 & 23
Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc..32
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc.....50
Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company.....67
Landon & Warner.....60
La Salle Extension University.....57
L C Smith & Corona Typewriters, Inc.....82
Lederer & Bro., Inc., Henry.....61
Leonard, Inc., A. O.....57
Lucky Tiger.....57
Madison Shirt Mfg.....60
Marmola.....60
Marshall Flying School, Inc.....60
Maybelline Co.....85
McCormick & Co.....85
McKinney Mfg. Co.....54
Menhenitt Company, Ltd., The...62
Mennen Company, The.....34
Murine Co.....38
Nash Motor Car.....26
New Haven Clock Company, The.53
Northwestern Yeast Co.....28
O-Cedar Corp'n.....58
Oh Henry!.....71
Palmolive-Peet Co., The.....18
Piso's.....60
Pompeian Company, The.....46
Process Engraving Company, The.61
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.21
Rhodes' Kriss-Kross Corp.....57
Santa Fe Systems Lines.....40
Sapolin Co., Inc.....57
Scholl's, Dr., (Foot Balm).....60
Shirtcraft Co., The.....37
Smith Co., Alfred H.....48
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Third Cover
Stearns' Electric Paste.....60
Stephenson Laboratory.....56
Sterizol Company, The.....56
Stern Company, Louis.....60
Union Pacific System.....63
Wadsworth Watch Case Company, The.....48
Western Clock Company.....30
Willys-Overland Company, The...65
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.52
Wurlitzer Mfg. Co., The Rudolph..56
Zemo.....62

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Easy Entertaining *with* BUFFET Meals

By ETHEL SOMERS

Tea-wagon service for the dessert course adds a pleasant variety to buffet meals.

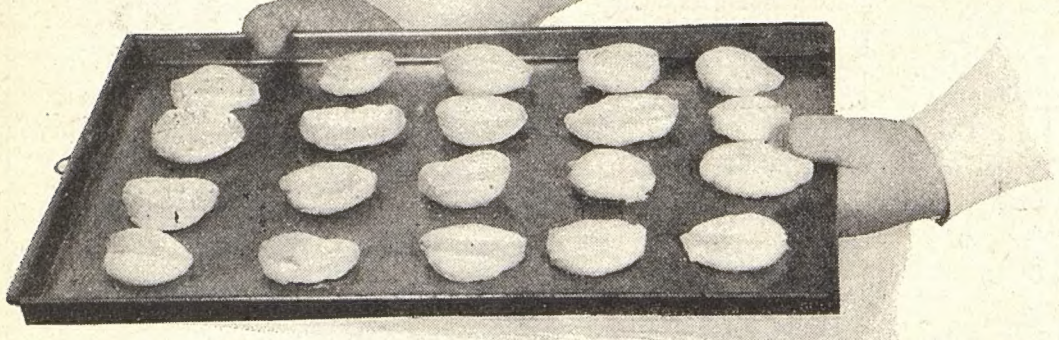
EVEN in the smallest home one can entertain admirably with a buffet meal, for buffet service requires a minimum equipment in the way of dishes and silver, to say nothing of the ease and convenience of the serving.

The menu must necessarily consist only of foods to be eaten with a fork, as the guests retire either to card tables or enjoy the repast as a lap lunch.

The supper menu given below may easily be cut down for a buffet service or for a luncheon menu. Where facilities permit, it is interesting to divide the food into two services for opposite ends of the table, grouping the menu items about the coffee service at one end and the tea service at the other.

The young wives without servants are asking for menus that can be prepared the day before, and so we are presenting herewith a menu which may be entirely prepared the day before, except for reheating.

Buffet tables should be arranged as beautifully as possible, with the viands in convenient order.



The ice-box rolls must be removed from the ice box in time to let them rise and bake (about one hour) before serving.

Menu for Buffet Supper

Hot Ice-Box Rolls **Apricot-Pineapple Conserve**
Carrots and Peas en Casserole
Potato Puffs **Rarebit Sauce**
Celery **Olives** **Radishes**
Yellow Fruit Salad
Coffee
Pineapple Ice-Box Cake **Candies**

Apricot-Pineapple Conserve

½ pound dried apricots
3 cups cold water
2 cups shredded or crushed pineapple
Sugar (see direction in recipe for the amount)
¼ to ½ cup shredded blanched almonds
½ teaspoon salt

WASH the dried apricots thoroughly. Soak in the measured cold water overnight or at least 8 hours. Place on the fire and cook until tender. Rub through a colander. Add the shredded or crushed pineapple (this may be a canned product or may be made by cooking fresh pineapple until tender in as little water as possible). Combine the cooked fruits and the almonds, and measure. Add the salt and one-half as much sugar as measured fruit. Cook until thick enough to drop from the spoon in jellylike globules.

Rarebit Sauce

3 cups milk
6 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons butter
1½ to 2 cups grated cheese, or more, according to the richness desired. If a soft, easy-melting cheese is available a solid cupful of it will suffice without grating.
1½ teaspoons salt
¾ teaspoon pepper

MELT the butter and remove it from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings and mix thoroughly. Gradually work in one-half the milk, attaining a smooth paste after each addition. Return to the fire and heat and stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the remaining milk and cheese and continue to heat over water for 15 minutes, until the sauce is thickened and the cheese melted.

If the sauce is to be kept over to be reheated the next day, remove from the hot water and when cool place on ice.

For reheating the rarebit, place over hot water about 20 minutes.

SOCIAL prestige as a hostess depends very much on her tea-table titbits. LIBERTY'S three cookbooks help you to make palatable little dainties that delight and enthuse the guests—such as pineapple-and-cheese salad, water-lily salad, fruit charlotte, jelly roll, pineapple mousse, orange-and-peanut-butter sandwiches, egg-orange sandwiches, chicken-salad sandwiches, fruit sandwiches, loganberry punch, rhubarb punch, and fruited egg lemonade. Get your LIBERTY cookbooks *now* and be ready for the next impromptu gathering of your friends. Each book only 10 cents—all three for 25 cents. Use the coupon, please.

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Potato Puffs

3 cups potatoes mashed, without seasoning or milk
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter
3 or 4 beaten eggs, as desired
3 tablespoons milk

ADD the milk, beaten eggs, butter, and seasonings to the mashed potatoes, and beat vigorously until well blended and fluffy. Fill into oiled muffin pans, filling them to the top, as there is little expansion during the baking. Place in a hot oven (400 to 425° F.) for 35 minutes or until well browned. Remove on to a hot platter and serve with Rarebit Sauce and a garnish of pimento and parsley.

Yellow Fruit Salad

1 grapefruit
3 apples (red skins left on)
6 to 12 kumquats, depending on the tartness desired
3 tablespoons powdered sugar
½ cup delicate mayonnaise or salad dressing, diluted with whipped or sour cream
Lettuce

REMOVE the grapefruit sections from the membranes and sprinkle with the sugar. Add the apples, washed, cored, and diced, or cut *à la Julienne*. Mix until well blended and add the salad dressing, adding the thinly sliced, unpeeled kumquats at the last according to taste. This salad may be kept till the next day in a tightly covered bowl in the ice box. Serve in chilled lettuce cups on a large platter, arranging additional salad dressing in a salad bowl near by.

Pineapple Ice-Box Cake

2 dozen lady fingers or sponge cake so cut
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup water
4 egg yolks
¾ cup butter
2 cups confectioner's sugar
1 cup crushed pineapple
4 egg whites
1 cup cream, whipped
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons powdered sugar

LINE the bottom and sides of a pie pan, removable ring pan, or spring form with lady fingers. Heat the granulated sugar and water in a double boiler until the sugar is completely dissolved. Very gradually stir in the beaten egg yolks. Stir constantly and cook until thick and smooth, about 5 minutes. Cool. Cream the butter and gradually work in the sifted confectioner's sugar. Add 1 cup of thoroughly drained crushed pineapple, fresh or canned, to the creamed butter and sugar. Then add the cooled cooked egg-yolk mixture and mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour this filling into the cake and set in the ice box for 24 hours. Before serving decorate with the flavored and sweetened whipped cream. Candied cherries or pineapple wedges make an attractive and pleasant garnish.

The "Brentwood" double drainboard model of the "Three 8's" Sink

The "Standard" "Three 8's" Sink *Acid-Resisting*

The GLENMERE
with drainboard at right. Note the "Three 8's" dimensions. The Glenmere is also made with the drainboard at left.

Sparkling through all tomorrows!

From breakfast hour until the dinner dishes are washed at night, your kitchen sink is on duty. The most used fixture, it is also the first thing your friends see when they come into your kitchen. Does it present an unchanging picture of glistening cleanliness? Or is it stained and dirt-grained?

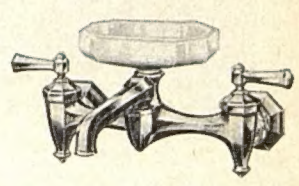
Here is a sink that keeps its bright beauty. Dirt particles cannot become pitted in its hard, glass-smooth enamel. Minerals in the water, cleansers, even fruit and vegetable juices cannot roughen or discolor it. The enamel is Acid-Resisting—exclusively "Standard". No need to scour it. Just a swish of a damp cloth keeps it spotless.

Visit a "Standard" Showroom to see this most modern sink—with 8-inch low back that fits under a deep, cheerful window and 8-inch deep sink compartment—deeper by two inches. It is made in several styles and sizes and in seven beautiful colors, as well as white. The price for the 60-inch long Brentwood in white, complete with trap, faucet and vitreous china garbage container is $155.00, not including cost of installation. Other sinks as low as $40.85.

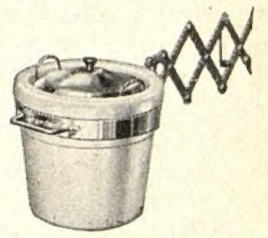
Be sure to specify Acid-Resisting Enamel, as many other "Standard" models are also made in regular enamel. The trademark "Standard" A-R, identifying Acid-Resisting Enamel, is impressed in every "Three 8's" sink. Write for the interesting book, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
PITTSBURGH



This hand-wrought faucet of beautiful octagonal design, with swinging-spout, is finished in Chromard, a metal finish which has the sheen of platinum and cannot tarnish or corrode.



The directly attached garbage container of vitreous china with removable aluminum receptacle can be pushed back under the sink on a folding bracket.

TRY a sample of Ipana Tooth Paste, if you want to. The coupon on this page will bring you the conventional ten-day tube—enough to prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to clean and to whiten your teeth.

But do not be content with that alone. Learn, too, what Ipana can do for your gums. Ask for a full-size tube at the nearest drug store and start tonight to use it, regularly, twice a day. Before thirty days have passed you will find that your gums, too, have improved—in color, in texture and in health.

Under our diet of soft modern food the health of our gums is impaired. But with Ipana and a light massage you can restore to your gums the stimulation they need. For Ipana is a tooth paste of peculiar benefit to the gums. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists.

So make Ipana your own tooth paste for at least one month. Its delicious taste will win you from the start—and its benefits to the health of your mouth will keep you its staunch friend, perhaps, for life!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB481, 73 West St., N. Y. C.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

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